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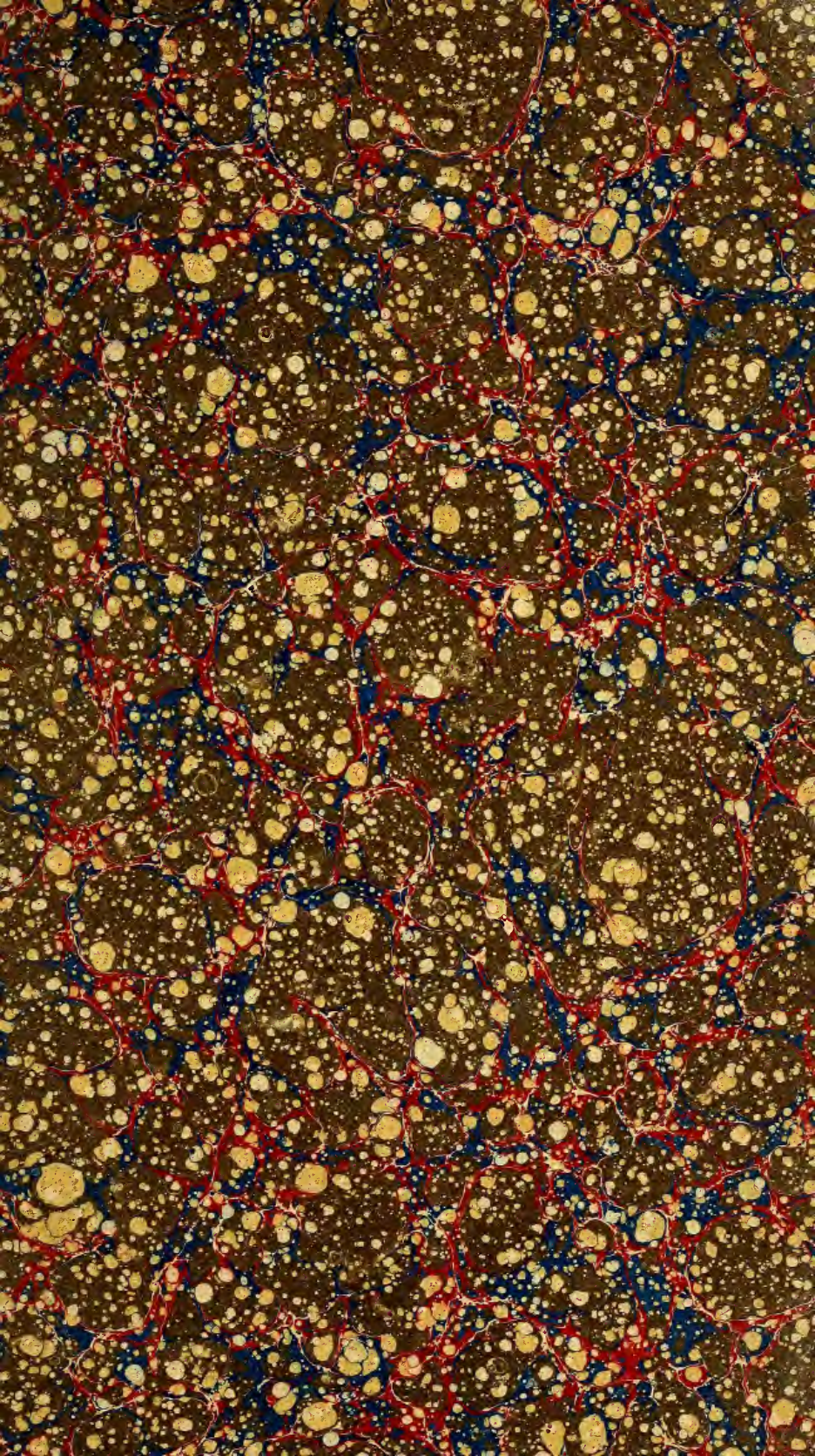


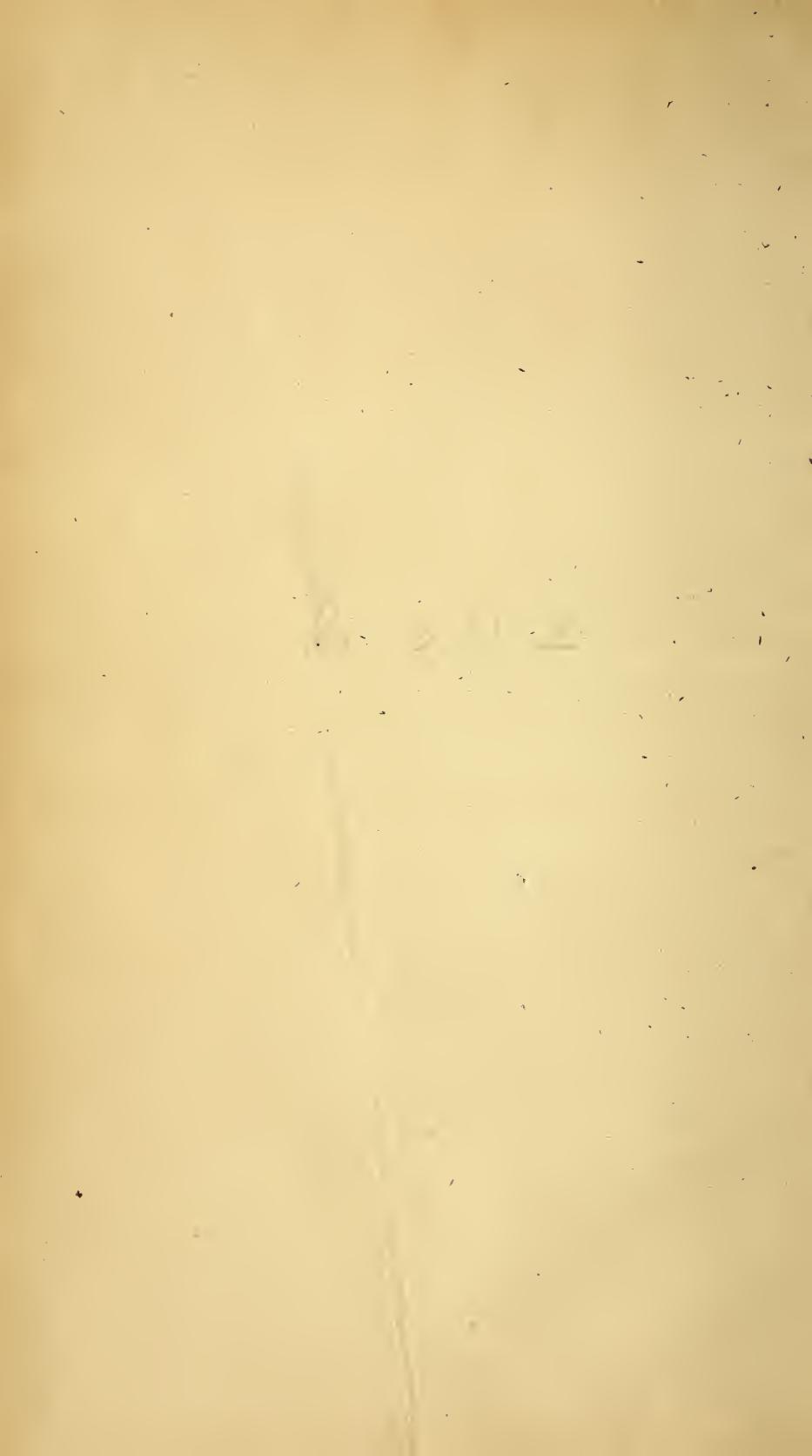
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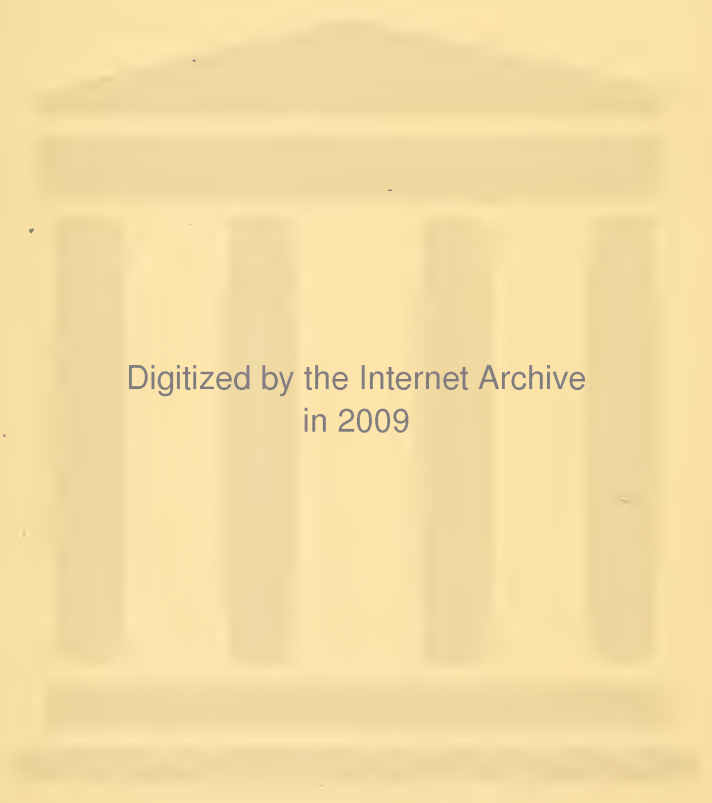
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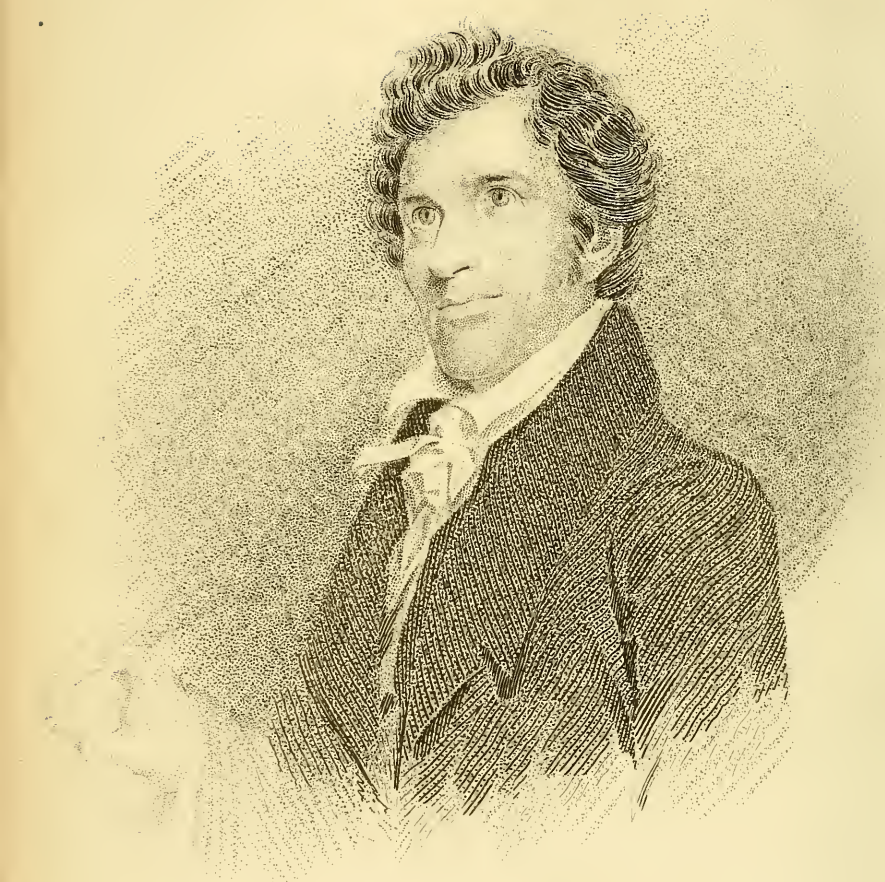








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Dr. Richard Emmons.

Engraved from a portrait by J. K. Smith.

BORN IN BOSTON AUGUST 30TH 1788.

AUTHOR OF THE FREDONIAD &C.

THE
FREDONIAD;
OR, 7291
INDEPENDENCE PRESERVED.

An Epic Poem

ON
THE LATE WAR OF 1812.

BY RICHARD EMMONS, M. D.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA :
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM EMMONS.

ADAM WALDIE, PRINTER.

1830.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

Be it remembered, that on the tenth day of August, A. D. 1827, in the fifty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, WILLIAM EMMONS, of the said district, has deposited in this Office, the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The FREDONIAD; or, Independence Preserved. A Poem on the Late War. By RICHARD EMMONS, M. D. In four volumes."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

JOHN W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

CONTENTS OF VOL II.

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Transactions of the invisible agents. Porter's Defence of the Essex.

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CANTO XIV.—DEFEAT ON THE MIAMI.

Re-inforcements arrive from Kentucky. The fort is summoned to surrender. Elliot driven from his position on the Miami. The ambuscade. Death of Dudley. A remnant save themselves by breaking through the enemy.

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CANTO XVI.—DEFENCE OF SANDUSKY.

Disaffection of the Indians. The descent of Fredonia. Investment of Fort Sandusky. The flag of truce. The bombardment. Proctor defeated.

CANTO XVII.—PERRY'S VICTORY.

Tecumseh retreats from Fort Meigs. Elliot's night expedition. Perry sails from Black Rock;—having discovered the enemy, he retires to Put-in-bay. The sailing of the British. The Battle of Lake Erie.

CANTO XVIII.—INVASION OF CANADA AT MALDEN.

The north-western army being re-inforced by Johnson, and receiving positive intelligence of Perry's Victory, decamp from Fort Meigs. The embarkation. Proctor retreats to the River Thames. The invasion of Canada at Malden. A night scene.

CANTO XIX.—BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

The army march in pursuit of the enemy. Proctor and Tecumseh. The Battle of the Thames. An episode. The interment at river Raisin.

CANTO XX.—VICTORY AT QUEENSTOWN.

About the same time Proctor invested Fort Meigs, Brown, Dearborn, and others convene at Sackett's Harbour. Van Rensselaer arrives at Lewistown, prepares for an attack upon Queenstown. A traitor. The storming the Heights.

THE
FREDONIAD;

OR,
INDEPENDENCE PRESERVED.

AN EPIC POEM.



CANTO XI.

CRUISE OF COMMODORE PORTER.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation. In consequence of the calamities at Raisin, offensive operations are suspended during the continuance of winter. The sailing of the *Essex*. Capture of the *Alert*. Porter returns—refits—sails for the Pacific—enters the port of Valparaiso. Porter is there discovered by the *Phœbe* and *Cherub*. Neutral rights. The *Phœbe* in the power of the *Essex*. The challenge—violated by the enemy. The blockade. Porter with a favouring wind endeavours to gain the ocean—defeated by a gale carrying away his main top-mast. The British pursue him into the harbour and commence action.

The scene is laid at the above-mentioned places. The time is about ten months—from the commencement of the war, June 18, 1812, until the spring of 1813. From the time the *Essex* enters the port of Valparaiso, till the period of the battle, is forty-six hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XL.

GENIUS of Poesy ! all-courteous deign
To bend thine ear and hearken to my strain—
O thou ! from whom the poet doth receive
That hallow'd impulse which not earth can give,
Come, and bestow thy music to my song—
Inspire my thoughts with lofty musings strong.
O let me feel thee through each vein of life,
That I may madden in the maddening strife.

O for a spark that Homer did inspire,
That I may burn and feel myself on fire !
Virgilian sweetness to my verse impart,
To charm with beauty, and dissolve the heart.
Let Shakspeare's fancy, with his poet's eye,
Rush on my soul, and waken raptures high !
With Milton's majesty, exalt my song—
Teach me to speak with his immortal tongue !
Like Ossian, solemn—like his eagles bold—
And let the flood-gates of the mind unfold !

Wherefore, O Muse ! so partial to the east,
That thou shouldst there so lavish spread thy feast—

While stinted favours granted to the west,
Seem to be drawn reluctant from thy breast?

What! is the rising of the sun to thee
More sweet, than when with golden drapery
The heavens are hung, he with soft light retires,
And fills the mind with worshipping desires?
Or art thou human—to admire the spot,
Where thou, with dewy wings, wert first begot?

Impartial Muse! let not this fondness bind
Thy sweet affections from the west, unkind.
Come, view our sun—he sets in love-scenes bright—
His evening beauty will thy heart delight.
Our mountains, rivers, lakes—inspiring clime,
Will give thy soul its fancy-work sublime.

But if these nothing will thy bosom move
To grant the west the smilings of thy love,
With other motives must I urge my suit—
For I,—no, never, never can be mute—
O come and spread thy pinions o'er the sea,
And thou shalt find thy sister, Liberty!

Through various scenes of trial have I pass'd—
O still uphold me till I sing the last!
From hell to earth—from earth I venturous trod
The path that skirts the dwelling place of God—
The shock, the turbulence of battle, sung,
Where Death his harvest glean'd whilst pealing thunders rung.

Three parts remain to sing! Without thine aid,
My soul must languish—future scenery fade.

I shrink with trembling when I look before,
 And *think* the labour ere my song be o'er.
 O mount my thoughts on inspiration's wing!
 Vouchsafe thy presence, or I faltering sing.

* * * * *

On the same morn of the disastrous day,
 Which wrapp'd the martyrs in their robes of clay,
 Shelby commanded Croghan from his rest,
 And him, like father to a son, address'd:

“ Marshal your warriors and with haste proceed
 To strengthen Lewis at his pressing need.
 His heart impatient feels restrictive pain
 To be debarr'd progressing on the plain.
 Adair will reach us at declining sun—
 Malden submits ere three brief days are done.”

Croghan at once departed from the fort,
 Ambitious to effect a prompt support.
 Soon from Mac Clanehan he heard a tale,
 That made th' emotions of his bosom quail:
 How Lewis, warm'd with feeling, left the Isle—
 Then of the battle—how with courteous smile,
 Vict'ry had plum'd his flag. An hour hence,
 He learnt the slaughter of the dire defence!
 Of Allen steep'd in gore; of Simpson's grave—
 And slaughter'd multitudes of heroes brave!

While lost—perplex'd—he Bower the surgeon spies,
 Escap'd miraculous the fierce allies,
 Who for a time, had plann'd his sacrifice—
 He brief describes the massacre of death,
 Deliver'd quick in violence of breath!

* * * * *

As when a bird by cruel hand encag'd,
While all its cares, its infant charged engag'd,
Escapes by chance from its confinement pent,
And cleaves with gladdening wing the element!
But ere it gains the orchard where it sung,
It hears the loss of all its tender young!
Its plumage falls—no sound is heard to flow—
Its little heart is buried in its wo:

So Croghan in expectance left the fort,
To give the nation's standard his support;
But when the sad intelligence he heard,
His heart sunk drooping like the hapless bird.

At length the cloud of heavy sorrow past,
His soul return'd like an ungovern'd blast:

“I 'll hunt the savage in his den! My God!
And have the monsters rioted in blood?
Graves, Blythe, Mac Cracken, Woolfork, Hickman,
Hart!

Lead me the way! With life shall none depart.
I 'll wall their path with dead. My heart's last drop
Shall be expended! Wherefore do we stop?”

“Young chief, most gladly would I show you forth—
But mark the snow! how cumbrous it the earth!
You ne'er can hope these pil'd-up drifts to pass—
Return you must from whence your coming was.
Admit that even now you 'd reach the plain,
What good relief could you afford the slain?”

“ Alas, what tightness binds my breast! Thy voice
Is cold—too cold! And nothing left for choice?
Nothing. My reason tells me I should fail—
Yea, I to Shelby must declare the tale—
A tale to strike the centre of his heart,
Sharp as the piercing of a heated dart.”

Silent he wheel'd his grieving warriors round,
Their features solemn cast upon the ground.
Sad they their path retravers'd through the snow—
And Croghan tearful spoke the words of wo.

While Shelby heard his voice—he stood a block
Of statued marble—pillar'd by the shock.
And when at length his aged tongue was heard,
A sigh came mingl'd with each frozen word:

“ I pray you peace!—nor tear my soul in twain!
Declar'd you not that every life was slain?
And where was Elliot?—said you not that he
Was leagu'd to aid the horrid butchery?
O what unnatural sacrilege is this!
What! burnt with torture in the wilderness?
Dizzy my brain—my heart, my heart is pent,
Breaking oppress'd. What language, utterance, vent
The heavings of my soul! O Britain!—what—

“ Forbear, my tongue—
Forbear to speak her name. Oppression---wrong---
Harder than flint-rock,---sharp,---cruel as fire---
Murder's companion!---all the vices dire,
That ever brooding hell hatch'd into birth,
She nurtures in her breast---the damn'dest of the earth!
She stabs---and smiling stabs!————

“ While Raisin’s flood
Shall mingle with the lake, this martyr’d blood
Will mark her forehead with a crimson stain,
Which not the waters of the dark blue main
Can ever wash away! This scene of death
Will rise in judgment from the world beneath!
With blood—branded with blood!—

“ The theme no more—
My heart is bleeding—breaking at the core!”

The hoary chieftain agitated, dumb,
Stands in his silence with hard grief o’ercome.
Slow, partial by degrees, subside his pains—
But soon, like temper’d steel, his mind its strength
regains :

So when the northern sea is tumult thrown
By the rude tempest of the frigid zone—
Scaling the cloudy battlements of heaven,
Thence to the basis of the ocean driven.
The north outspent—the groaning whirlwinds die,
And the loose clouds are scatter’d o’er the sky;
But not the billows sudden lose their force—
Ascending, sinking—rolling in their course.
At length, by parts subsiding to a plain,
A solemn calmness settles on the main :

Thus the commotion in the veteran’s breast,
Was gently sooth’d and quieted to rest.

He thinks no longer to pursue the strife,
Till a new spring shall blossom into life.

* * * * *

Now iron Winter rules the northern sphere,
Creation frowns with aged look severe.
The trees stand bleak and naked on the plain,
Their green robes scatter'd by the storms amain,
Save of the oaks—these rustle in the sky,
And the cold searching of the winds defy.
With howling violence descends the blast,
While from his wings ice, snow and sleet are cast.
Drifts pil'd on drifts infold the sleeping earth,
And all is silenc'd, of autumnal mirth.
The lakes, the streams, are smooth with ice bridg'd o'er,
Save where fierce cat'racts down the steep rocks roar.
The frozen spires that glitter from on high,
Reflect the clouds, which scud athwart the sky.
Nature stands manacled. The frost so deep,
It heaves the mountains—whirling fragments leap
With sound through heaven reverberating loud,
Like peals exploding from an angry cloud.

Now Porter from the poet claims the song—
And while he sings, O Muse ! inflame his tongue.
The mariner demands superior lay,
To live till things of eldest time decay.

When war's hoarse clarion round Columbia rung,
On board his gallant ship the hero sprung—
The Essex new with life—equipp'd, supplied
With ample means to navigate the tide
To search th' *impressing* foe. A fearless crew
His voice obey'd, their glory to pursue.

These names to Porter, next in honour stood,
To live recorded with the brave and good :

Adams the chaplain, had a heart that bless'd
All whom th' afflictions of the world distress'd;
While Hoffman aided by Montgomery knew
Th' embalming art diseases to subdue—
To quench the burnings of the fever's flame,
Or skill'd in science, heal the broken frame.
Gamble and Tarragut, Downs, Bostwick, Terry—
Pearce, Isaacs, Barnwell, Duzenbury ;
Mac Knight, Finch, Linscott, Ogden,—none excel—
And Odenheimer, Johnson, Wilmer and Cowell—
Names worthy Porter, of high feeling true,
To guide the battle-ship the ocean through.

At Porter's voice, her wings reflect the day—
She walks the waters with her streamers gay.
Nereids sail round in shells of coral red,
And bosom'd mermaids show their blushing head.
All the fair deities that cleave the deep,
Dance to the motion of the tilting ship.

Soon nine rich flags surrender to her powers;
Before her path abash'd the Lion cowers.
Light as a sea-bird o'er the water swims,
So through her element the vessel skims.

Mean time Langhorne commanding the Alert,
Travers'd the main with royal feelings hurt,
Seeking the ship that had the Peacock tore,
And the blue ocean crimson'd with her gore.

Watching the billowy waste, he soon descried
The Essex dark'd, which dimm'd her on the tide;
Hence, for the Hornet he her form mistook,
And thus he dar'd her hidden powers to brook :

“The saucy vessel booming from the west,
Must be the Hornet in her sea robes dress'd !
Anxious we 've sought to meet her in the strife,
And sink her as she sunk the Peacock's life.
Yes, we 'll repay what she to us hath given,
For down to death her standard shall be driven.
Extend the canvass—bear upon her proud,
And wake the thunder-guns with vengeance loud.”

Before the impelling wind the vessel flew,
For now the North with quickening impulse blew.
The shrouds the Britons in their ardour mann'd,
And shouted triumph with a waving hand ;
Then on the deck, descended with a run,
And lit the matches, and the war begun.
When Porter saw she manag'd for a fight,
He felt his bosom tremble with delight,
And thus with smiling cheek : “See with what rage,
She leaps the waves, the Essex to engage !
Mates ! shrink not back, though terrible her ire—
Behold, she comes to bury us in fire !
With ready sparkle, touch the guns aside,
And let our voice be heard upon the tide.
'Twill never do the horrible to shun,
And meanly fly or quail without a gun.”

The sea-boys burning to the cannon ply
The maddening spark—the balls instinctive fly

Searching the enemy. From stem to stern
The Albion groans out *death*, so direful burn
The mouths of brazen war. 'To shun the grave,
Yawning with horrid depth—flat on the wave,
The Cross in anguish sinks ! The strife is done—
A blazing moment—lo! her flag was won.

The lofty Triton at the edge of night,
Beheld the Essex and commenc'd a flight;
And Porter's signs to bribe him to the fray,
But urg'd him faster in his fear away.

Having at length th' Atlantic circled round,
And many a ship in strangling billows drown'd,
For York he bent his sails with smooth winds blest,
His vessel to refit for cruising west;
But, lo ! two three-tier'd royals barr'd him there—
He run them by and made the Delaware.

During the voyage no patriot found his death,
But all return'd inspir'd with valour's breath.—
'Ten days ashore, the boreal winds arise,
And make him anxious for the southern skies.
His anchor weigh'd, he sets the opening sail---
Gains the free ocean---bounds before the gale.

Now in the south beneath the solar ray,
Columbia's ensign brightens with the day.
The rapid Essex on the twentieth morn,
Doubles the continent at bleak Cape Horn.

The stately bark rejoices in her speed,
Ploughing the western sea for glorious deed.

She spreads the plumes of Liberty above,
The oak-perch'd Eagle,—thunder-bird of Jove.
Proud from the *centre** floats her pennon high,
Brushing the clouds that sleep upon the sky.
Broad-waving from the *fore*,† to glad their eyes,
The *Rights of Sailors*, like a gold cloud flies.

North, Porter traverses the Chilian coast—
The softest climates—of the world the boast.
Along the shores of Lima smooth he sails,
Impell'd delicious by the spicy gales—
Cruises from thence round Gallipagos Isles,
Where nature frolics in primeval wiles.
On all his paths he opens through the tide,
None can his rapidness or strength abide:
The Nocton, Greenwich, first their standards bow—
Then Montezuma, king of Mexico;
The Georgiana, Hammond, Policy,
Th' Atlantic brimm'd with treasures of the sea;
Seringapatam, Charlton, Catharine,
And Rose, and Hector, Zealander, resign:
Of these he forms a fleet with freedom's Star,
A light reflecting o'er the main afar.
To isles unvisited he spreads his fame,
And plants the Eagle in his country's name.

Th' imperials driven from the ocean west—
No standard seen to bear the Lion's crest,

* The centre or main mast.

† The fore mast.

For Valparaiso he directs his prow,
Borne with swift motion on his wings of snow.
In three bright suns he furls his sails in port,
And drops his anchor opposite the fort:

Not otherwise a whale from northern flood,
Bent on revenge for pouring forth of blood
Shed by the sharks—foams with excited wrath,
Tinging the bright green waters in her path.
The sharks endeavour to avoid her ire—
Futile their efforts—groaning they expire.
At length outspent with labour on the wave,
She seeks composure in her secret cave:

The Essex left the sea—her view the same,
To give repose to her exhausted frame.

Mean time the few that had escap'd her force,
Sad to Britannia bore her conquering course,
Which set the nation in commotion wild—
The maddened pulses of the monarch boil'd.
The tooth of anguish eat upon his soul,
That Porter should presumptuous dare control
The western element—it made him rave
To think the Essex should command the wave,
And bid defiance to his thousand ships,
And the proud bearing of his name eclipse.

He sent for Hillyar at the court of James
And Tucker—from their vessels on the Thames;
They hasten'd fearful, at their master's word,
From whom, these orders they in silence heard:

“The tidings, know ye not? Forth, anchors, weigh,
And dash your vessels foaming through the sea,
And hunt this Porter and the Essex down—
Reduce the Eagle to the Lion-crown;
Pluck every quill from out her haughty wing—
Tear, search her vitals—her destruction, bring.
By her alone more commerce have we lost,
Than all the battles wag’d with France have cost.
Who ever thought their President would dare
To send a vessel in defiance there?
No doubt was ours, but ere this period, all
His infant navy in our hands would fall—
Or wreck’d, the whole had founder’d in the seas,
And not an ensign flicker’d in the breeze.
They must have watch’d us with unwinking eye,
And in night season, run our vessels by.
In darkness circumvolv’d, their Hornet flew
From port Salvador, past the Montague;
But soon—how soon did Brook their Lawrence slay,
When proud he fought him in the midst of day!
When we in cruising met the ships of Gaul,
It matter’d not—their flags were sure to fall.

“Soon we the Tagus and Carnation fair,
With Lloyd, shall send upon the station there—
Perhaps Plantagenet to him shall give,
That in your presence not a Star may live.

“Bring but the Essex here, or late, or soon,
And we ’ll reward you with a monarch’s boon.”

Hillyar receiv’d th’ intelligence with awe,
As if some deity had urg’d the law;

Tucker assenting in obeisance knelt,
For in his breast no dignity he felt.

They to their vessels presently repair,
With flaunting standards sporting in the air.
Hillyar, the Phœbe, governs deck'd with pride,
With thirty guns to blaze upon a side;
Engrav'd appears idolatrous the Crown
And Lion stamping with a kingly frown.
Ready a crew of eight times fifty stand,
Prompt to obey each signal of command.
Ingham stood next the Phœbe to defend,
Who in the strife was never known to bend—
A worthy Briton, sway'd by honour's chart,
His bosom touch'd with virtue's silver dart.

Tucker, the Cherub, guides—inferior force—
The Phœbe's consort through the briny course.
Brass, twice fifteen, with four times fifty stout,
To wield their powers when they the onset shout,
Compose her strength—each bosom in a glow
To strike the banner of the Essex low.

Hillyar commands for sailing: “Anchors, rise!
Unfurl the willing canvass to the skies!
See every officer in station plac'd—
Our keels must traverse the Pacific waste.
There rides a haughty ship—the Essex proud—
'Tis ours to fold her in a sulphur shroud,
Which to our character will add more weight,
Than to have swept from France her navy desolate.”

Forthwith the hardy mariners proceed
To weigh the anchors from their sandy bed.

They urge the poising levers with a song,
Which gives communion to their efforts strong.
The ships inch hard, as they the windlass turn,
Which makes the blood within their bosoms burn.
At length the flukes move heavy from the sand,
While the loos'd canvass flutters in the hand
Of those aloft. Dull floating with the tide,
The prows swing sluggish with the stream aside.
Fresh from the hills descend the infant gales,
And fill with rustling sound the shivering sails.
Like wearied labour travelling, move they slow—
But soon the winds with stronger breathing blow;
At once they feel their power and cease to creep—
They dart, they fly, they bound along the deep.

Like birds of passage soon the Cape they make,
The Cherub foaming in the Phœbe's wake.
From every mast they bend a searching eye
To mark the conquering banner in the sky:
From south to north the azure main they cleave,
But nothing friend, or enemy, perceive.
Now south by east in varying line they steer,
Till fanes of Valparaiso dim appear.
Soon, booming on with envy's leer they view
The Essex wave th' imperishable *blue*,
Mix'd with *red* war to guard the spotless *white*,
Which Freedom gave Columbia with delight;
Round which the Stars effulgent blaze sublime,
That gem with Liberty the western clime.

The vessels anchor'd;—Ingham, Tucker, went
To learn of Hillyar how his views were bent,

Who scornful thus began: “Behold the ship,
That dar’d the ocean of the west to keep!
It makes my veins with maddening pulse to rave
To think such weakness should command the wave!
Look, how her saucy standards flout the sky!
See how supreme the *Rights of Sailors* fly!
But presently we ’ll dash these streamers gay
Back from the presence of the eye of day.
These glittering emblems damp’d with blood shall fall,
And Porter kneeling for protection call.

“Ready for action, Tucker, you ’ll prepare—
But first shall I upon the Essex bear,
Prim’d for the engagement—settle on her stern—
These hateful banners in the deep o’erturn.

“But should there danger to the Phœbe seem,
By Essex veering as to gain her beam,
You ’ll place the Cherub opposite her bow,
And there your art and naval valour show.”

He open’d his design. And Ingham, grave,
Pausing—at length this prudent counsel gave:

“With due obedience to your high command,
I must dissent,—we sound a neutral strand,
Where hostile flags in friendship can resort,
Hence, a peace offering would I bear in port.
The law of nations sanctifies the place—
Let not our violence, the right, disgrace;
’Twill dim our honour to commit the deed—
Yea, make the bosom of Britannia bleed.
Scorn’d should we be—yes, scouted by the world
On every sea, where rides our flag unfurl’d.

If we the laws annul which nations bind,
Where can we hope an allied power to find?
No—not a friend, except a savage horde
To stain our flag with brutal acts abhorr'd.
'Thus will our country ever spill its blood,
So long as we shall violate the flood.
For twice ten years we 've slumber'd not in peace—
Continued wars have swept away our race;
The cause is obvious—open to the sight—
The intermeddling with the nations' right.
Let but another Pitt direct the helm,
And wide destruction will the Isle o'erwhelm.

“ But I discern no shadow of a cause,
That we should now annihilate those laws.
Our strength outnumbers twice the Essex there,
Hence, why should we like dastards on her bear?
The ship, can we imprison at our ease,
Or let her pass until she gains the seas,
And then, by settling on her stern and prow,
Cause her proud streamers on the deck to bow.

“ But mark you not, she 's anchor'd at the fort?
Hence, should we hostile enter in the port,
They might their fortress on the vessels play
And drive us back—our ships in disarray,—
Which sadly we should feel, for now we need
The sweetening fruits our tainted blood to feed.

“ I, for these reasons, would maintain the peace,
And for the time hostilities should cease.

“ With voice unmuffled I 've express'd my mind—
Nothing conceal'd in secret thought behind.

With you it still remains to lead the way
In gentleness—or to provoke the fray.
To you inferior, thy command is law—
You 'll find me valiant if the sword we draw.”

Thus he. And Hillyar thus: “Full well I know,
That drops of honour in your bosom flow;
But think you 've awkwardly constru'd the right,
On which I doubt not I can throw some light:

“'Tis true, that nations in a hostile cause,
Were once restricted to establish'd laws—
Call'd laws of nations,—but these laws of yore,
And ancient politics are *now* no more.
In former days, blockade, to constitute,
Requir'd a force the passage to dispute;
But all that 's needed now t' effect the thing,
Are *Orders* sign'd and publish'd by the king,
And, lo! imprison'd is the ocean-world—
At least, where Gallic standards are unfurl'd.

“The ancient law admitted neutral powers
To commerce with bellig'rents, save in stores
Hostile to life—but *now*, not thus th' affair,
If contraband no article they bear,
Let them but enter France—our vessels seize
Such ships of wealth, and count them lawful prize,
Unless to us they pay a rich excise!*

“But let us closer to our purpose come,
And trace the subject to our bosoms home:

* Transit-duty.

“ You apprehend if we the Essex fight,
That we should be the first to mar the right—
There ’s nothing in it true. Did not our king
Bestow on Nelson royal honouring,
For entering Denmark’s capital,—from thence,
Seizing her navy in a time of peace?
Poets the action sing—the tuneful Scott
Exalts the theme with a melodious note!
Did not our vessels plunder on the main
In the third year,* the treasury ships of Spain?

“ Now these things justified by modern rules—
(All doctrines are despis’d of ancient schools,)
Sure, right is ours t’ assail our enemy,
In harbour moor’d, or on the open sea.

“ You apprehend, should we to war resort,
The West Iberians would emblaze their fort,—
Strike and repel our vessels in their need,
And every purpose of the cruise impede:
Groundless your thoughts—they dare not think the
thing,

Aw’d by the naval sceptre of the king—
Our fleet would Copenhagenize each town,
And with the torch burn every hamlet down.

“ Put off these infant fears. No doubt is mine,
But that our master lauds the bold design.
What gifts of costly price he gave to Brook,
When he the Chesapeake from Lawrence took?

* 1803.

Never a sword so brilliantly was made—
His garments stiff with beaten gold o'erlaid.
No English captain since great Alfred's name,
Has e'er been honour'd with an equal fame,
Which proves—to strike a single banner low,
Is equal to Trafalgar's overthrow.

“ My reasons now you fully comprehend,—
Tucker, my every signal you 'll attend.
But conquer now the Essex, and behold,
At our return shall we be starr'd with gold.
I charge you mark me well—and, should the foe
Kindle her ire, be swift upon her bow !”

Tucker obedient to his ship repairs,
And while that Hillyar for the Essex bears,
He makes his purpose known : “ For action, clear !
Let every Briton to his post be near.
Port-lights, conceal, till I the word proclaim,
Then like enchantment open with the flame;
By which defenceless shall we strike them through,
And deep ingulph them where their death is due !”

His coward purpose, glad the crew obey,
As winds the Phœbe in her treacherous way.

Now when the royals bore themselves in sight,
Porter prepar'd his vessel for the fight,
For by appearances so oft deceiv'd,
No show of peace the mariner believ'd ;
And as the Phœbe glided down the stream,
He plac'd her artful on the Essex's beam.

This was the hero's voice : " The Albion, now,
Glides into port with peace upon her brow;
But light the matches, should her aspect lower,
To show the virtue of our arms in power;
But should she hold as sanctified this ground,
I 'd be the last to speak the hostile sound."

Scarce had he ended, when a sudden blast,
Down drove the Phœbe on the Essex fast !
Hillyar's knee-joints unhing'd from their control,
Shook with a palsy, which o'erwhelm'd his soul.
To move, unable—ready to expire
Through dread that Freedom would explode her fire.

* * * * *

While Hillyar thus was apprehending death,
Downes came to Porter with a hurried breath,
That he the sign would give to blaze her through—
Urg'd to request it from th' impatient crew :

" Lo, your commands the mariners await
T' apply the match—her life, annihilate.
Say that the sparkle shall the cannon burst,
And, at the word, the enemy is dust !"

Porter made answer : " Honour is the chart,
Which till eternity should guide the heart.
Let not our ardour to begin the fray,
Bear the best feelings of the soul away.
Our nation's fame commands me not to fire,
Hence, bid the crew to quench this false desire .
They this neutrality, must first debase—
But we our country never will disgrace.

“In honour’d warfare let us die or live,
Then future glory will our names receive;
But darkness gives that character a stain,
Who fights his foe distress’d upon the main.”

What time this converse Downes and Porter held,
Hillyar thought nothing but his ship to yield.
His crew stood shuddering with expectance dire,
That from the Essex havoc would expire.
The treacherous Briton, speechless with surprise,
Could scarce his reeling senses exercise—
Doubting the truth that pass’d his glaring eyes,
Why that his enemy forebore the strife
To strike his vessel through her ribs of life:

So once a traveller in a weary mood,
Call’d at an inn for rest and generous food—
A felon soft pursu’d him to his hold
To strike his heart and rob him of his gold.
The murderer arch, assum’d a smiling leer,
To blind his purpose from the eye of fear—
But in the hellish act to lift his knife
To reach the centre of the traveller’s life,
The hand of justice fasten’d him in chains,
For former crimes committed on the plains!
His crimson guilt half took away his breath—
He pal’d, he trembled at the thoughts of death:

Thus Hillyar stood foreboding to expire
Beneath the kindling of the Essex’s ire;
There being nothing in his mind but blood,
He thought the same of others on the flood.

* * * * *

At length the tumult settling to a pause,
It struck his thought, 'twas neutralizing laws ;
And like a hypocrite with dastard mind,
Artful conceal'd the purpose he'd design'd—
Porter, saluting with a flexile knee,
He thus made smooth his hidden treachery :

“ It seems the warring elements would feign
Compel us here this sanctity to stain.

The nation's law gives reverence to this port,
Where social we like brothers can consort.

Pleasing it is—refreshing to my mind,
You *this* regard, an honour to mankind.
I enter'd with design to seek supplies—
The tropic fruits and other rarities.

“ Though that I've plough'd vast circles of the sea,
By order of my king in search of thee,
Yet by the honour of the British name,
That never yet was tarnish'd in its fame,
I pledge my faith, and write the same with blood,
And call to test it an oath-sealing God,
That I this fair neutrality will keep,
Nor strike for conquest till we gain the deep.”

He ended with the oath. Porter rejoin'd—
A flame of honour burning in his mind :

“ For righteous Liberty whose flag is mine,
I'd not be guilty of the base design.
'Tis for the hallow'd cause of neutral rights,
And Independence that Columbia fights;
Hence, I your views reciprocate in full—
None can presume your promise you'll annul.

“ Now when that you your vessel shall repair,
Then off the harbour will I meet you there;
There, we can battle in the light of fame—
I for Columbia—you for Albion’s name.

“ Forty-and-six the Essex bears of brass,
With five times fifty—hearts magnanimous.
The Phœbe’s armament excels her in power,
Our guns outnumbering, thirteen, two and four;
Though thus unequal, never I’ll refuse
To test our strength whenever you shall choose;
But ere we mingle in the fight, you’ll please
Command your consort distant o’er the seas.”

Hillyar rejoins: “ My joy is with the brave,
Hence, ship to ship we ’ll meet upon the wave.
Tucker of Cherub with the wind shall fly—
My word is pledg’d, and on that pledge rely.

“ See she approaches with a press of sail—
But soon refitted, she shall take the gale;
And when departed on the ocean’s swell,
A gun from me the circumstance will tell;
Then I prepar’d shall be to meet you there,
And prove the virtue of the flags we bear.”

His speech resembled honour. Porter last,
While still the Phœbe to the shrouds was fast:

“ I strict shall note the signal of attack—
Now spread your square-sails,—take the wind aback,
While from our cordage we your vessel clear,
That you may anchor in the channel near.

“ And while in port we ’ll friendly acts display—
With Tucker, Ingham, visit us to-day.

We 've all the rarities in season now,
Such as within the southern tropics grow.
And wine of mellow age our hearts to cheer—
At sea proud enemies—but friendship here."

Hillyar turn'd pale, then redden'd—pal'd—to find
Such worth and boldness in his foe combin'd ;
For though devoid of virtue was his soul,
He felt its power to bend him in control.
He stammer'd to reply—but all in vain—
His failing tongue seem'd fasten'd with a chain :

A miser thus hard bolts his iron door
Against a pressing stranger—raiment poor,
Lest he by chance his homely fare should give,
Nor for the same equivalent receive.
By long entreatance and the pelting storm,
At length he deigns to suffer him to warm;
But pines in moodish silence at his stay,
Fearing he 'd nothing for the night repay.
But when at dawn the stranger quits his shed,
He more than satisfies for board and bed,
The miser stands abash'd to mark the ore,
And chokes, and stammers at the creaking door :

Thus Hillyar stood unable to reply,
His visage mark'd with idiot vacancy.

Mean time the mariners on shrouds and mast,
Loosen the Phœbe, to the Essex fast.
Some cords they sever—others, they belay—
Freed, she winds off and anchors in the bay.

'The Cherub moors convenient by her side,
Her flag reflected in the rippling tide.

Tucker impatient to the Phœbe goes
To learn the cause why neither came to blows:

"I watch'd your movements with an anxious eye
Till I beheld you with the enemy;
And then I judg'd, as no explosion roar'd,
You 'd chang'd your plan and laid the ship on board,
Hence, press'd I down, had you my strength requir'd,
To give you aidance as I strong desir'd;
But think what wonder in my bosom rose
To see you friends where I expected foes!"

While Tucker put the question, Hillyar stood,
As though the life were taken from his blood.
Defeated pride o'erwhelm'd him in his shame,
And caus'd a sweat to settle on his frame:

"Just in the act to touch the fire, a gale
Rush'd down the mountains quartering on the sail,
And drove us on the foe; who at a blast,
Might ship and crew beneath the waters cast;
But by disguising what was my design,
The bark I rescu'd from the strangling brine.

"We 'll put away the theme—descend below,
And moist the blood and give it natural flow;
For now I'm exercis'd with fever dry—
These southern suns make English fibres fry."

* * * * *

Three days refitting they in harbour ride,
But on the fourth, their vessels trimm'd, supplied,

The grappling anchors from their beds they weigh,
Just as the orient purples with the day.

When Porter heard the token, he express'd
The glowing thoughts that harbour'd in his breast :

“ Hark! hear the whistle to the Albion crew
To spread their sheets and bid to peace adieu !
The clanking levers—list ! the windlass creek !
And hear you not the sailing-master speak ?
Soon will our ears receive the windward gun,
And see the red flash o'er the waters run !

“ Now, now, my heroes, let no dampness chill
The heart's warm beating to subdue the will.
We 'll prove superior though our means are small,
And wrap their bodies in a bleeding pall.
Lo, this the hour to waken into flame
Your bosoms to ascend the steep of fame.
Yes, I behold a spirit in your eye
To strike yon standard or unyielding die !”

His voice inspir'd the mariners with life—
To hear the signal to begin the strife :

As when in theatre a wistful crowd,
Collected to behold some action proud—
A Warwick seen through Shakspeare's towering mind,
How monarchs rose or at his beck resign'd—
Or great Gustavus character'd by Brook,
Loosing his people from a tyrant's yoke—
Lean with impatience to behold the scene
Rise and display the mightiest deeds of men.
As limping Time approaches to the hour,
Attention stronger fastens every power,

At length the music with prelusive strain,
Causes a thrill to dart through every vein,
By the sweet notice of the varying tune,
That the clos'd curtain would be lifted soon :

So like the music was the hero's tongue,
Which made the crew feel every nerve new strung,
That soon the cannon on the deep would blaze,
Their country's honour in the strife to raise.

Now while the Phœbe and the Cherub sail'd,
With boisterous lungs thus Hillyar, Tucker, hail'd :

“ Be true to what I 've said—bear off and on,
But mark my signals when they mock the sun.
Should I in danger ask for your return,
You 'll place the Cherub opposite her stern.”

Tucker brief answer'd : “ When your tokens fly,
With prompt obedience will my ship comply.”

This said—he rounds the helm and shifts the sail,
And beats the element with sideling gale.
Like some huge whale he foams the billows through,
Keeping the challeng'd Phœbe in his view.

What time the Cherub parts the curling seas,
Hillyar this motto boastingly displays :

“ *God and our Country—Traitors, both, offend—
For Rights of royal Britons we contend !*”

“ The fighting signal let the gun declare !
And let the Essex meet us if she dare !
Now be ye ready with a tide of blood,
Should she approach to gulf her in the flood !”

The instant Hillyar the commandment spoke,
The brass out pour'd its voice with fire and smoke!

* * * * *

As when a traveller, wilder'd in defiles,
Where no delighting form of human smiles—
Through mazy windings, labours hard his way
O'er fens, o'er bogs where poisonous serpents lay,
Dejected, heart-sick.—Oft he stops to hear
Some welcome echo to his bosom dear.
The frog's hoarse croaking and the adder's hiss,
Enter his breast—his heart stands motionless.
While thus despairing, lo! a well known voice
Breaks on his ear and bids his soul rejoice!
With throbbing ecstasy his bosom swells,
While from his eye a raptur'd tear distils!

Such joy was Porter's when the cannon told
The promis'd time his valour to unfold:

“Listen! the music!—Hark!—the anchor, weigh!
Behold the signal blazing on the sea!
The sound is music from the heavenly pole—
The quickening flash is glory to the soul!
Beyond this grovelling orb my mind takes wing—
A strange sensation touches every string!
See, on the breath of heaven your *Rights* unfurl'd!
Fame catch your deeds and wing them round the
world!”

His words were sparkles of electric fire,
Flaming their thoughts beyond this earth's desire.
A tear of transport floated in their eye,
Whilst *God and Liberty!* they shouted high!

Slow moves the Essex with majestic power,
Solemn and deep like midnight's muffled hour.
Her look strikes terror through the Phœbe's breast—
Hillyar can scarce his tottering joints arrest.
He waxes pale though clasping death's cold urn—
He sets a flag the Cherub to return!
Lo, as her brass the Essex bears aside,
He slips his anchor—bounds along the tide!

Porter crowds sail, the chase to overtake—
Full brief the Essex foams upon her wake.
Her levell'd engines bellow from her prow,
And at the enemy the chain-balls throw.
At each explosion, sails and cordage part,
And oft they reach the centre of her heart.

At length the Cherub to her aid returns—
And each, whole broadsides at the Essex burns!

* * * * *

As when the sun rejoicing in his height,
Sprinkles creation with empyreal light—
With living brilliance, burnishes the whole—
To nature's round the essence and the soul;
A treacherous cloud comes sweeping o'er the ball,
And shrouds his radiance in death's smothering pall;—
But soon he musters to a point his rays,
And breaks its darkness with effulgent blaze:

So Porter's kindling, every bosom fir'd,
For, lo! above the earth his mind aspir'd;
But when the treachery of the foe was seen,
A cloud of darkness deepen'd on his mien;

But rising soon, he swept the cloud away—

His features brighten'd like the god of day!

“Avast the ship! A tier of engines pour!
A treacherous, dastard flag! The strife give o'er.

Back to the neutral anchor-ground return,
And as we sail, cast thunder from the stern.

What coward infamy! No—never more,
I'll trust a Briton should his heart drop gore.”

Slow wears the Essex at the order round,
While thrice her heavy cannonry resound.

Her snowy canvass flickers in the wind—
Rustling it fills. She leaves her foes behind.

And now in harbour once again she rides,
Whilst every tongue the British faith derides.

Porter commands: “Charge, charge th' exploders
deep,

And firm for action, each defender keep.

The dastard Hillyar having stain'd his soul,
Not him, will oaths or neutral waves control.

When man is once to cowardice inclin'd,
He holds no virtue in his grovelling mind.

When eagle honour quits her empire *here*,
The soul runs waste—a barren desert drear.

“Though that his oath in solemn pledge have I,
That he 'd regard this fair neutrality;
But what can oaths or promises effect,
When meanness habits in the intellect?

* * * * *

“But look! they cast their anchors off the strait!
It seems they purpose for the time to wait.

“ Their motive now I apprehend to be,
Is to imprison—bar us from the sea,—
If their intention this—then, our design
Will be to pass and gain the ocean’s brine.
With ease we ’ll fly them when the offer ’s given,
By breezes springing from the gate of heaven.”

While Porter thus was jealous, vigilant,
Tucker, (his vessel moor’d,) to Hillyar went---
To question, wherefore did his vessel run:

“ Scarce you with fire, gave motion to a gun!
Why from the Essex———”

“ Essex! what of her?

Are you empower’d to act as arbiter?
I know th’ instructions of his Royal will,
And shall perform them---every part fulfil,
Hence, to your vessel, and my signs attend,
For I shall nothing of my plans rescind.

* * * * *

“ But stay---I purpose to confine him here,
Till he shall strike his standard from the sphere,—
The fatal period of his life is near!
We ’ll lock the pass and bind him to the shore,
Till he submit, shall Britain’s Cross adore.”

Tucker, assenting to his views, rejoins:
“ This mode of warfare answers my designs.
But heard you not the monarch’s last remark,
That we should strict observe them in the dark,
Or they perchance, by their superior sleight,
Might wind their way beneath the pall of night---

This naught avails him;---should by day he dare,
Soon would he find his vessel in the air.

“ As we outbalance more than twice his force,
Hence, think how easy to obstruct his course;
But as divided, we command this power,
'Tis equal triple, if not one to four.”

Thus Tucker. Hillyar thus: “ I grant with you,
Our *seeming* strength is triple of the foe;
But well I marked the Essex in her ire,—
To once of ours, she thrice elanc'd her fire,
Hence, when that we our *real* strength compare,
Not so unequal our divisions are;
Therefore shall I all methods exercise,
Through least of danger to effect the prize.

“ Tagus, Plantagenet, Carnation, these,
I apprehend, are in the neighbouring seas—
When they arrive with all their armament,
Without resistance, will her flag be bent.”

Thus they on board the Hillyar-ship converse,
And plans of conquest with themselves rehearse.

Now night succeeds to day, and day to night,
While the fam'd Essex by superior might
Is barr'd in close imprisonment to port,
Without a gale to make the bold effort
To pass the enemy. But Porter, true,
Keeps brac'd the heart of his determin'd crew—
Though thus to be confin'd upon the flood,
Would bring a dampness on the best of blood;

But yet the mariner with cheerful air,
Breaks short the leaden sceptre of despair.

* * * * *

At length the forty-second dawn appears,
The winds tempestuous from the southern spheres—
Fierce from the Cape where infant storms abide,
And issue forth to chafe the western tide.

Porter, excited, congregates his crew,
While the gales rushing with a madness blew.
The quickening impulse to the seamen given,
Was like a visit from the sons of heaven:

“Fire streak the blood! Our fame is not yet done!
Mark! mark the chafing billows how they run!
Haste—heave the biting anchors from the clay!
Mates! spring aloft—the impatient sails display!
Hearken! the starboard* cable is in twain!
The vessel drags the larboard to the main!
Propitious omen!—touching to the soul—
The sheets give to the wind! let every heart be whole!”

They take the word as with electric fire—
Quick catching at the rattlings† they aspire—
Loosen the sails and spread them to the breeze,
To drive the vessel darting through the seas:

The main-sails first with hollow sound unfold,
And then the angling gibs the fierce winds hold;
The top-sails,—then top-gallant sails appear,
Like silver clouds expanding in the sphere.

* Starboard is the right—larboard, the left side of a ship.

† Small ropes like slats in a ladder, made fast to the shrouds, by which the sailors climb the masts.

The ship like lightning through the water flies :
“ Take in the gallant top-sails !” Porter cries.
“ Reef, reef the gib-sheets ! to the windward steer—
Double the point and gain the ocean clear !”

His prompt instructions rapidly were done,
While foaming high the bounding vessel run.
She seems a cloud dark flying on the storm,
While meteors pestilent augment its form—
Like this the Essex from the harbour flies
To gain the sea beyond her enemies.

The Britons gaze and shrink before their fears—
They fly their anchors as the ship appears !
She looks a whale high bounding in her wrath,
Tossing the billows to the clouds in wrath.

While thus terrific round the point she flew,
A fierce tornado from the mountains blew—
A monster howling in its fury driven
With all the strength collected under heaven—
Loud, rushing, roaring, thundering drove the blast—
Down crackling, crashing fell her shiver’d mast !

* * * * *

As when that Fancy in a midnight dream,
Translates the soul and opens it a gleam
Of blissful Paradise, which wraps its gaze
Delighted in a trance of ecstasies ;
Lo, as she bears it to the gate of heaven,
About to open and admittance given,
She plunges down to hell and brings from thence
A form to drive the vision’d glory hence—

Grim as goblin by the moon half seen,
 Sitting on graves where murderers had been!
 Which seizing at the soul with sunken eye,
 Transforms its raptures into agony:

Such feelings thrill'd the veins of Porter brave,
 As proud his gallant vessel rode the wave;
 Such, and so sudden were his hopes subdu'd,
 When down the sky-mast thunder'd in the flood.

* * * * *

At length his voice was heard: "Ruin'd—undone!
 The helm's a-lee! back to the harbour run!
 From ruins free the ship! Let none despair!
 Luff, luff to wind, nor let the vessel wear.
 Away, lads! bear away—vast!—right—she's right!
 Flame the guns aft and give them running fight."

Fleet as sound travels through th' impulsive air,
 The ship was trimm'd—her stern guns lumber'd war;
 And while they cast their bolts along the main,
 The crippled Essex sought the port again.

The crew in cable distance of the shore,
 In neutral anchorage their vessel moor,
 And fall to labour with their nerves on fire,
 To cause a mast another to aspire.

Now when the dastards saw the ruins fall,
 Cautious they wore and drove a distant ball.

Hillyar commands: "Down on the vessel bear,
 And show what we in naval action are!
 Let each be ready at the signal call,
 At far-off distance to elance the ball!"

Though that the ship is ruin'd of a mast,
Yet may her guns be terrible in blast.

“I not these neutral waters will regard,
But seize the happy moment of reward.
Yes, power gives right!—this truth all monarchs know,
And justify all methods with their foe.
What though my oath I counterfeit did pledge,
That not in harbour I'd the battle wage—
But what are oaths? as light as gossamer,
When great advantage they to us confer.
'Tis truth establish'd—sanctified by laws,
That oaths bind not from terrifying cause;
Hence I'm enfranchis'd from that pledge of late,
For then a hair but held us from our fate.
Our ship was like an infant in their power—
The oath preserv'd us in that desperate hour.

“No more. The sheets take in. With caution turn.
And at fair distance settle on her stern;
Level the balls to strike her life-ribs through,
And let her sides be crimson'd with her crew.”

He gave his thoughts. His mariners rejoice
To find a distant action was his choice;
For though dismasted by the whirlwind dire,
Yet dreaded they the waking of her ire.

The trumpet Hillyar plies with swelling cheeks,
And these instructions he to Tucker speaks:

“Cherub, attend!—see every part be clear!
Stand for engagement with your strength severe!
Charge deep and prime your cannon for the blow—
Cast your spring cables opposite her bow.

Kindle your matches—let them smouldering burn---
I blank shall strike and rake her through her stern.”

Tucker replied : “I ’ll prompt obey the mode---
My engines pois’d are ready to explode.”

The shores around, and neighbouring heights are
seen,
And house-tops, balconies, oppress’d with men
In breathless silence gazing on the stream,
To mark the lightnings of the conflict gleam.
Their souls, their hearts, their every fibre feel
A cold ice terror for the Essex weal.
The slightest motion of the vessel proves
A mark’d attention---if a halyard moves,
Or a sail flutters, every bended eye
With prying look enquires the reason why.

Porter at once their dastard purpose scann’d---
And a brief moment he address’d his band :

“The perjurd foe comes bearing for the storm!
Now prove what hearts of valour can perform!
Though they our ship outmeasure three to one,
We ’ll draw their blood before the fight is done.
Behold what thousands crowd the summits high!
Now show the manner that the brave can die!”

Instant he clos’d, the ships began to burn—
One on the bow, the other on the stern.

CANTO XII.

PORTER'S DEFENCE OF THE
ESSEX.

ARGUMENT.

Transactions of the invisible agents. Porter's defence of the Essex.

The scene is laid on the White Mountains and at Valparaiso. The book commences at midnight preceding the attack, and closes with the action, which continues two hours and twenty-six minutes.

FREDONIA D.

CANTO XII.

THE Muse must leave the battle to explain
The secret movements of th' infernal train—
For they unceasing exercis'd their art
To break the chain of Unity apart—
A chain, once sunder'd, nothing can unite—
The Star of Freedom will be quench'd in night.

In dubious season, previous to the day
That Porter strove to gain the open sea,
The arch Intriguer, cloth'd in darkness deep,
Convok'd his agents on the rude cliffs steep.
They rose like clouds of smoke at signal given—
A flash of hell from either eyeball driven.

Betray would he at times an outward air,
Which show'd a bosom fester'd with its care.
Since Freedom's Goddess on the ocean came,
He felt the smouldering of an inward flame—
Yet he with labour the fix'd pain conceal'd,
Lest it should bend the sceptre which he held:

Not otherwise the monarchs of the earth,
To keep obscur'd the weakness of their birth,
Assume a robe of artificial guise,
As if their race descended from the skies;
But Wisdom comes—strips off their spider dress,
And brings to view their native nakedness:

Thus the close Counterfeit with stern effort,
Kept his mind bent upon a regal port:
But oft unguarded would he raise his eye,
As though he fear'd some terror from the sky.
His heart misgiving told him to repair
Beneath the mountain from the upper air:
Thus a deserter from the ranks of fame,
Having to Britain yielded up his name;
From Queenstown battlements, beholds sublime,
Th' effulgent Star that gilds his native clime.
The sight in secret preys upon his heart—
His eye depress'd reveals the inward smart.
He pines with fever to be led afar,
Beyond the radiance of th' upbraiding Star.

So the Deserter from the ranks of heaven,
The time Fredonia to his sight was given,
Perceiv'd a gnawing at his heart severe,
As if transfix'd with her celestial spear;
Yet he began with consequential pride
To bolster up th' attendants by his side:

“Proud agency of hell! great was the act,
Which smote their Lawrence and his vessel wreck'd.
Beside this brilliant conquest on the deep,
Other achievements cause Our heart to leap—

Undying honours crown Our chosen son,
Proctor the great!—who, when his course is run
On this terrene, in hell shall oversee
The damn'd of the infernal hemisphere.
But We design to practise him on earth,
A time some longer ere We call him forth.

“Of late his royal origin he show'd,
At Raisin's stream where blood of martyrs flow'd,
And kindled faggots round the victims glow'd!
This reckless slaughter will exalt his name
To splendid honours in the world of flame.

“Now, when his murder in this war is done,
We shall in hell demand Our favourite son.
Each day he grows more pleasing to Our eye—
Worthy his sire, and mother Infamy.

“These proud events Our feelings render glad,
But she that circles heaven affects Us sad.
Lawrence she met with rainbow-cloud and bore
His soul enfranchis'd to th' empyreal shore.
Curse on her form! he may in lightning come
With power divine, and all our hopes deplume.

“But why these doubts?—why shrink?—Single,
not We

Would shrink to meet in arms her enmity.
From this, Our hand, a bolt of thunder hurl'd,
Would shrive her spear and rid her from the world.

“Does not New-Albion aid Us in the work?—
And soon with gold will We dissever York.
These States at Hartford in convention still,
Will meet—the Union secretly to kill.

And Maryland, like ship on reeling tide,
Doubts—vacillates what manner to decide;
When thus a people lose their temper'd steel,
Th' event is sure—to Our commands they kneel.

“ Our labours thicken fast. The State of Maine
Must be divided from the Union chain,
She stands alone—Our friends on every side
To hem her in, her strength to subdivide.

“ But should that We, by some event unknown,
Be rifled of those States confess'd our own—
Those, that renounce their freedom for a throne—
For not the powers of earth, air, sea, or hell,
Can the result of war's disaster tell,—
Hence, to be furnish'd, ready for defeat,
We 'll forth provide a cavern to retreat.
Should agency of heaven prevail with art,
(The thought of which is distant from our heart,)
We 'll plan an earthquake, ruinous, to rise,
To whelm the States and snatch them from the skies.

“ We purpose now to journey round the earth—
To mark through all its realms what passes forth.
Rise—harness for the labour—drive the work—
At change of moon, We shall return by York;
For Tompkins there, We understand of late,
Has orders from the President of state,
To stand reserv'd,—on Hartford to advance,
To strike upon Our friends with bayonet-lance,
Should they their treasons dare to lisp abroad—
But We with bribes must strive to sheathe his sword:

This to effect, Henry Our chosen one
Must be excited to the business on—
And soon their liberties will be undone.”

Stately he rose, when he imperious spoke—
The mountain felt it and with tremor shook.
His form assum'd the likeness of a cloud,
Which wrapp'd the gloomy heights in grave-cloth
shroud.

His arm was like the pillar on the sea,
Form'd by the gathering of humidity;
His hand was like th' appearance of a ghost,
That haunts the ruins of a ship-wreck'd coast.
His eyes were two mock moons, broad, sickly, dim,
When deep through murky clouds they wandering
swim.

With fear of scorpion whips,—the Stygian bands
Commenc'd the labour with their giant hands;
Earth groan'd with dying pangs;—so vast their toil,
It made the fluid of their hearts to boil:

So when the Fulton is intent to keep,
'Gainst wind and tide, her course upon the deep;
She feeds her furnace to a glassy heat,
Causing her boilers in their rage to beat—
To rush her engine with resistless power,
And bear her forth against the ocean's roar.
Soon the pent waters feel th' augmented fire,
And with a maddening violence aspire,
Threatening to break their prison with a burst,
And hurl the stately vessel into dust:

So in similitude their bosoms chafe
With such commotion, as not life is safe
Within the compass of their breaths to stay,
For fear the boilers in their chests give way.

But Sloth despis'd, contemptible in hell,
Lingers behind—and strives their heat to quell;
Contriving different means the toil to shun—
For whom 'tis grief to move a pebble-stone.
While each hard struggling sweats upon a strain,
He quits his hold—excuse, his breath to gain—
The half pois'd rock descends with crashing sound,
Full many a fiend disjoining in the ground;
But, lo! they quicken from the pressing death,
And rise from out the prisoning rock beneath—
Such the mysterious habit of their frame,
They wake to life like Phoenix from the flame.

Still by excuses he avoids the toil—
And oft he puts the others to a broil.
At length they sought a momentary rest—
He seiz'd his time t' unload his freighted breast;
And, like all demagogues on *self* intent,
On public good he has'd his argument:

“Sweet friends! *your* benefit, and not my own,
Frequent hath made me suffer from the Throne;
But yet most fervent,—undisguis'd I feel
To risk my peace to aid the general weal—
Yes, *I* can suffer and with gladness too,
So long as I can least advantage do—
So long as interest shall result to *you*.

“ I (sole aim *your* welfare) can ne’er conceive,
Why for the present we should not relieve
Our wearied natures. Why with toil thus burn?
Not till the moon’s decreasing, he ’ll return.
Alternate spies can watch his coming forth—
A thousand cubits have we dug in earth;
Hence, we secure our efforts can delay
Till the last glimmer of th’ appointed day;
But ere he, lingering on his tour, shall come,
We in full strength our slavery can resume.”

At first they doubted—dreading to comply—
But soon they rid them of timidity.
A part retire and stretch them at their ease—
Others avidious the occasion seize
To join in tournament—to wrestle—dance—
Or with a shield to exercise the lance.

Lo, ere the sign of day’s bright harbinger,
He came a whirlwind, exercis’d with care!
The stars were blighted in his passing forth,
As when he, Lucifer, in heaven had birth.
To cause the excavating work to burn,
Was the main reason of his swift return ;
Trusting to Proctor to conduct the strife,
Whose only joy was in the wreck of life.

He finds his subjects—part upon the ground,
Lost in their sleep—a part, with cedar crown’d,
Dancing to music, form’d by shaking bones—
White human skulls, in which were pebble-stones !

* * * * *

“Reach Us the scorpion lash !” He threatening spoke,

Distant it seem’d his tongue had thunder broke.

His subjects shrinking darted from his sight—

His breathing nostrils thickening up the night.

Foreboding—trembling, to their giant size,
From whence they’d shrunk, like dashed-up flames
they rise.

As when a maniac in his fit finds death—

Such was their look ! forgetting they had breath.

Soon plunging downward to the work they hie,

Jarring the mountain like an earthquake nigh.

In solid mass they loose the earth’s deep base,

As if its granite fastenings they’d displace.

They break it into parts and hurl it high,

The wonders past of ages to outvie :

As when Archimedes of Syracuse,

Engines invented, for his country’s use,

Which drove unwieldy rocks upon the foe,

And crowded vessels, shiver’d at a blow—

Or by the lever, or the winding screw,

Grappled and rais’d a fighting ship and crew,

Whirling it round,—a spinning top in air,

The dizzy seamen fainting in despair:

With the same ease, invisible they throw

The massive fragments from the pit below.

At length they cause a dubious lumbering sound,

As with their sledges on the rocks they pound !

They hear—and stop their labour with surprise

To learn from whence th’ alarming echoes rise.

“And what”—(the Terror thus:) “what damps
your brow?

Dastards, give place!—pent earthquakes are below.”

This said. He seiz'd upon a sledge of weight—
Pois'd it on high with horrid joy elate;
And round and round he swung it with a whirl,
Huge as the summit of a mountain spur.
Its helve was fashion'd of the stoutest oak,
That ever fell beneath the woodman's stroke.
With straining backward—resting on his right,
His left toe touching on the surface light,—
The heel bent outward from the body round,
He struck!—the rocks crack'd crashing with tremend-
ous sound.

Earth reeling groan'd through all her caves beneath,
Sweating cold dampness—cold as ooze of death!
He fell, he shrunk, he sunk, down—down, deep down,
From day's first beam, till high on heaven's arch'd
crown,

The gold sun stood!—two thousand leagues or more—
His iron skull a rock in fragments tore!
Like Pilot's Tower o'erthrown by earthquake storm,
His whole vast length lies stretch'd out huge in form.
His eyes swim glaring in a vacant gaze—
His mind is lost in labyrinthian maze.

At length recovering as from broken sleep,
His voice resounded through the hollow deep:

“Give way to wing the sledge!—What damps your
brow?

Retire! give place!—an earthquake is below!

We 'll break its hollow sides !—What, do you feign,
 As though your ears so delicate felt pain
 To hear the earth groan out ?—'Tis music rare,
 If We its note to uproar'd hell compare !
 Stand ! listen !—it explodes !——

* * * * * *

“ What ! sunk to hell ?

When left We earth ?—it seems a wizard spell !
 Which way ?—from whence ?—Why whirls this dark-
 ness round ?

Can this be other than deep hell profound ?
 Our nostrils, sure, familiar brimstone smell—
 Black as death's chamber !—tis—it must be hell !
 But where—and when did We——

“ Our head whirls o'er—

Mysterious maze—beyond my reasoning power.
 “ And what's that light which glimmers from the
 north ?

The light of hell from southern zone breaks forth,
 Attended ever with a deafening sound—
 But still as death's vault is this deep profound !
 A labyrinth—We know not what to think—
 Our mind is like a chain with broken link.

* * * * * * *

“ The last that We remember was the rock,
 Which, when it broke, gave earth a reeling shock.
 And was it then that We from thence was hurl'd,
 By wrath of heaven to this tenebrious world ?

“ We'll pause to gain Our mind, which seems to
 stray,
 The more We reason from the truth away.

* * * * *

“Not otherwise indeed! We broke the shell,
And through the centre of the earth We fell!

“Sublime disclosure!—how my thoughts elate!
Here We, as though in hell, can smile at fate!
Remote from heaven, and heaven's unwelcome light,
Which by its blaze gives anguish to the sight.

“We 'll search this dungeon—never known before—
Hark! whence proceeds this far-off lumbering roar!”

His pinions open'd with a heavy smell,
(Which time allow'd not when through earth he fell.)
Onward he travers'd with dilated eye
Wide as the circle in a midnight sky,
When in eclipse the moon half veils her form,
By which the mariner forebodes a storm.
He meets a vacuum and with fluttering falls,
And lizard like, with struggling hard he crawls.

While thus he grovell'd on—half day—half night,
A distant something riveted his sight.
And now it stopp'd, and now again it mov'd,
Which vital action in the substance prov'd.
Cautious he gain'd upon the object slow,
That more distinct its lineaments might show.
Soft in concealment he approach'd it nigh,
Then rose dilated in deformity!

* * * * *

“God of this darkness!—thou my life but save,
And I will kneel, and be to thee a slave!

“Lo, oft I grop'd my way to search thy name,
But never I upon thy dwelling came.

My motive was, thy sceptre to adore,
And crave of thee, these regions to explore—
O sad, disastrous fate ! Alas, I find
My life is forfeit by adventurous mind !
Accept of me, a slave !——

“ Years, five and ten,
I ’ve wander’d here remote from heaven and men.
Perhaps this calculation may be large,
For when a train of miseries surcharge
The human breast—a moment is a day—
A year seems bordering on the earth’s decay.
My compass travers’d not, and hence I ’ve wound,
Lost in a wilderness of error, round;
My life sustaining on the nascent forms
Of weeping things—the rudiments of worms.

“ Once in a cavern I beheld a light,
Which seem’d an opening from this world of night;
I enter’d through a fissure in the rock—
But O what language can describe the shock !
It prov’d a charnel-house where death was seen
In every shape, from infants up to men !
Their gauzy robes were scarcely moulder’d yet—
Yea, some retain’d the drops of dying sweat !
They star’d me, threatening with an open lid,
By which I knew ’twas Egypt’s pyramid,
Whose deep foundations on earth’s shell were laid,
To which I ’d distant in my wanderings stray’d.
The light produc’d was from the millions dead,
Shining with death-fire on their nitrous bed.

“O'erwhelm'd with horror at the dire abode,
I felt as live things creeping through my blood,
Despairing ever to behold again
The smile of beauty or the face of men.

“I thus was roaming in my sickening round,
When, lo! I startling heard this unknown sound,
Loosening the hanging rocks. I stopp'd amaz'd—
When thou before me with the sceptre rais'd!”

He ceas'd. Artful the reply: “We thought it thou,
Whose mischief work had caus'd this lumbering now!

“But who inform'd thee of our empty sphere!
Say, what enticement brought thy coming here?
And is it not enough for thee to dwell,
Fronting the sun on earth's external shell,
That thou should'st come a traitor to Our realm?
Proclaim thy purpose—or this touch shall whelm
Thy nothingness in dust!—What, could not We
Here reign secure from man's avidity?

It seems if it were possible to trace
The path of hell, he 'd search the dreadful place.
And should I e'er behold its Magistrate,
I'd give him caution that he bar his gate,
Or discontented man might inroads make,
And from his hand his rightful sceptre take.

“But say what mammon you expected here—
Or what inducement brought you to Our sphere?”

“Simple my answer. Science is my name—
By searching, lo! I found and spoke the same—
The earth's concavity. Th' upbraiding tongue
Of scoffing ignorance with hissing rung—
Yet felt I not the viper if it stung;

Still, still I gloried, though the spurn of all—
And even Freedom drove me from her hall.
But not by scoffs was I to be dismay'd,
Till I in person had the truth survey'd.
Vain their upbraidings to unman my soul—
I pass'd the ice and enter'd at the pole.
My course was guided by the martin's flight,
When north she flew to spend her wint'ry night.
You know my history since. I'll now describe
What secret motive acted as a bribe.

“Great I desir'd with Newton to be nam'd—
Beyond the character of Fránklin fam'd.
I thought to notice how the springs were form'd,
How through the poles the earth was inward warm'd ;
And happy vallies in primeval dress,
And innocence array'd in loveliness ;
Silver uncrucible---pure mines of gold,
I doubted not admiring to behold ;
Pearls, gems and petrifications, diamonds bright,
I apprehended, would enchant my sight ;
And all the treasures in the deep sea hurl'd,
My mind conceiv'd had found this darksome world—
For by the test of geometric line,
I learnt the greatest depths of ocean's brine,
Hence my philosophy had placed them here,
Dropp'd through the centre of earth's concave sphere.

“These were my views thy regions to explore,
And not for mammon, or corrupting ore ;
But that I might th' important truth make known,
And publish wide the honours of thy throne.

Will grovelling Wealth compare its tinsel name
With him who holds a philosophic fame?
No---I my heart would from my breast uncase,
Ere sordid it should hold such meanness base;
'Twas to enlarge the knowledge of the mind,
And be renown'd the wisest of mankind,
That led me in my error to conceive,
That man might here in vales luxuriant live.
But now I rue my undertaking sad,
That I should dare thy mysteries to invade.
Therefore my life in mercy deign to save,
And I will kneel and be thy menial slave."

"We keep no slaves!" The Counterfeit rejoins.
"Slaves groan above, but not in our confines.
Though man enjoys the influence of heaven,
More vile his heart than fiends to darkness driven,
Since he of all created by a God,
Stands mark'd with hell in slaving of his blood!

"Go---measure back Our trace---'twill lead thee
north,
And through the pole direct thee to the earth.
Thou hast sufficient punishment endur'd—
The madness of thy brain must now be cur'd.
Go---and proclaim what wonders thou hast found—
We thought it thou who caus'd this jarring sound."
With feet of wings false Science flew with haste—
His backward progress in due line he trac'd.
Ere long he mark'd earth's window at the pole,
Which shot new happiness along his soul.

But soon his mind was from its balance lost,
So long he 'd wander'd mid delusion's frost.
The earth look'd strange---he knew his home no more,
He still seem'd reaching for some distant shore.
He 'd listen---then hold converse with the air,
Hands clinch'd, eye set, and starting of the hair.
He fed upon the winds,---his drink, the rains ;
And when they fell not, fever burnt his veins.
Pale shrunk his cheek, as if the worm began
To riot ere the yielding of the man.
At length he lean'd upon a rock, his head,
And when a traveller came, he found him cold and dead.

Meantime excitement urg'd the Terror forth
To learn what cause convuls'd the central earth.
At every step he reach'd eight furlongs o'er,
In compass guided by the dubious roar,
Which as more near upon the south he drew,
Loud and more loud its deep concussion grew.

At length he paus'd upon a beetling height,
'Gainst which in vain the surges spent their might,
By earth's quick motion spinning round her pole,
Causing the waves impetuous back to roll.
He stood aghast at the portentous scene,
A cramp'd distortion gathering on his mien.

But soon his utterance came: "What, pause with
fear?

We who can smooth through hell's mad billows steer?

What though these chafing waters foam and dash,
We'll learn the cause from whence these thunders
crash !

Thunders which seem this sea to underlate—
Why doubt We thus ? We are impell'd by Fate !”

This having said,---slow altered he his form
To Norway's monster hatch'd 'mid ocean's storm.

In this dread shape he edges to the height,
Which overhung the tumult, flashing light—
For by the dashing and contention dire,
The foaming surf shot particles of fire.

Now on the hanging rocks in volumes round,
He coils, and coils to make the fearful bound.
His head slow rises from the centre full,
His one eye glaring from his ridgy skull,
Like the moon struggling in the earth's damp shade,
When death's cold hand upon her cheek is laid.

And now his head hangs dreadful o'er the steep,
Measuring the distance to the raging deep ;
This done—preparative with rapidness,
Back, he recedes, his sinews to compress—
Tightening his muscles for impulsive bound,
Groaning more audible than thunder's sound,—
Leaps in the foam ! Alarm'd the Ocean roars,
And flies with horror from the startling shores
Beyond the compass of his utmost reach,
Leaving him dry and coiling on the beach !

But hovering Fate, (invisible till now,)
Thus to the Ocean—lightnings round her brow !

“And art thou ign’rant whom that thou hast fled?
Great Lucifer! most formidable to dread—
Appalling to the living and the dead!
Ocean! return thy billows to the shore,
And bear him forth to where these deafenings roar.
Yea, shouldst thou pause a moment to return,
His fiery breath will cause thy waves to burn!
Or change thy liquid kingdom into stone!—
A moment hesitate—thy name is done!”

The Ocean heard her voice. And with a sound
Like battling armies breaking the profound,
Roll’d back his frightened billows to the shore,
To glide him onward with their buoyant power.

Soon, when his weight was balanc’d on the deep,
He summ’d his strength its turbulence to sweep.
So swift his length along the waves he throws,
The waters for a time forget to close;
A spacious vacuum in the ocean stands,
Till Fate advancing shuts it with her hands.

As near more near he gains upon the sound,
It seems that hell upon their anvils pound.
A brighter green reflected through the sea,
Show’d that ere long he ’d swim the surface, free.

Sudden—behold a water-spout in form,
He lifts his head confounded in a storm,
Equal to hell when forging of its fire,
’Neath which th’ infernals for the time expire!

He looks astonish’d with a dizzy eye,
And back most gladly from the scene would fly—

But motive powers fail ! At length the chain,
Which cramp'd his heart, gave way—and he amain,
Receiv'd the giant vigour of his might,
And his quick keenness of discerning sight,
By which he scann'd the nature of the blast—
A naval battle roll'd in thunder vast!

* * * * *

He yawn'd his mouth t' ingulph the Essex whole—
At second thought, he thus express'd his soul:

“Hold ! Shall we now these royal ships befriend,
'That they more able may in fight contend?
We 'll never do it—no. The Essex there,
Scarce on her foes can six defenders bear;
With this advantage, if they not excel,
They may be conquer'd and be sunk to hell.”

When to himself these sentiments were said,
Beneath the troubled wave he dipp'd his head.

What time these scenes transpir'd, the conflict blaz'd
So vast the monsters from their caverns rais'd
To learn the cause which burnt upon the flood,
And made them tremble in their deep abode—
They look'd—and fled affrighted from their death,
Far in the depths immeasurable beneath.

The brazen engines with terrific sound,
Disturb'd the slumbers of the sleeping ground.
The earth through all her entrails dire was shock'd—
The neighbouring mountains with the deafenings rock'd.

The fulminating peals, so vast the fray,
Resembl'd thunders of the Judgment Day.

The Essex's forward guns, the Cherub now,
Not longer can withstand—she leaves the bow,
Cautious she winds from whence the lightnings burn,
And with the Phœbe settles on the stern.

Till this, the springs upon the Essex stood,
By which the heroes warp'd her on the flood,
And dread eruptions burst from either side,
Pouring a flaming deluge o'er the tide—
But now the chain-balls with a whirling sweep,
Asunder rend them, as they fiery leap;
But Linscott, Barnwell, reckless of the blast,
Soon make new cables to the anchors fast,
And round the sailors with the capstans play
To bring the vessel opposite the fray;
But as they place her cannonry to bear,
Again the hawsers separate in air!
Barnwell again and Linscott prompt renew
The sever'd parts, supported by the crew;
Just as the gunners whirl the linstocks round,
The match to brighten ere they touch to sound,
Alas, the springs are broken by the fight!
Again the mariners with leaping light,
The separations with swift hands belay—
But soon the wild fire shatters them away!
Like spiders' threads before the storm they part,
While fierce the battle drives against her heart!

As when a house upon a prospect hill,
Is wrapp'd in flames in solemn midnight still,
A blooming virgin at the window stands,
And pleads for succour with extended hands!
Her father, brothers, and her lover press,
Impatient to redeem her from distress.
They rush the passage to ascend the stair,
But blinding smoke compels them to forbear.
Again they strive—again they fail,—drove back,
Their aching bosoms breaking on a rack.
They plant a ladder to the window's height,
But weak through age and frail materials light,
The slats give away! Cords instant they procure
To bind the fracture—make their footsteps sure;
But, lo! a blazing cinder parts them soon—
The hapless fair-one sinking in a swoon!
Yet undespairing other means they try,
And all opposing obstacles defy:

Thus, though adversity attends the brave,
Resolv'd they stand, defiance of the grave—
And every impulse of their souls put forth,
Though ineffective their untiring worth.

Still none despair'd the anchor-springs to set,
And Barnwell dripping with laborious sweat:

“No—never let us yield while life endures—
Perhaps the ship, the cable *now* secures!
Never—no—never should exertions cease
While sinews bind———”

Blood gushes o'er his face—
The bullet cut the artery of his brow,
And while he rais'd his hand to stop the flow,
Another glanc'd his heart's defensive bone,—
Quivering he fell insensible a stone.

Adams was ever ready to sustain
The bleeding mariners and soothe their pain:
To Huffman's care he Barnwell gently bore—
Who quick suppress'd the jetting of the gore;
And by enclafing of his bosom, soon,
He partial waken'd from his pallid swoon.

Guns nine times ten against the vessel flame—
Purpling her waist, descends the vital stream.
The gazing shores, as they behold the fight,
Wring their sad hands and sicken at the sight:

So when the arm of tyrannizing power,
Brought to the scaffold persecuted More,
He stood, unalter'd in his virtue great,
And smil'd indignant at the stroke of fate.
Th' afflicted multitude with wonder gaz'd
To mark his soul above death's darkness rais'd.
But when he bow'd to taste the bloody axe,
Their passions soften'd down like melting wax;
They pray'd, they groan'd, they wept, they tore their
hair,

And beat their bosoms with a frantic air:

In anguish thus, the gazing Chilians stood
To mark the Essex pour her martyr'd blood.

As stands mount Etna roll'd in fire and smoke,
So Porter stood, and, fill'd with valour, spoke:

“Never—O never, let us dream despair!

We yet six engines on the foe can bear.

Through the stern port-lights heavy let them burst—

A God of justice will support the just!”

The sons of ocean heard,—and, with a bound,

Applied the cannon in tremendous round ;

Like six hell-dragons flaming in their wrath,

A host infernal smiting in their path—

So imitated lightnings glanc'd their jaws,

Which for a time gave triumph to the cause.

The fearful conflict terrible is driven,

Like the last peals disturbing earth and heaven.

* * * * *

Behold the Albions smitten with dismay,

With hurrying hand their springing-anchors weigh,

And shun the pestilence in disarray !

Lo, as they backward from the havoc bore,

The gazing multitudes the welkin tore ;

Their shouts redoubling bounded up the sky,

Like rising whirlwinds when the storms are nigh.

Hillyar with wringing of his hands despair'd—

Ghastful his eyes with open wildness glar'd ;

His jaw-bones chatter'd in an aguish mood—

Back from his features shrunk his freezing blood ;

Lo, by the strangling passion of dismay,

His up-rais'd hair turn'd aged in a day !

At length his tongue was loosen'd from its chain,
And thus to Tucker he describ'd his pain,
Their vessels board to board : " Spread sail and fly !
Nothing can live that breathes mortality !
See how the harness of the ships is cut !
Observe the life-ribs, broken by the shot !
The balls have smote us—wind and water low—
Hark ! how they rush ! We 've met with overthrow !
Our vessels drink the sea ! We drown, we drown !
Gone—lost for ever in oblivion—down !
Labour the suction ! urgent every hand—
Let none distinction feel ! We strand ! we strand !
Perhaps with struggling we may yet survive,
'Till abler strength from Britain shall arrive.
I 'll fight no more till 'Tagus foams along,
And others aid us in th' engagement strong."

Thus he. But Ingham with excited pride,
Dissenting, thus right gallantly replied :

" You 've pain'd my heart ! By England's honour'd
name—

By the starr'd glory of our naval fame,
Renounce—throw back this purpose of disgrace,
And prove our souls are worthy of our race—
Estrang'd—incapable of actions base !
As we assailants have the strife begun,
What would our nation should we dastard run ?
Yea,—school-boy striplings would around us press,
And wag their heads and scout our littleness.
Hark ! how the Chilians shout upon the shore !
They now detest us,—should we fight no more,

They 'd point the hissing finger of their scorn,
And scoffing cry : '*Behold the ocean born!*'

"Cast from your mind this womanish affair,
And prove but death our courage can impair;
What though a portion of our strength is dead,
Mark the proud ship! her waist with blood is red!

"On starboard quarter we 'll the war renew,
Where not a gun can reach to strike us through;
There deadly we upon her life can aim,
And void of danger, set her in a flame.
Her cannonades will nothing her avail,
While we at distance shall her heart assail.

"Most true, in many a battle have I been,
Where ocean crimson'd from expiring men—
At Cape Trafalgar, and at Egypt's Nile,
Where death did feast and on the banquet smile—
But never, desperate, such defence was known,
As Porter and his mariners have shown;
But if no cannon bear upon our life,
We must become the victors in the strife."

While Ingham thus dissuaded to retire,
Hillyar with grapes distill'd arous'd his fire:

"The every fibre of your heart is true—
You 've wak'd a spirit in my bosom new.
Proof have you given that English is your blood—
A heart of oak—to sink her in the flood.

"Distant, we 'll cause her banner to submit—
Tucker, how swift our royal hands refit!
Replace the broken spars—the braces, mend—
We creen her, lads!—we creen her—beam an end!

Moisten your courage—let the goblets flow—
We 'll waste with fire or strangle her below !

“ But not will I act miserly in fame—
Each shall have chance to elevate his name ;
Hence, I my station for a time will yield,
That Ingham, you, the ship's command, may wield ;
But you I 'll strengthen should the fight grow warm,
And place my bosom opposite the storm.”

With this excuse he left th' impending scene
To Ingham's care—a man of laurels green.

While each with each convers'd,—the crews repair'd
Their ships for action by exertions hard,
Beyond the striking distance of the brave,
They drop their anchors in the neutral wave.
Remote from danger, coward they renew
The strife—piercing the vitals of the Essex through,
While not a gun is possible to bear
Against the foe, so angled from a square !

Thus Putnam chivalrous in days of yore,
Was once a captive on the northern shore.
His arms to branches of a cedar bound—
The piny faggots unctuous pil'd around !
Two hideous savages with passions fell,
Approach'd the veteran with the scowls of hell,
And hurl'd their darts unerring through the air,
But shunn'd his life,—the compass of a hair ;
While piteous from his cheeks, and arms, and side,
Gash'd with deep wounds, sad stream'd the crimson tide:

Thus was the Essex by assailants rent,
While bound, disastrous like imprisonment—

So like the savages the Britons stood,
And drew in gushing streams her best of blood.
On every side the prime of mortal clay,
With dizzy whirl, reel'd, splash'd into the bay :
Clouds ting'd with death around the vessel spread,
And stifling seem to fold her with the dead.

Yet Porter brightens as the darkness crowds--
A light, reflecting on the coffin clouds,
Pure like the splendour of a star of night,
When others all are curtain'd from the sight
By heavy drooping folds: In flame he stands---
O'er death he triumphs and the brave commands :

“Immortal deeds!—Sunder the cable twain,
And run upon the enemy amain.
Never—no—never shall the standard sink—
Not while the mind has liberty to think!”

The cable parted as the word he gave—
The vessel moves like madness on the wave.
But by the shifting of the wayward gales,
To board, the hero in his purpose fails ;
Yet by superior knowledge of his art,
He runs between and strikes them to the heart !
So fierce, so terrible the Essex's ire,
She seems a dragon with broad wings of fire,
When through the regions of vast hell it flies
At Death's command to search his enemies.
The Phœbe, Cherub summon all their strength,
And blaze—their distance scarce a vessel's length.
Betwixt the three thunder on thunder rolls—
The jarring earth seems loosen'd from the poles.

By maddening fire the bolts are frenzied driven—
The ocean burns with solid flame to heaven:

Were Hecla and Vesuvius side by side
Of Etna place, by earthquakes yawning wide;
And all and each in height of fury rais'd,
Each to outdo the other as it blaz'd:
Scarce less terrific would the conflict seem,
Then the dread battle burning on the stream.

Now by the turbulence the ships are hid—
And now they show a blazing pyramid.
But soon the smoke commixing with the fire,
Smothers each vestige of their forms entire.
A moment, and a halliard breaks between—
Perhaps the motion of a flag is seen—
Instant the whole is muffled from the eye,
Wrapp'd in the foldings of obscurity:

So when for many moons a drought prevails,
By which the gushing of the fountain fails—
The tender flowers sink drooping to decay,
Beneath the fervour of the parching ray.
At length at midnight in the south appears
A chain of clouds which deepens o'er the spheres.
Soon dread artilleries in their anger peal,
Causing the pillars of the earth to reel,
While lightnings kindling with incessant fire,
Appal the world with apprehensions dire.
A moment now behind the clouds they hie,
Which leaves obscurely seen the curtain'd sky,
Deep, dungeon'd, dark—in awful tumults roll'd,
Convolving, broken, heaving fold on fold—

But scarce a thought is to the mind allow'd,
 When the keen lightnings burn upon the cloud,
 Filling the circle of the heavens with blaze,
 Blinding the eye that ventures at a gaze :

Like this the streams of fire and thunders swell—
 The ocean spirits answer audible.
 Fredonians, Britons, weltering in their gore,
 Close their dark eyes to waken—never more:

A vengeful bullet leaping at Cowell,
 Fractur'd his central-rib—from life he fell ;
 His vital cistern ruptur'd by the wound,
 Soon left his heart on Death's cold bosom bound.

As Wilmer giant-arm'd, his brass applied,
 A splinter smote and hurl'd him in the tide ;
 Astounded with the blow which jarr'd his breast,
 He sunk without a struggle to his rest.

Though Death has cast your bodies from the world,
 Your names shall live while ocean shall be curl'd
 By zephyrs breathing from the mountains west,
 Where large you drank the streams of freedom blest !
 A wild sweet music from the sea shall rise
 To glad your spirits sailing through the skies !

No patriot sinks alone,---the royals fail—
 With dire effect the Essex's shot prevail ;
 Names known to fame are stricken from the earth,
 While in their heat to urge the battle forth.

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

At length the Cherub second time retires,
 Unable longer to endure the fires

Bursting from Porter's engines—impotent—
Her hulk in ruins and her cordage rent—
Sinking—scarce buoy'd upon the element,—
The Phœbe flinches back—but Ingham bold,
Inspires her crew the contest yet to hold :

“ Britons ! stand firm, and in that firmness die,
Rather than cowering from the strife to fly !
Yea, thrice endure the exercise of death—
Say that we live, or find proud graves beneath !”

This language stay'd the Phœbe on the flood,
Though her dark waist was overlaid with blood.

Porter observ'd her failing and begun :
“ Behold the blazings of the Cherub done !
Soon must the foe surrender up the fight—
The Phœbe—see ! exhausted of her might !
She flutters in the wind ! she groans in pain—
Prove, *prove* the soul and we their flag shall gain !
The canvass—spread it forth,—jib---top-sail sheet---
Leap on her board !---The Lion 's at our feet !”

Instant the sails upon the ship they bend,
But, ah ! too broken to retain the wind !
Their buoyant hopes misgave them at the sight---
Their brightening features darken'd into night !

So the ship Hesper on the rocks was lost,
Steering for Boston with her freight of cost ;
Her boat was all that liv'd---and this, her crew
Seiz'd with a trembling hope of life in view.
Without a compass to direct their way,
They bound uncertain on the cruel sea.

While thus bewilder'd on the billows driven,
Behold the northern star appears in heaven !
A rushing joy in every bosom crowds
To mark their compass shine between the clouds.
But, lo ! while steering by the heavenly ray
To seek the shelter of a friendly bay,
A scowling cloud obscures the lovely light,
Which wraps their promise in the pall of night !

Thus sunk their hopes to mark the sail-wings torn,
Like ship-wreck'd mariners in grief forlorn.
Each soul o'erpower'd reveal'd a reckless air,
Though breaking down beneath a dead despair.

At this all bleeding moment of distress,
Mac Knight to Porter, with his heart in press,
Offer'd reluctantly this sad address :

“ Our gallant vessel in the strife is done---
Her last, last particle of sand is run !---
Our guns are like the minute guns of death,
While blank they strike and settle us beneath.
Our masts are wounded, tottering from their height---
The cordage rent,---the hulk in shatter'd plight.
The deck is cover'd with the parts of men---
The room of surgeons is a direful scene---
And still incessant our companions fall,
Yet smiling they receive their funeral !
Behold, what flames come bursting from below !
No hope remains, but yielding to the foe !”

“ *Yield to the foe ?*---never while breath survives !
 How brief the race of man by nature lives !
 How few the days that we forestall of Time !
 To die in battle---is to die sublime !

“ Behold, how Gamble with unflagging zeal,
 Quenches the flames that bursted from the keel !
 Hearts that display such daring---never melt---
 To mortal man, such spirits never knelt !

* * * * *

“ A gale like visiter from heaven has sprung
 It wafts us to the shore !---with feelings young,
 Urge on the lagging vessel to the strand,
 And spread the fire, and every hero land !”

* * * * *

’Tis doubtful which most cheer’d the sinking crew—
 Or Porter’s voice, or gales which favouring blew
 And bore the suffering Essex to the shores,
 While drops of blood ran sweating from her pores—
 For still the Phœbe kept a distant roll,
 Touching at times the centre of her soul !
 The soft gale freshening bearing her to land,
 Imparted vigour to her deathless band.
 Hope’s rainbow’d visions in their beauty came,
 To gain the shore and light her in a flame.

But, ah ! the wanton breezes shift their wing,
 And opposite the foe her length they bring,
 Hopeless expos’d to all the Phœbe’s fire,
 Piercing her life ! increasing in her ire !

By this the Cherub had her wounds made tight,
And join'd the Phœbe in th' unequal fight.
Both ships in concert feel their strength sublime
T' erase the Essex from the book of time.

'Through every vein of life the Chilians ache—
Heart-bursting sighs from every bosom break ;
Tears rank with bitterness proclaim their grief—
They see no hope but yielding for relief.

Yet still with souls unconquer'd are the crew !
Nor can the enemy their *will* subdue.
A something supernatural seems to live
In Porter's eye—from which the brave receive
An inspiration of immortal fire—
To die with him the utmost they desire !

Lo, at this period, like a ray from heaven,
A daring thought was to the hero given :
“ To anchor of the stern a hawser, bend,—
Till the last beating of the pulse contend !
From bows, the cable, loose ! Round poise her head,
And cast a flame to strike the living dead ! ”

Scarce had the order echo'd from his tongue,
When dire her cannonry repulsive rung.
The Cherub, Phœbe, tremble every gun—
In vain they strive the iron storm to shun.
Ingham expires beneath the splintering ball,
Which still more fatal their exertions pall.

Blood like new fountains gushes every side—
They fail—they sink—their decks are in the tide !
Each moment threatens their expiring last,
The Essex' thunders striking every blast !

The gazing multitudes sublim'd from earth,
Shout to the glory of Columbian birth :

“ The Essex conquers ! waves her flag on high !
Britannia sinks with all her infamy !”

The shout was heard beneath the ocean's swell,
Like bursting clouds, by him escap'd from hell ;
In sulphur-smoke he rose above the sea—
And mark'd his vessels in extremity :

“ Is hell upon the earth ? Behold, they sink !
They tremble on the edge of peril's brink.

“ Not possible, she strangles both of Ours ?
Is this the sea-girt nation's boasted powers ?
No—never can it be ! What two—

Swift We must go—
Or gone for ever in the floods below !”

This said. He backward darted in the deep,
And plac'd his length beneath each sinking ship,
And buoy'd them up—his might so wonderful !
The waters rapid, closing on their hull,
And hurrying them to death !

The vessels sav'd,
Though Ocean thought them in his empire grav'd—
Two fiery balls came whirling in a chain,
And rent the cable of the spring in twain !

The Essex swung a wreck upon the wave,
 And hence no further she resistance gave.
 From all her ports, vast flames in volumes roll,
 Threatening to scath and smother every soul,
 And no deliverance near to quench them in control !

The brave stood cramp'd with dampness on their
 heart,
 When they beheld the last—last cable part—
 But when they saw the flashing from beneath,
 They felt the feeling that is felt in death !

* * * * * *

Porter exclaim'd : “ The standard, let it fly !
 We 've glorious fought, and gloriously we die ! ”

* * * * * *

Scarce had he spoken, when a rushing light
 Stream'd down the heavens and wrapp'd the flag from
 sight !

The Phoenix Eagle, quicken'd from the pyre—
 The stars shot blazing from the hallow'd fire !

Fredonia caught and plac'd them on her brow,
 And wide through heaven convey'd the splendid show !
 Her trump so sweet she sounded with her breath,
 It call'd bright angels to the spheres beneath :

“ This glory I decree ! Porter shall live,
 Whilst Fame immortal has a breath to give ! ”



CANTO XIII.

SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS.

ARGUMENT.

At the opening of the second campaign, Proctor invests Fort Meigs.

Croghan proceeds to Sandusky. A night scene.

The events of this book are laid at Malden, and in and about Fort Meigs. The time is twenty hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XIII.

THE sun returning in his bright career,
Gives gladdening promise of the quickening year;
The flowery-footed Spring with all her train
Of joys and loves, comes 'sporting o'er the plain.

The snows dissolve insensibly away—
The ice turns liquid by the sun's warm ray.
Unbound from winter's chain, the rivers move
With silver bosoms through the budding grove—
Through vallies teeming with the floral birth
Of cowslips, vi'lets, smiling in their mirth.
A robe of woven grass adorns the mead;
An infant beauty o'er the earth is spread.
The lambkins frolic in their youthful heat,
The ewes loud call them and they answering bleat.
The heifer snuffs the essence of the gale,
And strays to taste the sweetness of the vale.
At sunny noon the bees are on the wing
To sip the luscious honey of the spring.

The fishes feel the renovating heat,
And light of heart, from winter-caves retreat:
The salmon flounces from his sea-weed bed,
And darts the river to its fountain head.
The trout—the swallow of the streamlet, flies,
As blush of morning reddens in the skies;
At noon he sleeps beneath the alder's shade,
At evening, frolics in the rippling glade.
The embryo blossoms of the orchard groves,
Show their red lips, like beauty when she loves,
While songs, sweet-noted, warble from each spray,
And hold the listener in soft ecstasy.
Light marble clouds bedeck the orient heaven—
Young life in rapture to the earth is given.

Though glad the spring returns with smile of peace,
From frowning Winter, gives the world release,
And with the music of her mellow voice,
Bids nature live and in her life rejoice,
Yet loud and martial round Columbia far,
Sound the shrill trumpet and the drums of war.

And now that Winter with his hoary train
Of frost and snow hath vanish'd from the plain,
Proctor at Malden, just at opening day,
Rose, and his squadrons order'd to display,
Ready to pass the lake and seize the fort,
And give his name a more sublime support—
Sublime in murder, not in valiant theme,
But such sublimity as Raisin's stream.

His numbers mate the buds upon the trees,
Or hoarse collecting swarms of hiving bees—
The scarlet Britons, dazzling on the sight,
The painted Indians, clamorous for the fight:

Thus savage bears, what time that winter raves,
Lie chill'd and torpid in their darksome caves;
But when the spring thaws out their frozen blood,
They wake and prowl the graves in search of food:

So through the winter had the Indians slept,
And scarce from out their dens their length had crept,
Lock'd in unsocialness—no converse spoke,
Veil'd in an acrid cloud of stifling smoke—
But as the animating spring returns,
Their fiery veins with kindling vengeance burns.

Lo! now a banner rising in the wind,
They hush their broil till Proctor speaks his mind:

“Warriors! whose bayonets vindicate the Throne—
And, Brothers! long for deeds of daring known,
Great is my joy to see your passions burn
To leave the winter and to blood return.
Behold, in *person*, I command the field!
Soon, they the north of the Ohio yield,
Or every soul unsparing shall be killed!
Yea, shall we pour a blindness on their sight,
And prove our flag Death's banner in the fight!

“Yes, should they dare resistance at the fort,
'Twould most congenial with our views comport,
For reckless then will we their hearts consume—
The whole Republic, bury in the tomb!

“ Tecumseh, cleave the bosom of the lake,
And the west bank of the Miami take.
In ambush there your banded host-secrete,
To rise—and at a blow their lives complete;
If past the river they from us should fly,
You ’ll sharp your daggers for a butchery.

“ Cawataw, you, and you, Tekelah good,
Will land with me at sunrise of the flood.
The Stars surrender ere the close of day—
The Eagle flutters in her death away.

“ Cherish in mind, how wide they ’ve seiz’d your
soil—

For vengeance now, let every bosom boil.
Never the olive we present our foes,
Till yield they north of where th’ Ohio flows.
Drive but the vile intruders from the plain,
And that vast hunting shall be yours again!”

Thus spoke the man of dubious origin—
The savage heard and smil’d a murderous grin,
Resembling something that no words can tell,—
Like that depictur’d in the pains of hell.

They load their barges—sweep the waters o’er,
And land like swarming on the freedom shore.

Twelve hundred patriots fortified are all
To play the brass and aim the rifles small;
And had not Harrison, t’ avoid the fate
Of bleeding Raisin—from Ohio state,
Procur’d and hurried the supplies and men,
In infant weakness had the fortress been.

The time that Proctor with imperious pride,
Drew forth his strength to navigate the tide,
The venerable Shelby, silver hair'd,—
The fort-defenders in its centre squar'd—
Laid open his designs: “The winter spent—
Soon shall we hear the martial argument
Peal from the drums. Alas, but Raisin's tide
Compels us here defensive to abide,
Till youthful Perry shall his ships complete
To bear us o'er, the allied host to meet.

“What though adversity our arms constrains,
Here to resist the foe upon the plains,
Brown is preparing at Ontario's wave
To cross with Chauncey and dig deep their grave.
And doubt, there cannot be, but now the height
Of Queenstown shines with liberty's pure light—
Express to me hath made it evident,
That Rensselaar was moving the descent.

“The human soul is limited to time—
When proud on reason's wing it towers sublime,
Planning with wisdom for the future hour
To grasp its hope in fulness of its power,—
The shifting of a breeze, a song, a hair,
Will break its flight and prove how weak we are:

“We thought our purposes with judgment laid,
That we, ere this, the Eagle had display'd—
But by the giddy changes of an hour,
We stand in weakness—wither'd all our power—

“How? *wither'd!* never! Though in numbers small,
Our strength is ample to defend the wall.

None more I wish the barbarous name to check,
Till Dudley shall arrive their ranks to break;
I 've heard his passing of Ohio's stream
With twice twelve hundred, anxious to redeem
Their martyr'd brothers, perish'd in the flame."

The chief was interrupted in discourse
By Hamilton returning with his force,
Sent as a spy, should enemies appear
To speed the tidings to the general's ear:

"Warrior of many fields! two leagues below,
In martial circumstance invade the foe,
Deep as thick mist slow travelling o'er the vale,
Borne on the pinions of the summer gale.
Cawataw, I, Tekelah, Proctor, saw—
I search'd to find Tecumseh, whose stern awe
Darkens the field when warriors, falchions, draw—
But him, I not beheld. Elliot was dress'd
In royal robes, more haughty than the rest.
Reynolds and Muir, like stars mid clouds of night,
Reflected on the host a partial light."

The herald ended. Harrison began—
To spare the waste of blood renown'd the man:
"With modest deference to your judgment now,
Would I propose retiring from the blow,—
Here to abide, will prove an overthrow.
With reverence due to thy superior age,
These darkening thousands we can ne'er engage,
And dream to be successful. They 'll surround
This frail defence and raze it to the ground.

“ I’d be the last to recommend retreat,
 If hope remained to shelter from defeat.
 Should we this small, but patriot army lose,
 The States, alas! would be compell’d to choose—
 Or rush upon their steel and there be slain,
 Or yield our freedom to the foe again.

“ But should we backward to the river* hie,
 In safety could we shun the conflict nigh—
 Protect the troops advancing on the rear,
 And by our prudence save our character.”

Thus he. And Shelby then: “ Most true I feel
 Your heart is wedded to the public weal.
 In conduct, prudence is a polar star,
 But in this virtue we may go too far.
 ’Tis not to be disguis’d, that we severe,
 Have lost by reckless—passionate career.

“ ’Twixt rashness, courage, wide is the extreme—
That brings defeat, but *this* substantial fame:
 By courage pois’d with judgment, armies tower,
 And stand superior to unmarshall’d power.
 ’Tis not to numbers that the victory ’s given,
 But to wise conduct with the smiles of heaven.

* * * * *

“ Patriots! yea, more than ample is our force
 To curb this Proctor in his savage course.
 The hopes of freedom on our arms depend—
 We stand a rock our country to defend.
 If few our names, more worth shall we evince,
 And place our deeds on fame’s proud eminence.

* Carrying River.

Prove your hearts corded with your father's nerve,
Never to shrink—from danger never swerve.

Where danger comes not, courage ne'er is seen—
The day of battle proves the souls of men.

“Though even now the enemy comes forth
In multitudes to bury us in earth,
Prompt to Sandusky, Croghan must repair
To guard the passage of the river there.

“Proceed, fair warrior,—strike for volunteers,
Twelve, ten times number'd equal to thy years.”

Straight at the order, Croghan pass'd the lines,
While Harrison to Shelby thus rejoins :

“A leaden weight upon my heart I feel,
Longer my thoughts of hazard to conceal,—
Hence, on the principle of public good,
I must divulge what darkness I forebode.
Wisdom is gifted with a patient ear,
The calm opinions of her friends to hear.

“And do you purpose that the youth should stand,
If murdering hordes should swarm upon the land?
A single brass the bulwark would destroy,
And cast in air the inexperience'd boy.
Yea, and I fear that we ourselves must die—
My soul forebodes a horrid butchery!
We need our every bayonet for defence—
It seems too daring to detach him hence.”

“*This*, fear you not. When flourish'd ancient Rome,
While to her portals Hannibal had come,

Behold, deliberate she despatch'd away
A numerous army into Africa ;
By which bold act she wav'd in triumph high
Her eagle—and appall'd her enemy.

“ The boy will elevate his name—a spark—
A beam of fire, inherited from Clark*
His potent uncle. Fearless he'll engage
The prowling savage and suppress their rage.”

Thus they—while Croghan visited the line,
The youths, inviting to the bold design.
His eye look'd brilliant like a star new made—
A graceful sweetness in his features play'd ;
The blush was martial deep,—but yet so rare,
That beauty strove to win a conquest there.

“ For warriors suited to my years I come—
Fall in behind the music of the drum.
Come and with me a character support,
By nobly guarding the Sandusky fort.
Come every youth whose bosom beats to live—
'Tis offer'd now bright glory to achieve.
The angel bosoms of our loves will roll—
They'll sweet embrace us with delighted soul !”

Scarce had his tongue proclaim'd the welcome news,
When rear of music fil'd the Pittsburg Blues ;
The next were youths sublime beyond their years,
From Petersburg Virginia's volunteers.

While Croghan leads the way, the drummers beat—
And soon the complement is made complete ;

* The Hannibal of the west.

The leaders young and ardent for their fame,
In future ages to transmit their name :
Meaks, Hunter, Johnson,* Anthony—from fear
Estrang'd—Shipp poising high a glittering spear;
Taylor and Dunkin, banners proudly, wave,
Whose starry emblems animate the brave.

Now his fair band like beauty he display'd,
Bedeck'd with nodding plumes, white tip with red.
The venerable chief with placid look,
Wav'd his scarr'd arm and to their bosoms spoke :

“ To you have we submitted the command,
That ye may prove the promise of the land,
And high upon the laurell'd mountain stand !
Make it fame's birth-day,—far in time to live—
And a new honour to your country give.

“ I feel your thoughts ;—when I in years was young,
To strike for liberty my bosom sprung;
Nor was it long before the period rose,
Which offer'd battle to avenge our woes,
And crush the hard oppression of our foes.
The summons caus'd my heart's best drops to thrill—
It flam'd my blood with fire unquenchable.

“ But suffer not your heat to blaze too far—
'Tis yours defensive to abide the war.
Strengthen the fort, and, with attentive eye,
Mark well the movements of the enemy.
In mind, conceive them ever in your sight,
Then they 'll surprise you, nor in day nor night.

* Capt. Benjamin Johnson.

And when they crowd the shore, your worth, maintain,
Should they like waves come pouring on the plain.
Smother your brass till they shall strive access,
Then let its voice your high resolve express.

“My blessing now receive. My words obey----
May fame attend you on the trial day.”

As when a father gives his sons advice
To shun the path of infamy's abyss---
Points to the laurel on the mountain height,
Where Virtue sits enthron'd in amber light,
Ready to place the wreath upon the brow
Of those who clamber from the vale below :

With such solicitude the hoary sage
Gave his instructions to the green in age—
Who while he spoke stood silent in their gaze ;
But when he ceas'd they echo'd forth his praise :

“Thy words engrav'd upon our hearts we bear—
And O may heaven protect thee in its care !”

The offering from their soul touch'd Shelby's form
With glow exquisite, as when boreal storm
Hath rag'd a winter's day—but, lo ! at even,
Breaks and displays the angel robes of heaven.

Croghan commands in centre of the line :
“Each eye-beam steady to the right incline!
By tens break off! The music-beat, resound!
Forward !”——

They move with spirit from the ground,
Waving their banners as they wheel in file,
Their features softened with departing smile.

Soon as was lost their music on the air,
(While still unbroken was the martial square,)
Brief was the veteran's order: "Each to post!
Away!—behold the standards of the host
Flicker in sight!—And let them darkening pour,
We stand a rock to break their flooding power."

The patriots heard—deep solemniz'd with awe
To stand till death life's charter should withdraw.

While this was passing, with a regal port,
Proctor advanc'd to overcome the fort;
But cautious from its reach he stay'd his force,
And call'd his chiefs—address'd them this discourse:

"Transport your squadrons, Elliot, o'er the wave—
Be ready there their stubborn hearts to grave.
Against the rampart, cast offensive mound,
Early at dawn to strike it to the ground.
Your fighting-men, Cawataw, on his rear;
Lead forth to sight the ball and plunge the spear;
And should you there superior numbers need,
Fly to Tecumseh with a tiger's speed—
He lies in yonder solitary wood,
Whetting his axe to sacrifice their blood.

"Reynolds and Muir, conduct your legions round
Beyond their flag and let your brass resound,
Unless the eagle's wing should flap the dust—
Their swords reverted in their scabbards thrust.

"With Chambers I upon the front shall stand,
And good Tekelah. Like an iron band,

We 'll lock them here—none from the fort shall hie—
Whoe'er attempts it on our steels shall die!"

Each in due form complies: Elliot glides o'er
Miami's stream and lands upon the shore;
Cawataw follows silent on the flood,
His features working with the thoughts of blood.
Reynolds and Muir plant standards on the rear—
While Proctor, Chambers on the north appear.

When thus besieg'd was the Fredonian power,
The royals felt triumphant passions tower.
Their looks express'd impatience to behold
Th' effulgent stars in sudden darkness roll'd.
With longing mouths the scalpers leaning bend
To see the Eagle from her perch descend;
Uneasy gestures prove their fretting mind,
That the proud bird still rides upon the wind:

So mountain panthers watching their repast
Of lambs or spotted kids in covert fast,
Move with soft breath and easy footsteps round,
Contorting, crouching smooth along the ground.
Their darting eyes reveal their greedy maws,
To suck their veins and tear them with their claws:

Not otherwise the druling savage seem,
To act the theatre of Raisin's stream.

Elliot at length upon the adverse bank—
Cawataw's fighting-men on either flank,
In kingly pomp his battle-line drew forth,
And strove to smite the Eagle to the earth.

The forted patriots as he circled round,
Observ'd his movements—riveted profound
To see him venture where their globes would reach,
And to his pride a wholesome lesson teach;
Hence, when he opened with his line of fire,
Anxious they stood all tremulous with desire
T' apply the match, the chamber'd dust to burn,
And to its elements his life return.
They look to Harrison to hear the word—
Who in the centre standing bar'd his sword,
And spoke them patience: "Be not hasty, men—
To me this warfare is a sporting scene.
Against their utmost we securely stand—
But soon their blood we 'll sprinkle on the land.

* * * * *

"Behold unwary in a cube they crowd!
Advance the fire! the enginery explode!"

The act was done ere his warm breath was cold—
The guns disgorging, ranks of Elliot roll'd
Headlong to ruin—piecemeal every part,
While some yet quiver bleeding from the heart.
The savage scatter with bewilder'd eye,
And bear their slaughter'd with a howling cry.

When Elliot hurl'd his volleys o'er the stream,
The soul of Proctor mounted every flame.
At times he thought he stood upon the fort;
And that the Indians had begun their sport;
But when the heroes bade their brass to speak,
A ghastly paleness settled on his cheek.

His soul sunk grovelling in the dust of earth—
He felt the rotten fabric of his birth :

A bacchanalian thus in heat of wine,
With swaggering boasts the lineage of his line ;
And as the fumes pervade his reeling brains,
Beyond the reach of thought his sumless gains.
While thus he on the wing of fancy soars,
Till he concludes that him the world adores,
By falling from a precipice on high,
He gains his reason with sobriety.
His fancied grandeur passes like a dream—
He views his nakedness and rags with shame :

So Proctor when he saw the cannon's flash,
Felt an ice feeling cold as water's dash.

* * * * *

At length, when warm'd his heart, to Chambers,
Short,

He gave instructions with a regal port—
A port so easy, simple to assume,
That every fool can wear the pompous plume.

“ It seems yon mound contains a serpent's nest,
Hence we this night no thought must give to rest :

“ Short, this convey to Reynolds and to Muir,
That they intrench and make themselves secure
Against the fortified. At day's first gleam,
They 'll roar their battering guns with levell'd flame.
Chambers, 'tis yours to draw the lines at hand,
To bow th' opprobrious standard in the sand ;
At equal distances three bulwarks raise,
That, at the moment Reynolds, Muir shall blaze,

Our mortars may rebound the shells to heaven,
That every name may down to death be driven."

Short pass'd the word to Reynolds and to Muir,
While Chambers stood to make the front secure,
When Night descending on her ebon car,
Should hide their secret purposes of war.

Lo! now the lamp that burns with oil divine,
Drowns in the ocean—all its golden shine
Fades meltingly away. But soon appear,
A troop of stars on heaven's broad theatre,
Partial conceal'd by floating clouds, as light
As angel mantles edg'd with spotless white.

Th' imperials soon their different works commence,
None scarce breathe whispers, labouring for defence.
With pointed instruments some break the soil—
To raise and form the mound, another's toil.
They force their energies till chaf'd with heat—
Their panting bosoms bath'd in reeking sweat.
Through embrasures, half form'd, the cannon grin,
Pois'd on a pivot threatening to begin.

The mean time Shelby to each officer,
These thoughts proclaim'd to test what souls they were:

"While night's deep curtain veils the prospect round,
What daring chief will venture from the ground,
And reconnoitre Albion's camp afar
To learn what method he intends to war,—

Or with his ladders to o'erleap the walls,
Or them, to batter with his bombs and balls."

Scarce had the veteran his intention broach'd,
When numbers anxious for their fame approach'd
To search the enemy in darkness forth,
And spread their names of valour through the earth:

Meade, Bradford, Langhorne, Miller, Johnston,* bold;
Todd, Campbell, Butler, Metcalfe, Gynn, enroll'd
With those known for their virtue; Nering, Hall,
Wood, Alexander, Sebree, Stoddard, Ball—
Each lauds his claim impatient to engage,
And courts the danger as a privilege.

"By lot must I this noble strife decide."
Shelby, half tearful in his joy, replied.

Hasty within a canister he threw
Blanks nine and seven—the prize he gave their view,
Then dropp'd it speaking: "He who this shall gain,
Shall rule the scout of night upon the plain."

Each with a trembling for the number draws,
As though his life depended on the cause—
For without fame this life is small avail,
Like a dull song or thrice repeated tale.
They draw with flush'd emotion. Lo! the prize
Campbell receives, which ends anxieties—
It touch'd him with a thrill through every part
Like a rich jewel to a miser's heart.

In olden time his sire illustrious stood
With Shelby, Williams and Sevier the good.

* Maj. John T. Johnston.

Campbell, of late, had drawn his scimitar
At Indiana's stream,* and drove afar,
The cannibals, till broken was the war.
But short and brilliant is his race on earth,
The season rolls but once when heaven will call him
forth.

Six he makes choice—each gifted with a mind
Which nought but paralyzing death could bind:
Tommes, Meldrum, Henderson, Lusk, Tillson, White,
To give him aidance through the walks of night.
They gird their armour—battle-axe and sword—
And now from Harrison they hear the word:

“Use jealous caution—every act beware—
Note every object as you onward fare.
You 'll estimate their numbers if you can,
And who commands the left and who the van;
Where lie the savages—and who their chief,
And where reserv'd, can he command relief.
If bold and circumspect, your fame will rise,
And be remember'd for the enterprise.
The waning moon at midnight will appear,
You 'll then with promptness bend your footsteps here.”

“We prudent thy instructions shall fulfil,”
Campbell replies—“should heaven but grant our will.”

This said—he bow'd his sword and onward pass'd—
Faint o'er the plains the stars a glimmering cast.

* Mississinewa.

While this transpir'd, Bratlet to Proctor came—
(Th' intentions cherish'd in his breast the same,)
To whom he gave his views: "And would you know
The numbers, strength and purpose of the foe?
Or whether he resigns, or desperate bent,
Will guard defensive his imprisonment?"

Proctor quick answer'd: "Who—what man will
dare
To venture forth and gain the fortress there?"

"That venturer am I—yes, I dare go—
And the whole secret of their thoughts I 'll know.
Their habits I can imitate so well,
With ease can I my character conceal.
I 'll doff this royal crimson for the blue,
And then their dialect will bear me through.
Without a stammer, artful will I say,
That I was captur'd on that slaughter day
When Allen perish'd, but had recent fled,
While you were slumbering as though life were dead.
This would our labours cover till the light
Brought them to view—completed for the fight.

"The plan my feelings tell me will succeed—
Approve my purpose—I 'll achieve the deed."

Proctor rejoin'd. "Bratlet, of daring men,
More venturous thou, then ever I have seen.
At your return large honours will be thine—
With regal gifts magnificent you 'll shine."

The thoughts of splendid bounties plum'd his pride—
He doff'd his scarlet robes to be supplied

With such as freemen wear. And, false to show,
He fix'd an eagle helmet on his brow;
Breast-plate, a star. A hunter's garb was thrown
Loose o'er his shoulders, that he might be known,
Deceptious for Kentucky's fattening earth,
Or that Ohio was his place of birth.

Transfashion'd thus to the Kentuckian guise,
With lofty stepping through the night he hies.

The meantime Campbell heedful mark'd the ground,
His ear attentive to each rustling sound.
With bended eye he pass'd from left to right,
Conceal'd beneath the growing shades of night.

"Listen! methinks I hear a stepping sound!
Keep close—crouch low—lie prone upon the ground!
Hark! more distinct it strikes upon our ears!
The moving shadow of a man appears!
He seems though musing in a happy vein—
Silent—no whisper—let him pass the plain.
But at the moment he beyond us hies,
Smother his voice—ensnare him by surprise."

This soft he breath'd as Bratlet strode in view,
While fancy's pictur'd visions round him flew—
Musing delighted on his promis'd fame—
The titles soon to decorate his name:

"In honours I shall class with Wellington—
Then not inferiors will I look upon!
The king will deign a smile—and London stare,
And pointing as I pass: 'That 's Bratlet, there—

The Knight of Meigs, with ornamental star !

A prize his courage purchas'd in the war.'

Delicious sound !—it ravishes my heart !

What bosom can desire"—

The patriots dart,
And seize him in his pride !

In golden wheat,
Like him a peacock stepp'd with haughty feet,
Arching his plumage ;—wings hard swept the ground—
His feathers trembling buzz'd with humming sound.
It happen'd that a fox was passing by,
Who crouchant mark'd him in his vanity,
Ready to leap and seize him in his teeth,
And bend him humble in the dust beneath.
Lo, as he wheel'd his gorgeous splendour round,
Reynard sprang forward from his hiding ground,
And fix'd upon his throat !—his plumes sunk low—
A trembling captive to his artful foe :

Not otherwise the hopes of Bratlet fled—
His heart ceas'd beating for the moment dead.
Campbell the motion of his tongue confin'd,
His voice to smother from the tell-tale wind.

" Attend me while I speak ! But whisper loud,
Thy soul the instant shrieks on yonder cloud !
But thou shalt kindness from our hands receive,
If equal favour you to us shall give.
To yield to numbers wipes away all blame,
Hence act on principle and feel no shame."

This said—the muffle from his lips he took—
Bratlet made answer while his knee-joints shook :

“ Your friend I’ll ever be ! My life but spare,
And I will nothing of the truth forbear !
Yea, should I not exact each purpose tell,
You forth may slay me like an infidel.

“ Proctor abides in front—two thousand strong;
The same in number, opposite belong
To Elliot and Cawataw—brewing spite ;
Tekelah rules a thousand for the fight.
Reynolds defends the left sustain’d by Muir,
Outnumbering Elliot—names to long endure.
Tecumseh stern, unfathomable in mind,
Lies in yon forest with his strength combin’d ;
Should Elliot succour need, he stands conceal’d
To stretch your people cold upon the field.

“ Hard now they labour, breasted works to raise,
Early at day upon the fort to blaze.”

Campbell with censure to his speech rejoins :
“ Did I request you to divulge your lines ?
Your voluntary act. I pass’d my word,
That I to you protection would afford—
That wretch my soul abhors of human kind,
Who treats a captive with a savage mind.
But Raisin ! O thy stream !

The thought expire !
Nor rouse my bosom to avenging ire.

* * * * *

“ I understand you the besiegers now,
Are at intrenchments—thither let us go !”

He question’d for the truth. Bratlet replies :
“ I’ll lead you to the tent where Proctor lies !”

Campbell with frown return'd : " It may not be,
A treacherous heart shall be a guide to me !

" At first I thought you overcome by fear—
To guard your life, became a volunteer,
Describ'd minute where your divisions lay,
And what intentions they design at day ;
But then a soldier jealous of his fame,
Would rather ask to plunge in melting flame,
Than he the plans of warfare would disclose—
Spreading them open to his country's foes.

" 'Tis true, a man who trembles for his all,
Might for the moment from his duty fall ;
And the sharp cruelties at Raisin's shore,
Might start the life-streams back from every pore,
Causing the blood to curdle at your fate,
That we avenging would retaliate ;
But when sincere I plighted you my word,
That I to you would guardianship afford,
Without a motive you divulg'd the plan,
That prompts your army from its rear to van.

" Ah ! but your soul fair Virtue doth defile—
Hence you forebode that others are as vile !

" At first I purpos'd nothing to believe,
For much I thought you labour'd to deceive,
Till even now would you the way direct
To Proctor—his captivity, effect.

" Though that to me the information given,
Is precious—bordering on the light of heaven,
Yet still my bosom feels the traitor vile,
Causing my veins indignant to broil—

Worse than a serpent secret in his wrath,
Winding insidious, poisoning in his path.

“Ah, and perhaps thus wily is your tongue—
Yea, to our ear an artful syren song,
T’ allure us to his tent and then betray,
And mock us, captive by your dark essay ?

“Tillson, conduct him silent to the fort,
And full the every circumstance report.
Tommes, Meldrum, Henderson, and Lusk, and White,
Will farther aid me to explore the night.”

The guard obedient to the fortress led
The humbled Bratlet, while with smother’d tread,
Campbell proceeded to the hostile line,
Where hush’d, the labourers toiled at their design.
They hear the mattocks as they rip the ground,
And the rais’d earth, fall rumbling on the mound.

Slow as they move, a serpent eye they keep,
Watching the shadows of the midnight deep.
A tier of shining points at length they spy,
Which notice gives them of a sentry nigh,
Obscure like poplar broken by a storm,
Man’s height from earth—thus doubtful was his form.
The burnish’d barrel of his weapon shows,
As if a lateral branch superior rose,
And that o’erlaid with ice—from which the shine
Of stars was back reflected in a line.

Tommes whispers Campbell: “Mark that object
there !
A station’d watch that bids us to beware.

I feel a stirring in my soul inclin'd
To move without erupting of his mind,
And seize, and muffle that no sound may rise,
T' alarm his ear and break the enterprise.
Secur'd he must be, ere that we can hope
To pass beyond him to observe their scope."

Him Campbell answered: "By this elm we 'll rest,
While you proceed to compass your request.
Notice! the top has a peculiar bent
To be your guide—accomplish'd the event."

Tommes moves with heedful caution o'er the heath,
By parts expiring and receiving breath;
Now scarce he feels his heart—but now enlarg'd—
Thrilling with hope, its vital streams surcharg'd,
It strikes so strong and full upon his breast,
He thinks the sound is thunder from the west.

A tree, vexatious, intercepts his way,
O'erthrown by lightning in an ancient day.
He feels his path and inches by degrees,
For he the guard so evidently sees,
He apprehends the foe would him remark,
And aim his life and leave him in the dark.

At length the tangling of the boughs were pass'd
Save one—lo, that unhappy held him fast!
His heart that moment with rich blood was full,
But now he thought the lead had touch'd his skull!

His foot to disengage he turn'd him round—
Brief snapp'd the brittle branch!—which in its sound,
Seem'd more tremendous than eruptive storms,
When mid-day tempests heaven's bright face deforms.

* * * * *

The Briton startled though a ghost had come
To seize and drag him downward to the tomb!
Wilder'd,—he erring at the object fir'd,
And, with hair bristling from his post retir'd.

Swift through the lines the sentries caught th' alarm,
And by quick volleys, notified to arm.
The drums loud rattled—sharp fifes whistled shrill—
Discordant voices echo'd horrible.

“Strike! seize, snatch weapons!”—officers command.
Where rush the bayonets? sounds from band to band.
The instruments of toil are hurl'd away—
But some in panic bear them for the fray.
A startled multitude, confus'd they hie,
Dreading to meet a changing column nigh,—
Grasping their arms defensively to die!
Proctor awakening from his sleep profound,
Abrupt exclaims: “Is hell upon the ground?”
Elliot, the Indians on the flanks and rear,
Leap from their bloody dreams with howlings drear.
Th' alarm engines desolate the night—
Reynolds and Muir stand planted for the fight:

So, late in Boston, wrapp'd in darkness still,
A watchman standing on her State-House Hill,
Beheld a sparkle at a distance rise,
Which soon enlarging flash'd upon the skies.
His voice he shrieking with excitement strains
T' alarm the watchers through the devious lanes.
The nearest watchman hears the fearful note,
And shrill the same is echo'd from his throat—

Another, and another, and another screams,
Till the dread tumult gains the far extremes.
A various din comes pealing from the hells—
The city wakening from its sleepy spells,
Startles with wildness from its bed of down,
The raging element with floods to drown.
The whirling engines o'er the pavement tear,
A rough sound jarring through the tortur'd air.
The panic seizes on the old and young,
The turmoil thickening with confusion's tongue,
All ignorant, asking whence the flames proceed,
As on they hurry with a panting speed:
With like commotion swells the dire alarm
Through every circle of the camp to arm.

Meantime in safety Tommes to Campbell came,
And each, diverted, saw the passing game.

“Listen!” Campbell, abrupt, “methinks I hear
The sound of carriage passing from the rear!
Yes, through the night the cannon I perceive—
An army, now, we 'll make them to believe.
Reynolds in hurry has despatch'd it forth,
Proctor to save from falling to the earth.

“Bold from the coward scabbard, bare the sword,
And do for death when I pronounce the word.”

They draw their falchions at command, and lie
In ambush—till the brass comes jolting by.

“Battalions! strike the heart!” Upward they dash,
Wielding their brands while fatal wounds they gash.

They seem like spirits leaping from a cloud
 With spears of moon-beams lighting up the shroud.
 Full twenty bleed—five slumber with the dead—
 The rest surpris'd, stand overcome with dread.

“Surrender! yield!—or be resolv'd to die!
 For Raisin's blood your lives we 'll crucify.”
 A trembling voice replied with bosom pent—
 “We yield—and crave thy anger to relent.
 Behold, our arms are broken in the dust!
 In thy protection merciful we trust!”

“And never was that mercy crav'd in vain,”
 Him Campbell answer'd in forbearing strain.
 “Meldrum, in front of the escort proceed,
 And to the fort conduct them on with speed.”
 (With art the warrior made a lofty show
 In words, as if superior to the foe.)
 “White, Lusk and Henderson, guard well their rear,
 While charge shall I, this savage Proctor here!”

“General,” (thus Meldrum echo'd the deceit,)
 “To me no second time your words repeat.

* * * * *

“Britons! observe my progress o'er the field,
 And know, my arm shall be your guardian shield;
 But should you vary from the onward path,
 Brief be your prayer, for sudden is our wrath.”

No more is utter'd—for they need no more—
 Meldrum they follow to the fortified power;
 While Tommes and Campbell in their place remain,
 Profound in silence on the uproar'd plain.

Mean while the allies such confusion made,
No echo reach'd them of what Campbell said.
But soon they silenc'd, caution'd by their fears,
Eyes riv'ted,—listening with attentive ears—
Not daring movement—dubious of the way
That Campbell's army would their strength assay.
Now Proctor mounted,—passing round the lines,—
This caution frequent on his troops enjoins:

“ Britons! stand watchful!—evil is the hour—
But let none doubt, but we 'll resist their power.
At stirring noise or at the sign of flame,
Let every soldier vindicate his name.
Diverge the right wing, Chambers, to the bank
Of the Miami to protect its flank.

“ Who would have thought they 'd burst their prison
doors

In depth of night to strike us from the shores!”

While Proctor trembling on his charger thus,
Campbell to Tommes with feelings prosperous:

“ And mark you not how solidly they form
To foil the shock should we with bayonets storm?
But scarce can I presume that you, or I,
Have strength, a marshall'd army to defy!
Though much I doubt that we in *this* shall bear,
Yet still I feel to act upon their fear.
By which should we their growing works delay,
Till Dudley shall arrive, Adair, or Clay.”

He paus'd. His aid with modesty began:
“ Our feats already have delay'd their plan.

But obvious it is not how we can more
By management alarm their waken'd power.
What can our weakness 'gainst a host perform?
An elephant as soon would crush beneath a worm.
But could we secret wind upon their rear,
We might perchance continue them in fear.
But no vain circumstance will now suffice,
As stand they jealous of an enterprise.
But what your pondering wisdom shall devise,
To break th' intrenching of our enemies,
With best endeavours will I push the plan,
In centre or the wings, in rear or van."
The time that Tommes with Campbell thus conferr'd,
Scarce by the chief a syllable was heard,
So absent musing in the depth of mind,
Some better plan within himself to find:

Like him was Newton on his theory bent,
Searching the cause that pois'd the firmament;
Tracing the compass of the sun in heaven—
The earth, the moon, the planets round him driven;
Measuring the comets infinite in flight—
Plunging the darkness of chaotic night,
From thence he kenn'd them in his mental eye,
Through the waste regions of immensity;
Vast as they wheel'd their mighty circuit round,
Back to the glory of high heaven profound,
He mark'd the unquenchless ocean of their blaze,
Which fill'd the race of mortals with amaze!
While musing thus with wisdom's light illum'd,
He heard not thunder with himself entomb'd.

* * * * *

At length a method obvious when it came,
Shot through his mind like flashing of a flame;
His thoughts far-stretch'd were roaming o'er the land,
While all the means were present at command.

So hunters harness'd for exertion long,
Enter the wilds with resolution strong—
Explore the vallies—climb the hills—descend—
Ford the broad rivers—round the ledges bend,
Which hold the mountains up—then scour the plain—
But not the object of their toil they gain.
At length exhausted by their vain pursuit,
Back they return their efforts to recruit.
But, lo! as they their starting place draw near,
Close at the path they spy the herded deer,
Which pass'd had they unnotic'd in their heat,
In slumber crouch'd directly at their feet!

Thus Campbell's mind, while labouring to conceive
Some swift alarm with hurry to achieve,
Had wander'd like the hunters in the chase,
While all the means were ready at his place.

“How truant are my thoughts!—the cannon deep,
Charge and plant angling through their lines to sweep;
Then let a slow-match to the prime bear fire,
And while it sparkles to the fort retire!”

Scarce the device was echo'd from his tongue,
When both excited with a feeling young,
Prepar'd the exploder. In its womb they cramm'd
'The flaming dust, then hard the glut they ramm'd,

On which with labour that made short their breath,
 They drove with smother'd sound the means of death.
 They prim'd the vent, and o'er it plac'd the fuse;
 This done—they wheel'd it to effect their views.
 Levell'd with truth 'gainst Proctor's flank it aims
 To melt in blood a multitude of names.

And now while all is in expectance dark,
 Campbell from smitten steel emits a spark,
 Lighting the match-fuse with a hissing fire,
 And while it burns they cautiously retire.

With jealous watch they quick perceiv'd the flame :
 " Behold the sign ! With volleys smother them !
 Pour th' artillery forth ! Life, turn to dust ! "

As Proctor spoke the pregnant cannon burst,
 Death in its sound ! Full twenty felt no pain,
 So instantaneous were their bodies slain,
 While numbers wounded groan'd upon the plain !

* * * * *

But soon the foe recovering from the shock,
 With harmless war the shores of Erie rock :

Thus when deep night pours down an opiate rest,
 A sable cloud thick rolling from the west,
 Explodes its balls of thunder on the earth,
 To root the mountains from their place of birth ;
 Bolt after bolt with lightnings in their train,
 Drives through the heavens a fiery hurricane ;
 Yet jar the mountains not—firm bas'd beneath—
 Though oft they scath the stubble of the heath,
 And seem to bear the agency of death :

Scarce with less turbulence—less deafening sound,
The Britons fight the air and unresisting ground.

While thus the subjects of the king employ'd
Their arms—Fredonians the proud scene enjoy'd:

“ This deed of Campbell will old Time defy—
(Thus each the other strives in praise to vie,)
This night is his, his name to glorify !”

* * * * *

At length the moon on Alleghany's height,
Show'd her bent horns and half dissolv'd the night—
The royal pride was cast upon the earth,
To see how empty was their strength put forth :

So banded robbers break upon a store
Of wealthy merchant for his shining ore.
They seize a package—bear it off with toil
To their concealment to divide the spoil.
In high expectance, lo ! they burst the band
And find their treasure but a chest of sand !
Their golden feelings are reduced to lead—
They stand shame-smitten with their prospects dead:

Thus while the enemy the concave tore,
They thought the patriots gasping in their gore ;
But when the moon expos'd the naked heath,
Their haughty feelings lapt the dust beneath ;
Recreant they hung their heads to hide their shame,
While each accus'd the other with the blame.



CANTO XIV.

DEFEAT ON THE MIAMI.

ARGUMENT.

Reinforcements arrive from Kentucky. The fort is summoned to surrender. Elliot driven from his position on the west. The ambuscade. Death of Dudley. A remnant save themselves by breaking through the enemy.

The scene is laid at Fort Meigs and on the banks of the Miami.
The time is eight hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XIV.

WHEN by the moon appearing in the east,
Abash'd th' invaders their explosions ceas'd,
Shelby, Harrison, by themselves withdrew,
Their country's welfare ever in their view—
To plan a method Proctor to defeat,
Or drive him back, or bring him to their feet.

By balancing the weight of either side,
In this position they at length abide—
Patient their active measures to delay,
Till Dudley should arrive, Adair, or Clay—
Of whom eight captains should in column land
Where Elliot stood and smite him with the brand,
While from the fort a sortie should proceed
To raise the siege, or in the effort bleed.

While these events were passing—led by Clay,
The bold Kentuckians had pursu'd their way ;

Dudley,—then Boswell,—Meade was next in grade,
Morrison—Trimble was the general's aid—
Since worthy found and honour'd with a seat
In Freedom's Hall, where sages, patriots meet.
The Muse would blush for want of gratitude,
Were she to pass the name of Underwood.

Down the Miami in light heels they run
To reach the foe that had the murders done ;
And while that Shelby in his wisdom plann'd
And Harrison—to rout them from the land—
Twelve furlongs reaching from where Reynolds stood,
They leap'd to shore rejoicing from the flood ;
Trimble with urgency was sent to learn,
Where they against the enemy should turn.

As back from earth the shades of night were driven,
The morn appearing at the gate of heaven,
Trimble with artfulness the guards had pass'd,
When backward they on their position fac'd ;
So soft eluding were his cautious feet,
To watch his time that nothing might defeat
The yearnings of his heart to reach the fort,
And bear the welcome message of support.

He forth to Harrison and Shelby strode—
(Their chiefs around) and thus his coming show'd :

“ I've 'scaped; thank heaven, the dangers of the night,
My tongue to you a promise to recite—
A promise that my soul forebodes will be
Fulfill'd with honour to your memory :

“Dudley and Clay with twice ten hundred brave,
Stand in drum beating on Miami’s wave.
I’ve come to learn what purpose you design,
That they may form in ready discipline.”

Thus he. Thus Harrison: “Bold messenger,
The tidings you’ve express’d delight our ear;
Our minds have been impatient to receive
Thy gladdening words to cause our hopes to live.

“This order you’ll return: ’Tis my command,
That Clay detach eight hundred of his band
Miami to descend—and, strict remark,—
That they with arms unflinted, disembark,
And search with steel yon new made batteries there,
Then choke the cannon and to this repair;
For lo, Tecumseh is in ambush laid
To watch each pass to give the bulwarks aid.

“He with the others on his arms will rest,
Till he shall hear their volley from the west;
For when detachment opposite shall land,
Swift I design a sortie to command:
At the same charge we Proctor shall attack,
And with the bayonet drive his legion back,
Clay then will pour his strength upon their rear—
Kentucky yet was never known to fear.

“Straight you’ll return by yonder spreading beech,
While through their works shall I attempt a breach,
And artful thus divert them from the line
Where runs the path to favour your design.”

Young Trimble press’d his hand and bow’d assent—
Departed—for the beech his footsteps, bent.

The forted engines with combustion sound,
And bring life's period to a narrow bound,—
Proctor's unfinish'd mounds, they piecemeal, tear,
And hurl the earth with violence in air.

The royals kindle all their fires at once—
Death drove at death destructions dire announce.

Proctor discover'd to his sorrow soon,
That all resulted to Columbia's boon,
Hence, he the drums, instructed forth to play
To hush the broil—a summons to assay.

The fife a moment strikes the promis'd key,
Ere the drum echoes to the harmony—
A music sharp and piercing to the ear,
When heard high noted in a circle near—
Cuts through the organ of the brain, a scream
Whistling—but soft reflected o'er a stream.
The drummers presently the beaters ply,
Rattling the tune vibrating through the sky ;
To curb the wandering notes the time they beat
By equal motion----raising of the feet.

Soon as the parley of the drums was done,
To Chambers, Proctor haughtily begun :

“Haste, and a banner to the fort display,
And bid its chief surrender up the day.
It nothing signifies the balls to blaze,
Hence, we must plan to gain them otherways.
Should he our summons disregard----why then,
Threatening declare we 'll massacre his men ;
Yea, as at Raisin not a soul shall live—
The whole Cawataw shall in wrath receive !”

Chambers in silence with the flag advanc'd ;—
 Shelby, Harrison, at its waving glanc'd,
 While on the parapet with pondering mind
 They stood to learn what object was design'd ;
 They apprehended Proctor wish'd to gain
 A partial truce till buried he his slain ;
 Their wonder grew when Chambers reach'd the fort,
 And told his coming with a conqueror's part :

“ Chiefs of the starry banner ! Lo, I come
 From Proctor----brief to notify your doom !
 He fix'd in purpose bade me to declare,
 That, longer if yon Eagle rode the air,
 He with his thousands would the fort destroy,
 And give the scalping savages employ !
 But O, resign !---his tender mercy then,
 You 'll kind receive and all your helpless men.”

* * * * *

A hectic flush'd upon the veteran's cheek,
 Mix'd with the lily pale---unpower'd to speak.
 The thought of Proctor's mercy touch'd his heart,
 Something of ire, which made his frame to start ;
 The tide of blood produc'd the crimson air—
 But soon it fell and left the lily there.

* * * * *

“ *His* mercy !

O why breathe it to my soul !
 It makes my pulse through hurried veins to roll.
 Soon would the liquid of my heart be flame,
 Did grief for slaughter'd friends not cool the stream.

“What! *Proctor's* tender mercy? Gracious God!
He—whose delight is massacre and blood?
Talk you of *Proctor's* *mercy*? O the shame!
Mercy! his mercy would deep hell defame.
Compar'd to him the savage name is white—
Yea, as the rainbow to eclipse of night.

“Hath he not heard our matrons shriek in death?
Seen hungry flames suck out the virgins' breath?
Hath he not listen'd to the infants' pain,
'Their live warm bowels twisting on the plain?
Hath he not smil'd to see the best of life
Melt into dust by the infernal knife?

“Much sooner shall the scorpion lose his sting,
And be as harmless as the lamb of spring;
The condor cease upon the dove to prey,
While with sweet note she coos her amorous lay;
The leopard lose his stains by nature given,
And be as spotless as the face of heaven;
Or the fierce tiger maddened as with fire,
Be as the kid that bounds with young desire,
Than *Proctor's* heart will ever change its steel,
And the soft touch of weeping mercy feel.

“Avoid my presence! vanish—hence—retire—
My soul I feel ungovern'd of its ire!
Come—let his thousands come,—dark, black as clouds
in heaven,

We'll meet the shock, should every life be riven—
Back from our standard never we'll be driven!

“Before I'd yield this monster-man my power,
Whose tender mercies unwean'd babes devour,

This hand shall light the magazine beneath,
And roll both armies in the flames of death !”

* * * * *

As when a cloud on wings of darkness borne,
Smothers the sun and makes creation mourn ;
The wary hunter marks the threatening blast,
And flies to shelter with his soul aghast :
Like this was Shelby's frown what time he spoke—
His aspirated voice portentous broke—
His eye of lightning pierc'd the herald through,
Whose heart compress'd exhal'd a bloody dew.
His joints were threadless as relax'd by death—
He left the parapet half robb'd of breath.

At once the Albions rouse themselves to war—
Dread in reply Fredonian ramparts jar.
Forth leap the globes excited by the flame,
And many a warrior ends his life with fame.
Bombs like star-pestilence at each are driven
With hissing fires that wander over heaven.
For five long hours the din rebounding breaks,
Yet none exhausted with the combat shakes.

Mean time Tekelah in his silence cull'd
Those who for ambush, artful had been school'd,
And led them near the fort with crouching sly,
Where pines and lusty oaks invade the sky,
And overlook its walls,—on these they climb
With feather'd shafts and gain their tops sublime.

Their course they crept so secret through the grass,
That none apparent saw a movement pass.
As high they clomb with caution by degrees,
Their forms were hid by intervening trees.
Not notic'd were they till their bows were bent
With steel-crown'd arrows thirsting to be sent
Through life's warm fountain. Dark the savage stood,
Obscur'd behind the body of the wood,
All save their forehead and a half-seen eye
To drive the arrow to its destiny.

Jarvis, a youth, was first t' observe their rise—
He seeks for Harrison t' avoid surprise,
And thus with hurried voice: "Behold them there!
With arrows looking downward from the air!
See how they ben"—

No syllable—not one,
He added more—for lo, his life was done!

Deep through his crown where shone the pearly skin,
The feather'd shaft with fatal strength went in—
Glanc'd through his brain—the jaw, inferior, broke,
As he pronouncing had the word half spoke.

Thus a young willow by the lake's fair side,
In spring puts forth its tender leaves with pride,
Lifting its head rejoicing in the sun—
A whirlwind snaps it and its life is done!

To mark the young plant fade, the chieftain drew
A sigh of sorrow deep—but arrows flew,
Like trains of lightning shooting through the sky,
Wrapp'd in the foldings of obscurity.

The peril check'd his grief, and prompt his tongue,
To warriors keen of eye commanding rung :

“ To this, the rifles in their haste repair,
And stop the shafts from flying in the air ;
But stand in place till they expose their eye,
Their arrows to elance with certainty,
Then with quick sight, draw line upon the bead,
And drive the bullet through the half seen head.”

Forthwith the patriots habited in green,
Wheel and advance—their eyes like lynxes keen.
Their right-hand fingers on the guard they place,
The same arm crowds the rifle to the face ;
The left extended balances its weight,
Its far extreme minute to regulate.
With head declin'd—left eye from vision hid,
The right, sharp burning on the silver bead—
Instant it glimmers opposite the foe,
The ready finger lets the dead spring go—
The flint darts forward driven by the lock,
Fleeter than thoughts that the conceptions mock—
Batters the cover that conceals the prime,
And throws it back in momentary time ;
The flint conflicting with th' opposing steel,
Flashes the sparks—the sleeping death-grains feel
The glowing particles and burn to life,
With speed of lightning in a thunder strife.
The bullet quickens at the touch of fire—
Stung with the smart, it leaps with mad desire
To cool its anger in the savage blood,
As down they sight their arrows from the wood.

With mortal strugglings hard the oaks they grasp,
And sweat convulsing with a dying gasp.
By fingers spasm-cramp'd they hang in air,
And, by the touch of death they shiver there;
But, when their fountain-streams forbear to flow,
They fall like dead things on the plains below.
Moss, bark and leaves thick follow their descent,
Which, they in falling shatter'd as they went,
And partial hide them ghastful as they lie—
Their skulls deep enter'd o'er their dexter eye.

Thus did the rifles;—whilst at fatal mark,
Th' artillery bursted—kindled with a spark,
Flaming the vent,—loud roaring up to heaven,
Deafening like thunder o'er the welkin driven.

At length both armies wearied with the toil,
With one consent remit the furious broil.

The fort-defenders with unflagging soul,
Soon make the ploughings of the cannon whole.
This done—of strengthening viands they partake,
Ready with brand on royalty to break,
When the battalions from the ranks of Clay
Should land—and Elliot, with the steel, assay.

While these events with either flag transpir'd,
Trimble pursu'd the happy path desir'd—
He pass'd the warring enemy unseen,
And smiling hail'd his comrades on the green.

His chief he found pavilion'd on the bank,
 With whom was Dudley of inferior rank,
 But not of soul—him, liberty inspir'd
 Deeds to perform, which honour'd name acquir'd.

“Lo! these commands from Harrison I bring
 To waste the banded legions of the king:

“He bids you to select eight hundred strong—
 Those that have blood within their bosoms young,
 And on the west their recent works attack—
 Rout,—choke the cannonry, and then retrack—
 For, lo! Tecumseh with a numerous host,
 Potent in arms, who never battle lost,
 Lies in reserve and bids you to beware—
 Elliot, Cawataw, hold the bulwarks there.

“Now when this troop upon the west shall land,
 The fort in sortie strikes th' imprisoning band:
 Presently when you the strife shall hear,
 Rush with your arms—pour slaughter on their rear.
 Reynolds we dread—compel him to retire
 Before the burning of a chain of fire.

“Both armies now in fierce contention raise,
 Reaching to heaven, a conflagrating blaze.”

Trimble, when seated;—Dudley modest then:
 “I plead the guidance of these honour'd men.
 True to the order I'll effect the storm,
 Silence the hold, and then retreat in form.”

“I grant your daring purpose,” Clay replies.
 “You know the circumstance—where danger lies.

Strive to suppress the ardour of your force,
Who deep remember Raisin's bloody course.
The vents confine with steel, then prompt retire,
Or by Tecumseh will your strength expire.
Go—lead your standards in the path of fame,
While I the rear shall charge of Albion's name."

They rise—and forth their willing ranks divide,
Their every bosom fill'd with valour's tide.
Twelve hundred on the right remain with Clay—
Two thirds that number Dudley's voice, obey—
Thus he salutes them: "Candidates of fame!
In glory's field we this day lift our name.
We storm the bulwarks on the western shore,
Where Elliot and Cawataw wield their power;
Silence the guns—the conquest *not* pursue,
For, lo! Tecumseh ambush'd is in view.
Not in your hearts let too much warmth prevail—
Attend my voice, or we in dust shall fail.
Let every warrior at command retreat,
Or all our fame will darken in defeat.
Let your advance be chain'd in links of fire—
When spik'd the guns, with promptitude retire.
Mark the instructions! To the stream, away !
With charging steel, we glorify the day!"

The patriots heard and shouted to the sky:
"Lead us to battle where the murderers lie!"

At once they press the barges and descend—
With hearts high bounding on the land they bend.
Meade, Murray, Underwood, in bloom of years,
And Trimble, Morrison, Cox, Boswell, Spears.

“ Kentucky! close the column on the right!”
Dudley proclaim’d—’twas rapid done as light.

“ The name of Simpson is the signal word!
Trust not the flint—let death be in the sword!”

“ Simpson is death!”—they shouted high and rose
Horrid with steel to mingle with their foes.

Meantime unthoughtful of the danger nigh,
Behind their earth-walls was the enemy;
Cawataw first discover’d it in sight,
And thus to Elliot he: “ They come in fight!—
See, from the river, how in steel they rise!
Let big gun burst, out-thunder, split the skies!”

Him, Elliot answer’d smooth: “ Dream not of fear—
None of Kentucky dare assail us here.
Unwary let them come these heights to scale,
We ’ll hurl them pestilence with leaden hail.
One opening blast——

“ Behold! see—look,—they form
Like clouds collecting mountain heights to storm!
Let blaze the cannon,—barrell’d weapons all—
Bury, consume—o’erwhelm with grape and ball!
They rise in solidness!—the flames, unbar!
With blazing enginery, roll down the war!”

The thunderers felt the sparkle-fire, and spoke
With bellowing tongue and roll’d the heights in smoke;
In concert dire the lead-drove muskets peal—
But freedom presses on—a moving ridge of steel!

Thus when from ocean heaves a storm of clouds,—
Thickening and deepening, each the other crowds,

Till one black mass involves creation, whole,
 Awful in fashion---piling roll on roll.
 But, lo! the sun, emerging from a fold
 High thron'd in heaven, emits a shower of gold,
 Which bathes the cloud above with streams of light,
 Whilst all below is one black scene of night---
 Such the pure brilliance of its brow on high,
 That angels gaze with wonder in their eye---
 While such the darkness of the cloud beneath,
 It seems if curtain'd with the pall of death:

So, deep below and black the column move,
 Whilst gleaming steel illumines their path above.

The allies battle at the brave in vain---
 Behold, the summit of the height they gain,
 And plunge with whetted bayonets on their foes,
 Who fly the battlements, like whirling snows
 When boreal blasts descend upon the earth
 With all the muster'd fury of the north.

"Unpower the cannon!" Dudley spoke. 'Tis done---
 The vent is chok'd with steel of every gun.

"Close, lock the ranks, and, to the fort, retreat!
 What deafs your ears? Progression is defeat!
 Attend my voice! Dread heaven! if press you on,
 Death swallows all! for ever lost—undone!
 Why stay you not?—destruction hovers nigh!
 I *will* be heard!—the man that moves shall die!"

* * * * *

As when a vessel in her sailing pride,
 Assays to stem the Mississippi tide—

But, ah! the gales too weak apply their force
To urge it up against the current's course ;
The powers a moment equal strength maintain—
The ship stands balanc'd on an even strain ;
The waves descending on her progress bear,
While the faint breezes just retain her there.
At length the pressing waters turn her prow—
She gives—she settles with the stream below :

So Dudley strives his reckless band to stay—
They bear him onward like the stream away.
The ocean when it foams in all its wrath,
Is smooth and gentle to their raging path.

“ Raisin ! its massacre ! ” they vengeful cry.
“ The traitor Elliot, or eternity ! ”

Meantime Tecumseh in concealment stood
Deep in a valley of embowering wood,
Silent but thoughtful—centred on his mind
To catch the smallest whisper of the wind.

When he at distance heard the pealing sound,
He form'd his savage-men in circle round.
Frightful their visages, red, blue and black,
With fury whetted for the dire attack :

“ Hark ! list the gathering of the strife at hand !
Now every warrior do as I command.
See knife, see rifle—tomahawk prepar'd—
Me lift my voice, let every chief regard ;
Break to the battle like big rolling cloud—
Like deep-mouth'd thunder sound the war-whoop loud.

Crimson earth's bosom! Strike—strike deep for blood—
Large let it stream like rivers in a flood.

“But when they ask for peace, the dagger, sheathe—
He dies who scalps the wounded on the heath!
Though Proctor urges to consume the whole,
Tecumseh spares who bends to his control.
The blood of feeble never stain'd his hands,
Nor shall it stain a warrior's he commands.

“Listen! the war comes bursting on us nigh!
Retire! Me speak—let death-note split the sky!”

With rage suppress'd they vanish'd from his sight,
As shades are scatter'd at th' approach of light.

Meanwhile Kentucky desperate in pursuit,
Laid many a tongue of howling savage mute.
Headlong they rush'd with vengeance for their guide,
Till they for murder should be satisfied.
The speed of Elliot passes by the wind—
The sound of Raisin chills upon his mind:

Like him a culprit moving to his death
On the lone common or the wizard heath,
Deep in his ear-drum thinks he hears a bell,
Tolling his funeral to the vaults of hell.

Close on his path the wild men roar aloud,
Deafening the woods—a thunder-broken cloud.

Soon near they gain upon the ambuscade,
Where the dread champion in keen watch is laid:
His forces round in crouchant posture lay,
Like hungry panthers druling for their prey.

One eye is bent upon their chief to mark
The sign to rise—the other like a spark
That burns upon the end of lightning chain,
Observes the bands of Dudley on the plain—
For now obscure through blinding woods they spy
The reckless troops come rushing on to die ;
But think they nothing of the gory tomb,
Ready to open and decide their doom.

Behold the signal of destruction given !
Tecumseh's voice sounds audible to heaven !
The other voices, though they roughening jar,
Urging the tumult violence of war,
Are like the drums that beat the muster roll,
To solid thunder bursting from the pole.
So dire the yell—so grim the savage air,
Fredonians stand and gaze upon despair !

* * * * *

As when (day glimmering on the skirts of night,
And many a star looks pleasant with its light)
Hounds of sagacious scent awake the deer,
Starting the chase with well-known accent clear.
The listening hunter hears th' inspiring strain,
And to his charger loosens all the rein ;
The noble steed disdains the goading spur—
The hounds in music make his spirits stir.
Snorting he leaps and snuffs the freshening gale,
Which lags behind him as he sweeps the vale.
As loud, more loud the opening pack he hears,
He pricks more keen the sharpness of his ears,

They scour the country round o'er hill or dell,
With different echoes as they sink or swell.
At length from craggy precipice on high,
Down leap the deer—the hounds pursuing, die !
The courser thunders on with uncheck'd force,
Nothing to stay the fury of his course—
Gaining the steep, he stops upon its verge,
Sudden !—dismounts his rider with a surge ;
Foaming, with head thrown back and mane in air,
Straining his eyes with a distorted glare,
Shivering convuls'd upon the brink of death,
Stands struck with awe, holding his mighty breath :

Or as a vessel in the northern seas,
Bounds with full sail before the hurrying breeze,
The skilful pilot warns the crew in vain
Of Norway's whirlpool on the treacherous main ;
Unmindful—reckless of the caution given,
They keep their course till in the whirl they 're driven!
Ah! then they feel a dreadful something strange
Twinge thro' their blood t' observe the whirling range !
They hear the monster in the cavern yell,
Like some dark spirit rising out of hell !
Near and more near the forceful suction draws
The struggling vessel to its gaping jaws !
Though wide the circles from the centre sweep,
Yet at each compass of the hopeless ship,
More short and rapid are the whirling rings,
Hurrying the vessel to the narrowings.
Alas ! before the vision of the crew,
The gulf appears appalling to their view !

The trembling bark but lives another sweep,
Before it plunges in the swallowing deep !
With eyeballs glaring and tight straining breath,
They stand and shiver on the verge of death !

So when Tecumseh with a shout arose,
Which seemed to wake the dead from their repose,
The band of Dudley in a panic stood—
Their palsied hearts forget to stir the blood.
Death grimm'd with gore stalks round with hideous air !

* * * *

But soon recovering from their lost despair,
They rise in all their majesty of soul,
And back the pealing vollies slaughtering roll !
The face of light a gathering darkness shades—
On heaven the thickening turbulence invades :

As when the vapours of the ocean rise
Round Alleghany's tops that touch the skies—
Collecting into clouds slow moving round,
The mountain summits wrapp'd in gloom profound.
At length surcharg'd, they burst in ceaseless shower,
And soon a thousand streams begin to roar—
Outswell their barriers—sweep whole herds and flocks,
And dash them headlong o'er the pointed rocks—
Chafing in whirlpools maddening on their way,
Tremendous raging, foaming to the sea :

Thus dire the tumult—thus the deafening noise—
The strife augmenting with the yelling voice.

At length such numbers of the allied power
Hem in the brave, and kindle such a shower

Of raining fire—Fredonians break---give way---
Despair returns, their hearts made cold like clay.
But Dudley wields his dripping brand on high,
And lifts them up beyond mortality :

“Charge through the circle! break the ring of
death !”---

The fainting catch the spirit of his breath,
And plunge the cannibals with pointed steel,
Causing the circle binding them to reel.
A host of Britons sink in final rest---
Blood spouts hot leaping from the savage breast.

Yet firm Tecums h and Cawataw stand,
And join the fracture, where the charging band
Break down the links composing of the chain,
That binds the struggling heroes on the plain---
Or wall of fire in solid blazing vast,
While death in smiles is seen upon the blast.

“Break through nor think of life !” Dudley exclaims.
Draw from the heart to smother,---quench the flames!”

The time he spoke from earth he seem’d to tower,
As if up-borne by some superior power.
The foe stood cramp’d---immoveable with dread---
He smites the living,---leaps bounding o’er the dead.

Now where Tecumseh,---where Cawataw stood,
He urg’d a pass all dabbled o’er with blood ;
For many a partial wound unnotic’d drains
The little streamlets of his heated veins.
Lock’d was the passage that Tecumseh held---
And on Cawataw back he desperate wheel’d ;

But as the hero near the ruffian came,
He bent his rifle---touch'd it to a flame,
And sent the bullet glancing through his side—
Its smarting anguish chaf'd his heart's brief tide :

So when a cougar feels the hunter's dart,
Avenging flame runs burning through their heart ;
He tears the earth---the oak before him falls---
His eyes flash wrath like heaven's red meteorous balls:

Thus Dudley maddens ;—where his blade sweeps
round,

Fierce names are seen to welter on the ground.

He rushes on Cawataw,—eye to eye
Flashing like stars when skirted lightnings fly.
They front upon the heath in darkening form,
Like two tall rocks mid ocean wreck'd with storm.

A moment,—and his axe the Sachem drew,
And pois'd it high at Dudley's falchion flew ;
Sheer through his skull the glittering ruin sped—
His brains gush out—he plunges on the dead !
Wedg'd in the fracture, fix'd the sword remains,
For Dudley's strength forsook him on the plains,
By which, the blade was loosen'd from his hand---
He reels---he faints---no longer can he stand ;
His heart is drain'd---extinguish'd are his fires---
Stretch'd on Cawataw his proud soul retires !

A woodman thus to fell a mountain oak,
With heavy swing, redoubles stroke on stroke ;
A hunter calls him off—he leaves it there
Half through—its honours waving in the air ;

But soon exhausted—all its juices spent,
It groaning falls and shakes the element :

Thus 'Dudley sunk majestic in his fame—
And unborn ages will revere his name.

Where Dudley fell a narrow pass was made,
Through which the patriots, toiling with the blade,
Hew'd out their way beyond the savage chain,
And breath'd a moment on the open plain.
To make the river now is all their aim,
To rescue life by plunging in the stream—
Their rear defended by the fort'd flame.
Meade, Boswell, Underwood, and Trimble, these,
With Murray—had escap'd their enemies—
And Morrison beyond the scene had pass'd,
When, lo ! a lead was from a rifle cast,
Which in a line burnt searching through his eyes,
And left him blind in gory agonies !
Yet still his soul in every action great,
Without a groan endur'd the afflicting weight.

Boswell, Underwood—caught him by the arm
To bear him onward with affection warm—
But them he craves to leave him in the wood :

“ Put off this tenderness ;—was death withstood ?
Look back and see what millions that inspir'd
The breath of being, have from life retir'd !
Your graves perhaps are distant,—mine hath come—
Think not of me—I would not stay my doom.
I 'm but a clog and fetter your retreat—
I scarce would live could I command my fate.

“When you my wife shall meet, O tell her this—
'Tis all I ask—with grief 'twill mingle bliss ;
Tell her, that though in dying I was blind,
Her lovely image dwelt upon my mind.
Methinks I feel her hand upon my breast,
Soft as an angel's, soothing me to rest !

“We meet in heaven !—Hark ! how the yells re-
sound !

The savage come to compass you around !”

The time denied to answer him a word—
For, lo ! Tecumseh brandishing his sword,
Came sweeping on with all his train behind,
Whilst tiger howlings tore along the wind !

Tecumseh knew not at the moment first,
That, where Cawataw stood upon his trust,
Was broken by the *free*,—himself subdu'd,
And for the grave-worm a delicious food ;
But when the turbulence was pass'd away,
And smoke, and dust that blotted out the day,
The cause was open to his judgment seen—
And to the river through a deep ravine,
He led his warriors. Having gain'd the van
Of Boswell's flying ranks, he wheel'd his clan,
And met them threatening with the scowl of death,
Like some fell ghost that strides the midnight heath !

Hope vanish'd from the soul like gold dreams rare,
And left behind the darkness of despair.

Death shook his barbed dart on every side—
The thought of life within their bosoms died !

But Boswell rising animates the brave :
“ With one proud effort sink into the grave !
Unfold—make manifest the Spartan worth,
Whose valour finds eternity on earth !
Prove to the world Columbians dare the same,
Crown'd with Leonidas in deathless fame.
On Freedom's altar let our bodies die
A bleeding sacrifice for liberty !”

They kindled at his voice with heaven's pure fire,
And as they rose, cried : “ Lead us to expire !”

As mountain billows roll upon the shore,
Lash'd by mad tempests mix'd with thunder's roar ;
As rocky shores resist the waves in storm,
Lightnings and thunders, and the whirlwind's form :
Thus charge the patriots—thus Tecumseh stands,
A burning pillar 'midst his slaughtering bands.

* * * * *

But what can deeds of desperation stay ?—
With three times fifty Boswell smites his way !
The rest lie mix'd with giant monsters slain—
Some fled to heaven—some weltering on the plain.

'Tecumseh soon perceiv'd the warrior blind,
And pity came and melted down his mind.

“ Tecumseh, I am he ! His soul, remark !
He shines a light to travellers in the dark !
Me guide you safe to yon big oak in heaven—
To cool your blood, there water shall be given.”

Morrison heard his voice—his hand he felt,
Which caus'd the cording of his heart to melt.
Silent he follow'd his majestic guide—
At length he gain'd his utterance and replied :

“Great chief, of noble mind !—I *now* would live,
That I might show you what my heart would give.
The world would feel its shame could I declare—
A man of nature with fraternal care,
Proffer'd his hand a blessing to supply—
A guiding angel to blind misery !”

Such was their converse while Tecumseh led
The sightless martyr from the field of dead.
Full in the breeze beneath a shading oak,
He sat him down remote from noise and smoke—
But ere Tecumseh could the draught provide—
His vains grew chill—he sunk away and died !

Meantime Cawataw's clan t' avenge his death,
While flames appear'd to issue from their breath,
Rush'd like a whirlwind on the hapless brave
To torture, massacre with lingering grave.

Hard Mai-Pock heads the band, whose lurid eye
Shoots the dire glance of grim ferocity.
A panther's hide hangs o'er his shoulders fell—
His painted features show the work of hell.
Fast in his belt the murder'd scalps are tied,—
From which, drops oozing, trickle down his side !
The thunders of his voice the concave rend—
He comes all dreadful like a roaring fiend.

With maniac laugh, he makes a sport of life,
For, as he wrathful plunges in his knife,

He stamps his heel beside the cruel wound
To see the blood spirt upward with a bound !

Murray lies bleeding, Underwood and Cox—
He leaps at Murray—fixes on his locks,
And drags him foaming o'er the weltering slain,
While his fair body writhes along the plain.
He gasp'd, and gasp'd again, deform'd with gore,
Then roll'd his eyes to heaven and view'd the light no
more :

So for his pastime a rude stripling tears
A lilac blooming in its tender years.
It weeps a sorrowing dew upon the earth
To be thus broken in its days of mirth.
A fragrance rich as heaven breathes every flower,
Whose purple tints outvie the new-born hour.
Its charms the little truant's breast excite—
He views it o'er and o'er with new delight.
But soon the flower his wayward fancy cloy's,
Lost its late beauty and bewitching joys.
Neglectful of its sweets he whirls it round,
And trails its loveliness o'er miry ground—
It fades, it languishes, it wilts, it dies,
The urchin smiling at the sacrifice :

Thus Murray faded in his youthful bloom—
And sunk unlovely in a weltering tomb.

Tecumseh heard the massacreing strife—
The grating sound of battle-axe and knife ;
Backward he flew indignant at the scene
To save from murder's thrust defenceless men.

He met with Mai-Pock on the carnage heath,
Scalping the dying as they chok'd for breath!

The lightning passion of Tecumseh flash'd,
And, at the fiend with tyger strength, he dash'd.
His weighty axe sunder'd his skull in twain—
The monster falls and bites the gory plain.
His hands convulsive grasp the gouted blood—
His eyes roll strangled 'neath the sanious flood,
Which foams like matter from a demon's skull,
Crowding the eyeballs with his warm brains full.

Tecumseh thunders: "Let no Indian dare
To lift a knife the scalp from skull to tear!
See Mai-Pock number'd with dishonour'd dead!—
Not dare lay finger on a warrior's head!
Tecumseh's hand sustains a bleeding foe—
Quick death is his who smites another blow!
Me hate the coward—timid like the deer—
But joy is mine in battle-day severe,
To meet Kentucky strong—a mountain oak—
It never bends—it breaks by lightning stroke!"

His voice struck terror through the savage life—
They stood in muteness and withdrew the knife.

The dying view him with a melting eye
Gem'd with a tear of angel purity.

Thus Meade communes, while fast his pulses ebb,
Death weaving round his sight a filmy web:

"O had I power to utter what I feel!—
Alas! life ceases!—could but I reveal
That speechless *glow* of heart, which tongue hath given
A *name*, but not the thing!"——

He dies—he visits heaven!



CANTO XV.

SORTIE FROM FORT MEIGS.

ARGUMENT.

Simultaneous with the assault on the western bank of the Miami, a sortie is made from Fort Meigs, which is the subject of the present canto.

The scene is laid in, and about Fort Meigs. This book occupies the remainder of the day, from Dudley's landing on the west till night.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XV.

WHEN of their viands had the brave partook,
Harrison to Miller of Ohio spoke—
Miller of Hampshire at Quebec was chain'd—
The work of Hull,—by which the land was stain'd
With mark so deep that thousand years of dew,
Will never bleach the canker-spot from view :

“ Miller, the charge is thine ! Haste and display
The warriors ready for the bold assay.
Soon, opposite, our banner strikes the shore,
When rush we forth to break the hostile power ;
By which diversion from the west we 'll make,
And cast them back disaster'd on the lake.
Let nothing of the drum, or fife be heard,
That no mistrust be in their bosoms stirr'd.”

Miller obedient to the summons rose,
To each the daring purpose to disclose—
To Stoddard, Alexander, Kerchevall and Lee;
Hall, Fletcher, Mitchell, Simmons and Mac Gee,

To Bradford, Ritzer, Johnson,* Sedwick, Todd,
To Sebree and to Metcalfe, Ball, and Wood—
And thus to each in turn : “ Your column, form,
With smiting brand besieging powers to storm.
Time hurries brief when we expect to mark
The barge descend to scale yon bulwarks dark.”

Prompt they the mandate with stern brows obey’d—
Soon stood the squadrons in sharp steel array’d.
Their burnish’d arms like gleaming ice appear,
Flashing broad day upon the sight severe.

The veteran Shelby with his time-bleach’d hair,
Sedate approaches of majestic air----
To give an inspiration to the band,
Strengthening the heart to do the bold command.

“ Columbians of the north ! born free as brave !
Are ye not weary to be bound a slave ?
And will ye felon like, in prison lay,
With scarce admission to the light of day ?
No—never :—rise and break the prison doors,
And dash the foe in ruins from the shores.
When land your brothers to assail them west,
Then rush the steel and plunge it in their breast.
Now to your sons a noble fame bequeath,
And round your brows unfading laurels wreath.”

He ceas’d. And Harrison the order gave
To charge and open to the foe the grave :

“ In two divisions let the war commence—
Miller, strike home on Reynold’s, Muir’s defence ;

* Major John T. Johnson.

While Alexander, you, your cohorts lead,
Where Proctor stands, and do the valorous deed.

“The period—lo! ’tis *now*!—See from the stream,
The heroes land!—How dire their bayonets gleam!
Silent advance, and firm in purpose keep
To smite in sortie with the falchion deep.”

The two battalions in close silence move,
Like clouds dark rolling in high heaven above.
Todd, Sedwick, Stoddard, Johnson, Ritzer, Ball,
Miller, make strong—on Reynolds, Muir, to fall;
Wood, Metcalfe, Bradford,—Alexander, join
To bow the standards of the Proctor line.

While this was passing, Chambers on the bank
Of the Miami, mark’d the steely rank
Of Dudley forming on the adverse shore,
To search the venom’d drops of Elliot’s gore.

He flew to Proctor with exhausted breath,
His eyes with terror glaring: “See!—with death,
Fresh troops descending,—landing on the west—
A darkening horror plum’d upon their breast!”

“Thy brain is turn’d. Not possible the foe?
Yes, I behold their ridgy bayonets now!
(Proctor rejoin’d, distortions on his brow.)

“Behold! they rise—they rush!—Alas! pour on—
Dash foaming o’er the stream and crush them down!
They heed not Elliot’s thunder!—give support—
With pointed weapons——

“Breaking from the fort!—

Drench them with fire!—A bold resistance show—
Bleed, bleed their madness—cure them at a blow.”

He spoke like courage, but his heart shrunk back,
His nerve too trembling for the bold attack
Led on by Alexander dark and still—
But Chambers stood the charging band to kill :

“ Britons ! shrink not----but look them in the face !
Shame to the soul that falters with disgrace !
Let flames in volumes ’gainst their ranks be hurl’d,
And prove your arms victorious to the world !”

His words were not concluded, when the roll
Of deafening battle sounded through the whole.
The leaden ruins sung along the skies----
No curtain wink’d of the Columbian eyes;
Though many a random bullet glanc’d a vein,
But none, save one, sunk bleeding on the plain,
And that was Bradford. Through his thighs a ball
Tore its rough way and brought him to a fall--
His burning anguish was o’erpower’d by mind :

“ Push to the mark and never look behind !
Here fix’d will I remain to view the man—
Him, who dare wave the colours in the van,
And plant them high on yonder parapet---
And then shall I my falling not regret.”

Metcalf was pressing hard upon his rear,
And heard his voice, which brought him to a tear.
He snatch’d a standard waving by his side---
Leap’d to the foe, as leaping to his bride.
The Eagle higher in the air is seen ;
Proud as she rose she fann’d the fire within.

She rests upon the parapet!----A cheer
Informs the Bird of heaven her strength is near!

“Now let the keenness of the steel declare,
What deaths must come when Freedom *wills* to dare!”

The time allow'd not Alexander more,
Or he would told them how to strike the core.
Thick in the thickest of the blaze they dash---
Blood hot with life is seen at every gash.
As arrowy light contends with morning mist,
So pierce the steel-points through Britannia's breast.
The royal strength with savages combin'd,
Scatter like chaff that whirls upon the wind.

Forth Alexander spreads a ruin round---
Dismounts the cannon from the breasted mound—
Breaks their supporting arms;----in triumph then,
Despatches to the fort his captur'd men---
But stands himself reserv'd a stretch'd-out chain,
Chambers, to guard from passing round the plain,
Aid t' impart to Reynolds on the rear,
With whom the gallant Miller strives severe.

Ere for the charge, had Miller reach'd the gate,
Stoddard approach'd, his name to elevate:

“Earnest I plead the opening of the strife—
T' assail the foe in centre of his life.
My soul desires to wrestle sword in hand,
Whilst thou reserv'd shalt mark my wielding brand.”

“Brother in arms! to thy request I yield—
Cheerful to thee I render up the field.

Thy generous bosom palpitates for fame—
Lead thou the onset—seek a deathless name.”

‘The instant Miller willing gave consent,
Stoddard proclaim’d it to his regiment :

“ Behold ! ’tis ours to strike preparative,
And to the enemy a palsy give.
Let the free soul with brilliant deeds enlarge—
Portend the spear-points ! heavy thunder, charge !”

As down the mountain cliff a whirlwind roars,
Giving dread notice of tempestuous showers—
Such the wild echo of the warriors’ tread,
Jarring the earth in solid phalanx dread.
Against the Albion left—the tempest rolls,
A brewing hail-cloud sweeping from the poles.

When Muir with lion watch the squadrons kenn’d,
His strength he strengthen’d not in thought to bend :

“ Behold the darkness of the column nigh !
Britons ! prepare to break it or to die !
Remember Wolfe, and if ye fall like him,
Fame from oblivion will your names redeem !”

His voice was lost in tumult by the sound
Of closing armies clashing on the ground.
Men mix with men—in reeking strife they join,
While bayonets streak’d with blood glance fearful
through the line.

At length the British left grow faint—retire,
Where Stoddard’s scimitar was scathing fire ;
Muir mad beheld the slaughter of his steel—
He touch’d his charger with his goading heel,

And at a leap, forth rush'd upon the brave—
 A moment each stood frowning like the grave!

* * * * * *

The pausing done—in circles broad they sweep
 Their fiery blades—and clash, and clash, and leap,
 And rise, and bend, and push, and fence, and thrust
 To smite each other backward to the dust;
 And while the sparkles round their falchions gleam,
 Their eyes fast riveted unwinking beam
 And pierce the hidden soul, marking the blow,
 Ere the nerv'd arm the circumstance can show.
 Oft in the distance of a hair they play,
 Just as the other parries it away.

At length they thrust,—their passions frenzy-rais'd,
 Death in the blow! The sword of Stoddard graz'd
 The life of Muir—his plume and horse-hair white,
 Are cleft away—but on his helmet, bright,
 The steel is shatter'd with a ringing sound—
 The glittering point flies sparkling to the ground.
 Muir's lifted brand descends upon his brow—
 The high arch'd brain-wall fractures at the blow.
 His hands forego the reins—he reels, he dies—
 Fredonia cleaves from heaven and bears him to the
 skies.

As stands some monument of lofty show,
 Above the elemental clouds of snow
 That float along the sphere—to speak to fame,
 Rescue from tyrants, or some patriot's name,
 Or to commemorate destructive flame—

Fix'd on its base immoveable in form,
It laughs defiance at the beating storm ;
But, lo ! it totters by an earthquake riven—
Reels—falls to dust—its place is lost in heaven :

So Stoddard fell in ruins on the plain,
Mix'd with his enemies promiscuous slain.

His squadron, Miller presently displays—
A thick black cloud edg'd round with lightning blaze.
Gynn, Campbell, Sabree, Ritzer, Timberlee,
Deepening advance—Rees, Stockton and Mac Gee.
Hot, fierce and dark the threatening battle comes—
Guns thundering, bayonets gleaming, rattling drums.
Columbia charges with the edge of steel—
Again th' opponents from the combat reel.

But Reynolds now his solidness pours on,
And stays the breaking squadrons of the Throne.
The powers conjoin'd make earth beneath them jar—
Fierce slaughter swells the gory tide of war.
In equal balance the contention burns—
Each rank progressing—none with faltering turns.
Miller obscur'd with dust exerts his might,
And loud proclaims to hold the desperate fight :

“ Strike—plunge the scimitar with soul in wrath !
Let carnage smile with grimness on our path !
Or vict'ry's light shall dwell upon our brow,
Or drop by drop shall from our bosoms flow—
Never while living, shall our standard bow !”

His squadrons catching flame at every word,
Mix steel with steel and clashing sword with sword :

As when a stately bark propell'd by steam,
Surmounts the current of Ohio's stream,
The glowing furnace gives her engine play,
Which through the water forces her away.
She gains the falls—and now to mount them o'er,
Requires a stronger exercise of power.
The hardy engineers with reeking toil,
Quicken the furnace with inflaming oil,
Which with such violence excites the blast,
As fire infernal to the flames were cast :

So Miller's voice augments the strife of arms—
With growing tumult peal the dire alarms ;
But Reynolds, Muir, stand equal in their fame,
And lighten heaven with one unbroken flame :

Thus when the Oregon tremendous pours
Down the rough mountain swell'd with torrent showers,
From thence, rolls onward with impetuous force,
To drive back ocean to his nether source ;
Old Ocean rising hoary from the main,
Piles watery battlements to guard his reign ;
The waves resistless meet in warring shock—
The shores reverberate and reeling rock.
The spongy foam in tortur'd wreaths is driven—
The mad-toss'd billows break the clouds of heaven :

Columbia charges thus—thus Albions stand,
Whilst war's rough voice roars bellowing round the
land.

Many and various were the wounds that show'd,
From which the purple streams abundant flow'd :

The plume of Ritzer from his crown was shot---
The passing ball the temporal artery cut,
From which the warm blood trickled o'er his face,
And made him show like England's painted race;
But soon a bandage skilfully applied,
Suppress'd the jetting of the crimson tide.
Nothing the foe was favour'd by the wound---
His very look spread fearfulness around.

Sedwick, while wrenching from a grenadier,
With tugging effort hard, his deep drove spear
Between the sacred* and vertebral bone---
Heard, icy on his left a dying groan,
Which call'd his eye away---whom should it be?
Todd in the throes of sweating agony!
An esponton was driven through his foot,
While near at hand a weltering Briton mute,
Held to the far extreme with nerves cramp'd tight,
Whom Todd, the moment, had deprived of light;
Sedwick forth sprang---forsook the grenadier,
To give him succour in his grief severe.
In sitting posture, pressing with each heel
Beside the wound, he drew the torturing steel;
Todd, by the sudden losing of the pain,
Fainted---two soldiers bore him from the plain;
And Sedwick seiz'd the weapon of the dead,
And done such feats as made his path look red.

Johnson---(a name remember'd with delight,)
While with his brand, was urging on the fight,

* Bone next the loins.

Found himself hurl'd bewilder'd on the ground---
In vain he sought discovery of the wound.
His brain was jarr'd, and hence amaz'd he stood,
Judgment confus'd; but soon supporting blood,
With hurrying motion hasten'd to relieve
The reason-working power---his thoughts revive;—
Instant the cause is open'd to his view---
A cannon globe had pierc'd his charger through,
Whose entrails large were spread upon the plain
No more to feel the cramping of the rein.
Johnson the momentary pause redeem'd---
Lock'd with foe, a fire his falchion seem'd.

Vain would it be to number all that bled,
Or those who sunk on valour's gory bed;
The muse would faint, and never would there be
An end of singing to their memory.

Now Muir half seen by Miller is descry'd,
Urging the conflict in his native pride;
The hero spurs upon him with his steed,
And finds him sweating where the bravest bleed.

Each looks defiance at the other's eye—
At once in troubled air the weapons fly.
The dauntless Briton summoning his might,
Strikes—to plunge Miller to the shades of night;
But by quick bending he avoids the blow—
Rising, he wields his brand upon the foe,
Which, as it circles in a downward sheer,
Cleaves the depending portion of his ear—

Tears the cheek muscles—shatters out his teeth,
And splinters wide the bended jaw beneath.
Swift from the pulsing artery, that supplies
The brain with life, the jetting current flies.
His swimming orbs in heavy darkness roll—
From wound unsightly wings his airy soul.

In slippery gore depends the warrior's head—
Sad accident! the stirrup holds the dead!
The steed uncurb'd, affrighted to behold
His strong-arm'd rider in thick crimson roll'd,
Snorts and flies bounding with the corse behind—
Wild as he leaps, it mounts into the wind;
Descending, lo! it dashes on a rock—
The walls of reason shatter by the shock;
Wide fly the brains commingled with the blood—
Like frenzy bounds the courser through the wood.
The body strikes oblique against a tree,
Which breaks the thigh and dislocates the knee—
The tight wedg'd foot from out the stirrup flies—
O'erwhelm'd like blasted oak he mangled lies,
With empty casements where once look'd his eyes.

Meanwhile Fredonians on the rear with Clay
Heard th' assault all trem'lous for the fray,
And soon the order sounded: "Column, form!
Hark! listen to the breaking of the storm!
Earth feels commotion!—'tis the bold sortie
Dash'd from the fort to bend the tyrant knee.
But wherefore this delay to souls like thine?
Rich your dross'd feelings as Potosi's mine.

Hard gripe your arms with sinews lock'd as death,
That when ye strike, life withers on the heath."

They press'd with flinty bosoms—join'd the blast,
As Muir by Miller on the soil was cast;
At the same instant Alexander came,
And fatal flank'd them with a wasting flame.

Assail'd upon the rear, on front and flank,
Their souls shrink inward and their lines disrank;
But Reynolds stands unconquer'd in his might—
His eyes like burning of the sparks of night:

"Shrink not! Let each advance his name to heaven!
Against th' encircling powers let steel be driven!
Stand in contention till the breath be spent—
And as ye fall show not your souls are bent!"

The fight was madden'd by his voice;—but all
Exhorting was in vain—his people fall.
Blood makes them faint—they waver—break—retire—
Miller pursues the rout with vaulting fire.
As column'd smoke is scatter'd by the wind,
So fly the enemy with terror blind.
Hard on the borders of the lake they crowd—
O'erwhelm'd, tumultuous—no command allow'd.
They loose their barges with a dashing oar,
Whilst bolted thunders strike them from the shore.

Fredonians shout the victory on high—
Back comes the joyful echo from the sky.
Proud to the fort, flags waving they repair,
While the shrill music dances on the air.

With heart o'erflowing Harrison proceeds:
 " Brothers! achievers of historic deeds!
 On eagle pinions will our memories rise—
 The tongues of future bards will hymn our victories!
 Your every footstep on the soil this day,
 Will make it holy till old time's decay!
 Yea, and a monument, where now we stand,
 Will speak the daring prowess of the band,
 Who for the love of liberty's sweet breath,
 Conquer'd their enemies in the face of death,
 And pluck'd the laurel green——"

* * * * *

He paus'd! What damp'd his voice,
 Which with sweet music made the heart rejoice?
 Alas, 'twas Boswell, that appall'd his sight,
 And struck him palsied from his mental height;
 With blood yet oozing from his wounds he came—
 His tottering step declar'd his feeble frame.
 His band unable to sustain their weight,
 Fainted through weakness ere they reach'd the gate.

The scene of wo subdu'd the patriot breast
 From the proud bearing of their vict'ry bless'd:

'Thus when Columbians on th' immortal *Fourth*,
 Sublime to celebrate their nation's birth,
 Make the wide welkin echo to the sound
 Of welcome thunders breaking from the ground ;
 And after which with pomp the music comes,
 Of fifes and hautboys, clarionets and drums.
 The goblets dance with overflowing wine,
 Touching the heart with something that 's divine ;

Proud to the zephyr's breath the stars are given—
 Balloons exulting climb the vault of heaven ;
 A round of pleasures captivates the soul
 With toasts and music and the flowing bowl :

Behold, upon the gale the tidings spread,
 That Jefferson has fail'd, and Adams join'd the dead !

No longer welcome thunders peal to heaven,
 But mournful lumberings to their tones are given ;
 The fifes, the hautboys, clarionets and drums,
 Change their shrill notes to something that benumbs.
 The goblets brimm'd that touch'd the spring of mind,
 Sicken the soul—leave bitterness behind ;
 Balloons supported on the mountain air,
 Drop to the earth as weighted with despair.
 The stars grow dim—sink mourning from the mast
 Half its descent, and sigh at every blast.
 In cheeks late dress'd in smiles pale grief appears—
 Their joys are dampen'd with a shower of tears :

Such was the saddening change when Boswell stood
 Gash'd with unseemly wounds and purpled with his
 blood.

* * * * *

At length when seated and of wine partook,
 He thus with feebleness the silence broke :

“ My soul gives back to speak the fatal day—
 Our brothers slumber in their robes of clay.
 They sleep the solemn sleep—the sleep of death,
 Wrapp'd in the shrouds of battle on the heath.

“ Dudley”——

By grief his utterance was suppress'd,
 Till the pent sigh was vented from his breast.

“Yea, Dudley on the field his peace hath found—
 He asks the charity of a simple mound.
 His smiting strength was as a whirlwind sent
 To bow the woods and shake the element.
 His falchion was a gleam of heaven’s fierce light,
 When fiery clouds are on the brow of night;
 An angry meteor burning in its path,
 Flaming the edges of the clouds in wrath,
 Was Dudley’s brilliant course—then, like a spark
 Lighting the storm, he dropp’d into the dark!”

* * * * *

A solemn stillness, something like despair,
 Follow’d his voice—no whisper stirr’d the air;
 Yet Dudley’s valour dull’d the edge of grief,
 That seem’d too sharp for possible relief:
 Thus was the passion working on the soul,
 Compos’d of wonder and despairing dole.

* * * * *

At length the hoary chief the deep pause broke—
 He wip’d his tears and these reflections spoke:

“Men are like flowers that quicken, bud and bloom,
 Then languish, fade and wither in the tomb.
 Mark, when a rose begemm’d with virgin dew,
 Is sever’d from the stem where sweet it grew,
 A softening pity steals upon the mind
 To see its petals scatter’d in the wind;
 But when the season of its prime is done—
 Never no more to blush upon the sun,
 We heed it not—for nature bids it die—
 We acquiesce—nor mourn its destiny:

“And thus it fares with man—when green in charms,
His life pale withers in death’s icy arms,
We mourn his exit—sorrow pours the tear,
To see his beauty shrouded on the bier;
But when with age subdu’d—grey, palsied, blind,
He weds the dust and yields to heaven his mind,
The heart scarce feels it: Man but lives to die—
When press’d with years how slight the passing sigh!
Happy is he who withers in his bloom—
The tear of sorrow sanctifies his tomb;
So Dudley’s grave will be for ever blest—
A nation’s grief will glorify his rest.

“But nothing longer must our sorrows stay
The last sad office to their hallow’d clay;
All that the living can bestow the dead,
Is to enfold them in their dusty bed.”

The aged paus’d. And Harrison in grief,
Fulfill’d the order of the veteran chief:

“Johnson, the barges ply with muffled oar,
And pass Miami to the fatal shore,
And there the dead inhume—Dudley’s remains
Bear o’er the flood t’ enshrine them on the plains.

“And, Metcalfe, you with your battalion go,
And glean the battle-field of friend and foe;
Bring Stoddard to the fort and likewise Muir—
Though born a subject, yet his soul was pure.
A generous enemy deserves a grave
To sleep death’s slumber with th’ immortal brave.”

With hearts freighted with sorrow, at command,
They forth proceeded with selected band.

They do the holy rite with reverence pure—
Metcalfé conveys to fort both Stoddard, Muir ;
And Johnson bears the lifeless Dudley o'er,
While the sad guns by measur'd minutes roar.

The shrouded bodies in the graves they lay,
As mellow'd heaven withdraws its evening ray.
The clods descending on the coffins sound
With hollow rumbling deep—the mourners round,
Hear the chill note and shudder on the ground.

Three honour'd vollies o'er the tombs they roll,
That speak a language deepening to the soul ;
With solemn thoughts the mourners evermore
Leave them to moulder on Miami's shore.

The anxious traveller as he journeys by,
May know the spot where they in darkness lie ;
Where rests the head of Muir an oak sublime
Flourishes, his name to consecrate to time.
O'er Dudley's tomb and Stoddard's mouldering grave,
Two infant cedars in the light breeze wave ;
Eternal roots support their heads serene,
Rob'd in the loveliness of vernal green.

CANTO XVI.

DEFENCE OF SANDUSKY.

ARGUMENT.

Disaffection of the Indians. The descent of Fredonia. Investment of Fort Sandusky. The flag of truce. The bombardment. Proctor defeated.

The scene is laid at Malden, in Heaven, on the White Mountains, and at Sandusky. The time is three days.

FREDONIA D.

CANTO XVI.

'T H' imperial allies driven from the shore,
For Malden hurried with a burning oar ;
Landed—they show'd a strangeness in their cast,
Like those condemn'd to perish in the blast
For gibbet crimes.—In vain they strove to rest,
Such serpent-gnawing dreams disturb'd their breast.
They shrunk with panic thoughts,—yea, even yet,
Their fancy sees upon the parapet
The gallant Metcalfe wave the standard forth,
And hears the shout that bounded from the earth,
As band of Alexander rush'd along
With death's deep promise breaking from their tongue ;
They think at times that Miller's sword is seen
Like fire of heaven that smites the souls of men.

At length new day appearing in the skies,
The howling race in dire confusion rise.

A sourness gathers in Tekelah's eye,
That his young warriors found mortality.
Cawataw's cannibals reveal their ire,
By reason that Tecumseh sav'd from fire
Their victims captur'd on the Dudley shore,
Where their grim chief was slaughter'd in his gore.
They beat their bosoms with bewilder'd air,
And furious fix upon their tangled hair,
And rend it bleeding—dizzy in their brains,
With dismal shrieks they start th' affrighted plains :

So gaunted wolves with feverish maws, surround
A snowy flock, to seize them at a bound ;
But cautious wait the fading of the day,
In mind already fasten'd on their prey.
Behold the village swains their path beset,
And make, from gushing wounds, the pasture wet ;
Some breathe no more, while others wing their speed—
A look o'erpowers their life,—they stop—they bleed.
At length with panting they descend their cave,
Where soon with hunger they begin to rave ;
Each maddening each to desperation's height,
By each accusing other of the flight—
Pealing in concert dire a shuddering yell,
Loud as the scream of agony in hell :

Like this the allies of th' anointed king,
With frightful howlings make the welkin ring.

Tekelah lowering with a settled gloom,
Points with his gory battle-axe for home ;
Silent his clan take notice of the sign,
And press behind him in a deepening line.

Tecumseh saw the disaffected host,
And swift pursu'd it ere the whole were lost ;
A keen vexation eating on his heart,
To think the chiefs should darken and depart.
He seem'd to wing his way—on air to swim,
Such inward spirit quicken'd every limb :

Thus when a carriage on descending plains—
(The post resigning to the steeds the reins),
Flies with hot motion darting by the wind,
Leaving a cloud of up-whirl'd dust behind.
Each wheel so rapid on its axle turns,
That earth beneath it with the friction burns ;
The whirling spokes deceptive mock the eye,
Lost in the circle of rapidity :

Such was the progress of Tecumseh's speed,
As half enrag'd he bounded o'er the mead ;
And, like the wheel-spokes, were his flying feet
Mix'd in the sight, their motion was so fleet.

Soon he Tekelah in his path o'ertakes—
Abrupt he thus his urgent purpose breaks :

“ Brother, why home, and rest the tomahawk ?
Bid stand your warriors—hold we here a talk.”
Tekelah at the summons wav'd his hand—
Sullen in place his train like murder stand.

He paus'd—and thus : “ Me hateful scorn, despise
Proctor—he fly before his enemies.
Large did he promise plunder in the fray,
But noise of battle make his heart give way.”

Tecumseh then : “ Too near of truth you talk—
Proctor, pale cheek—he crooked in his walk.

But hatchet, bury not—the wars keep mad,—
The Spirit Great will soon our hearts make glad.

“ Our fathers’ ghosts behold us in their joy—
Return—we ’ll yet our enemies destroy.

On airy cloud in heaven in loose robes white,
I saw them smile for my success in fight ;
Cawataw’s shade in prime of youth was seen,
And other chiefs in spring-time beauty green.

“ Admit that we in strife of arms should die,
Would we not mount like eagles in the sky
To sport with nimble feet upon the lawn,
Or chase the elk, or tame the speckled fawn ?
There birds of every wing in flocks appear,
And buffaloes, and flying-footed deer.
There when we list the silver streams we ’ll swim,
And drink till gladness lightens every limb.
Should death alarm when such rare scenes invite ?
Never—return and let us die in fight.

“ Have you not often eagerly pursu’d
The doubtful chase through many a tangled wood,
Till your joints trembled with excess of toil,
About to sink and breathe upon the soil—
Just in the act of yielding up the cast,
A lucky arrow took the game at last :

“ So now perhaps our greatest toils are done—
To-morrow glories in a brighter sun.

“ Think not of home—rejoin with us, your power—
We’ll drive them yet beyond Ohio’s shore.
Me give you large wide hunting ground and good—
From the Miami to the Wabash flood ;

Prophet, from thence to Mississippi west—
To other chiefs me portion out the rest.”

* * * * *

Tekelah thus—when broken was his pause :
“ Wise be your tongue—me join you in the cause.”

Between the sachems nothing more was said—
Tekelah drew his tomahawk—a dread
Deep muster'd in his eye as forth it came,
Which storm'd his countenance and shook his frame.
He whirl'd it round and pointed to the path—
Instant his clan express their former wrath,
Pealing the war-song with discordant yell,
Like furies loosen'd from the bonds of hell.
To Malden back they hie with gestures dire,
At every step their madness kindling higher.

And now his charger Proctor mounts in style,
His army squar'd, and solid every file.
His left, the bit commands—his dexter hand
Sustains in pompous form his polish'd brand ;
Its burnish'd point above his shoulder gleams,
And in his port, a warrior bold he seems.
His words come boasting with imperious sound
To royal legions—savages around :

“ What though the fort hath not surrender'd ours,
Few suns shall pass before we gain its powers.
Our courage yet is whole. I've form'd a plan
By which we 'll subjugate their every man.
Ere this, should we have scatter'd them in rout,
Had it not been for that deceiving scout,

Which stay'd our bulwark-work labours in the night,
And made us bootless with our fears to fight ;
But understanding what is their deceit,
Never again can they their arts repeat.

“ What though our late endeavours were in vain,
Hath not the battle-field Tecumseh slain ?
An army triple of his own destroy'd,
Which in their lines hath made a fearful void !
Let none look grave with a desponding eye—
We yet shall strike, and strike with certainty.

“ We 'll now retire. But when bright day shall
come,
And we awaken'd with the stirring drum,
In fleet of barges sudden we 'll repair
T' assail Sandusky and their hearts lay bare.
A truthful scout, recent arriv'd from thence,
Informs a *stripling* holds it in defence
With others green in years ! These, when they spy
The cross—for mercy on their knees will cry—
But spare not—lift the hatchet—waste—consume—
And let your arrows show a crimson plume !

“ Now when Sandusky to our will is bent,
Then, by our strength and skilful management,
Soon we 'll compel Miami to resign,
And on th' Ohio post our southern line—
South from the lakes to that dividing flood,
They swift surrender or they swim in blood !”

Each eye approving smil'd to hear the plan—
The hope of conquest shone from rear to van,

In which delusive light they lose the pain
Their late disaster on Miami's plain.
Nor heed the darkness which in prospect lowers,
Ere long to deepen and o'ershade their powers :

So once the village Whately, clouds o'ercast,
Borne in thick squadrons on the winged blast,
Big thunders peal'd exploding fire and hail,
While the red tempest shook the dwellings frail.
The trembling villagers stood shock'd with dread
To mark the horrors bursting o'er their head.
At length disparting on the wings of heaven,
The clouds flew diverse—through the concave driven.
The swains rejoic'd to view the welcome sun—
Their souls' commotion with the tempest gone,
Not heeding of a sport that stain'd the north,
Soon to enlarge and hurl new terrors forth :

Not otherwise their minds forget the past—
None fear the gathering of a second blast,
At distance brewing heavy to descend
In showers of death their brittle life to rend.

Tecumseh now to Proctor gave his mind,
What he deep-musing to himself design'd :

“ I well approve of the Sandusky fight—
But we with art must compass them aright.
What ! talk you how the enemy deceive—
How by his scouts he make you false believe ?
In Indian too deceit—at Tip'canoe,
Their chief dream not but Prophet meant him true—

But we deceive to strike upon him dead,
Ere he could break the slumber of his bed ;
And had there been no Miller nor a Boyd,
The whole had been like silly deer destroy'd.

“ Now listen to Tecumseh—Meigs, surround—
Me and Tekelah circle on the ground.
While you Sandusky fight, this nest we bar,
And thus divided, carry on the war.
Me form sham battle though their friends had come
Laden with things of luxury from home ;
They hear my rifles—issue from the fort,
And then Tecumseh show them *daylight* sport.”

Him. Proctor smiling thus : “ Brother, you 've prov'd
The first in council, never to be mov'd ;
But this your plan of warfare is the best,
That yet found utterance from your pondering breast--
Ever your thoughts deep judgment manifest.
But should your battles be in vain--why then,
When Croghan yields,—with royal-hearted men,
We 'll storm the fortress—overleap the wall--
The Eagle fluttering in the dust shall fall.

“ Dixon, to you Cawataw's tribe I give,
That in your presence not a youth may live.
But, Reynolds, you in readiness will stand,
Till I shall gain possession of the land,
Then with reserve, the lake, you 'll compass o'er,
And plant a conquering standard on the shore.

“ Now to pavilions, royalists ! repair,
And rest the mind made weary with its care,
Feasting the body on luxurious fare—

But when at day the reveille shall beat,
Rise and make dark the waters with the fleet.

“ But who comes straining from the east ?”

He scarce had said,

When who should reach the field, but Vincent's aid,
Who thus triumphantly : “ Proctor, behold,
The pride of Freedom in the dust is roll'd !
At Queenstown Heights our fame hath blaz'd to heaven !
Before our steel invasion back is driven !
And as by York I dash'd along the path,
Sheffie stood frowning in a cloud of wrath,
Ready their landing on the beach to strike,
Led in their daring by the sword of Pike !”

A shout like thunder rolling broke to heaven—
Thrice to the earth the echo back was driven.

Proctor exclaim'd : “ The States, the whole are ours !
They wilt before us like the noon-mow'd flowers.
The English oak will shade them from the sun—
Their summer 's past—their winter has begun !”

They shouted thrice again—and fil'd away,
To be prepar'd against the coming day.

Meanwhile the bless'd assemblage of the skies
Beheld the war with ardent sympathies.
High on the diamond wall of heaven they stood,
Their clear orbs rolling in a lucid flood
Of amber light : But now with grace divine,
Imbower'd with fragrance in the grove they shine—
On golden seats reclin'd in crescent rings,
Their bright forms shaded with their rainbow wings.

Love pours its holy transport from each eye,
And every passion edg'd with purity.

Justice arose unalter'd in his look,
And with a dignity of utterance spoke :

“ 'Tis now decreed, Fredonia, glorious Maid,
That thou descend and give thy offspring aid.
Deep have they suffer'd for disunion now,
Hence hope gives promise never more they'll bow
To Hell's grim agency—but wisdom, learn
By past affliction, and to faith return.

They now for trial probatory stand
To be united, or a broken band,
Hence not as yet 'tis given to consume
The stygian host till I pronounce their doom.”

He spoke the consult and resum'd his seat,
And Independence rose with soul elate:

“ Joys of divinity my breast inspire,
Touching my heart with a celestial fire,
That our lov'd offspring on the trial day,
Th' adventurous daring of their sires display;
Hence, with the foe I'd nothing interfere,
But yield to them the fiery fields severe—
Marking with jealousy the powers of night,
They aid not Albion in the struggling fight;
Thus glorious will they win their own renown
By native valour, striking back the crown;
As late Fredonia on Niagara's tide,
Glanc'd with her spear the fiend—humbled his pride,
Then let the war take course—so, even now,
Her care should be to foil the gloomy foe;

But if that heaven with battles interfere,
Where would the prowess of our sons appear?
Lo! at one effort we could sweep away
The race of man reducible to clay.
Let mortal single against mortal stand,
That each may prove the virtue of his land."

Ere he had ended, every heart was won—
The war should be conducted as begun,
Save but to curb the future strides of him,
Who burst from hell in freedom's blood to swim;
But nothing farther—till the States in one
Should weld their strength to break the chaining throne,
Then they decree Fredonia from the earth
Should strike him backward to his place of birth.

Celestials now attend the goddess forth,
To mark her flight, as she descends to earth.
She gains the splendid battlements divine,
Where all the synod in due order shine.
Infantile spirits on young impulse float,
With golden harps to strike th' immortal note.

Loose round her temples whiter than the snow
That sleeps unsullied on the mountain's brow,
A garland twines, compos'd of myrtle rare—
The eglantine, the rose, the lily fair;
These bloom luxuriant of exquisite dye,
Awakening beauty in an angel's eye.

Her hair, as touch'd with love's soft fingers, curls,
And o'er her neck like melted amber furls,

Flowing exuberant, marvellous to behold,
Like burnish'd threads of pure effulgent gold.

Light o'er her polish'd limbs a robe is cast
Which in its texture, nature's works surpass'd,
Wrought by the butterflies that spin in heaven,
Where life abundant at its source is given;
Not like those worms that labour on the earth,
Dying the moment they receive their birth—
But when the winding of their silk is done,
They shine like rain-drops glittering in the sun;
And like the things of heaven, their forms improve,
Sporting eternal in the beams of love.

The hands that never touch'd the earth receive
These beauteous webs, and, with light fingers weave
The robes of seraphim—in which appear
The mimic stars that decorate the sphere.

Such was the wonderous robe Fredonia wore
To take her flight from the empyreal shore.
A various zone its waving folds unite
Round her fair wait, of matchless colours bright—
The *red*---the spotless *white*, the deepening *blue*,
Shining unchangeable with brilliance new.

Her wings partake the fashion of a dove,
Half spread---to leave the battlements above.
The plumes were dipp'd within a rainbow dye,
Then fluid gold was sprinkled carelessly.

Her alabaster arm sustains a shield,
Gold, pure without fining---on which, reveal'd
Are Heights of Bunker blazing as with fire,
And Trenton kissing heaven with many a spire---

Eutaw and Guilford, Monmouth,---plains of York,
And Saratoga glitter in the work.

Beneath these emblems on the gold is seen,
Inscrib'd by angel's hand with diamond pen,
The DECLARATION---which proclaim'd on high
The glorious theme of man's proud destiny.
So bright the burnish'd splendour of the shield,
The dazzling suns look dim upon the field!

This on her left: Her dexter holds a spear,
Temper'd and burnish'd till its beams appear
The vital radiance of a new-born star---
Full in the blaze of heaven its lightning shines afar.

Lo! now Fredonia spreads her angel wings!
Loud with hosannas the empyreum rings!
The infant spirits touch the quivering wire,
And join symphonious with the ravish'd choir,
Invoking Liberty in choral song---
Her praises, shouting with a flaming tongue---
The rights of man, that sanctify the cause
Of th' elective franchise---freedom's equal laws---
The music such to draw bright seraphs nigh,
As sails the Goddess on her embassy.

Through ether's crystal path she cleaves her way,
While round her burn the quenchless beams of day.
Heaven stands in holy gazing at her flight
Through shining circles of effulgent light---
From star to star---mid blazing orbs divine,
Of which no mortal ever saw their shine,

So distant plac'd, near Deity's abode,
'That not to earth their radiance yet hath flow'd,
Though since creation's birth they 've shot their beams,
Swift as the madd'd lightning when it gleams!

At each exertive motion of her wing,
She darts her way the distance of the ring
'That circles Saturn---next outstrips the first,
Trifold, immense---to reach the globe of dust:
The next succeeding distances the last,
Measuring a system of creation vast.
The swiftest sparkle of far-shooting light,
Creeps in its course to her immortal flight;
The vital mind upon the spring of fire,
Which at a thought attains its high desire,
Scarcely outspeeds her wonderful descent,
Through spaceless regions of the firmament.

At length she gains the system of the sun,
And thinks her journey to the earth is done.
She meets the comets in their distant round,
Like blazing oceans through the void profound.
At once she strikes her wing to Herschell's sphere---
And then to Saturn,---then to Jupiter.
A gliding motion from these sun-lit stars,
Finds her descended to the angry Mars;
But quick she turns from his inflaming eye,
And gains the Sun self-balanc'd in the sky.

Her presence adds new brilliance to his rays,
And wide, immense, illuminates his blaze.
The spots that cast a dampness o'er his face,
Shine with the splendour of primeval grace.

With eye entranc'd, she views the golden chains,
Which hold the planets in their circling plains,
And silver moons that round about them play,
Reflecting back the image of his ray.

Lost in emotion ; gazing soul-intent,
Though heaven the purest was her element,
She marks their order as through space they roll,
Marshall'd in beauty by the Sun's control.

Long had she gaz'd,—but, lo! the passing Earth
Caught her rapt eye and call'd her purpose forth—
The Sun, to show his gratitude sincere,
Drew a choice cloud from Mercury's glowing sphere,
And gave it all the richness of his light,
In which the rainbows kissingly unite.

The Goddess takes the present with a smile,
Folding her wings upon her breast the while ;
And now superior, seated on her car,
Smooth she descends to visit earth afar.

Evening's soft beams were melting on the breast
Of mist-bath'd mountains when she gain'd the west.
Around Columbia on the cloud she sails—
Not by the buoyancy of breathing gales—
But by the *will* that in herself abides—
Like a new beauty through the heavens she glides,
Calling the gaze of wondering mortals forth,
As when bright angels visited the earth.

Lo, at a glance of her discerning eyes,
The land, the ocean like enchantment rise :

Broad round the surging deep she bends her view
To mark the navy, Albion to subdue—
To bow the sea-bred Lion to his knee,
And make him feel the power of liberty :
Rodgers appears with all his sail-wings bent,
Sublim'd with honour in the President ;
Hull, Jones, Decatur, Warrington are seen—
And Percival—bright smiles depictur'd in his mien ;
Blakeley, a chosen spirit of the sea,
With flame to vindicate its billows free ;
Biddle and Stewart, Barney, Allen, brave,—
Bainbridge and Reid---defenders of the wave,
And Burrows,—soon a royal flag to grave.

Next o'er the landscape she extends her eyes,
And the progression of the war describes :

At Plattsburg Macomb like a fortress stands
To foil invasion with his chosen bands ;
'The fair Macdonough with a glowing pride,
Launching his battle-ships in silver tide ;
And Perry at the Rock, his sails in trim,
Waiting the zephyrs, on the lake to swim ;
In Chauncey's fleet, Fredonians led by Pike,
'The Capital of Scalps* to humbling strike ;
And Meigs, and Malden. After which appears,
Croghan t' abide the memory of years.
Johnson is seen upon Kentucky's plain,
Gathering her sons to curb th' oppressor's reign,
With Shelby, Harrison, t' invade the shore,
And humble Proctor and the savage power :

* Little York.

These she beheld as evening's mellow beam
 Withdrew from earth like a celestial dream.
 She leaves her buoyant car and lights serene
 With hallow'd feet on Vernon's mountain green.
 Her vital touch gives quickening to the tomb—
 Flowers worthy paradise impulsive bloom.
 The stooping willows that around it mourn,
 Weep their soft tears of sorrow on the urn,
 While *thirteen* rainbows circle o'er their head,
 Form'd by the incense of the mighty dead,
 Wrapp'd in the dark of death;—each radiant bow,
 Bears a bright star divergent on its brow,
 Round which delicious on the breath of even,
 Æolian numbers sound by deities of heaven.

* * * * * *

At length the solemn darkness melts away—
 Faint, one by one the jewel stars decay;
 Yet Venus glows more pure as they decline,
 And rob'd in loveliness, delights to shine.
 Her beauteous eye like love in rapture beams,
 And trembling sparkles in the dark blue streams.

The sweet enchantments delicately fade—
 The car of clouds descends and glides the maid
 Smooth from the earth,—too gross man's clouded eye
 To view the scenes of immortality.

The flowers that gladden'd to celestial bloom,
 Sunk in the bosom of the darksome tomb;
 The star-crown'd rainbows melted into air,
 And left it lonely with the willows there.

* * * * *

Through Albion's camp the drums proclaim the day,
They start—awaken, and to boats away.
Tekelah joins Tecumseh with his power—
They launch for Meigs their barges from the shore ;
Short, Chambers, Proctor,—Dixon with his horde—
Elliot and Gorden with commanding sword,
And Prophet, brother of Tecumseh,—glide
Swift o'er the lake Sandusky to decide.

Its stream they enter'd as the sun at noon
Stood at his rest—the little fortress soon
Open'd before them with its Eagle high,
Searching the beam of heaven unwinkingly.

They land—they spread innumerable on the shore,
Like summer insects when in swarms they pour.

The meantime Croghan ever in his thought,
Had held the precepts that the veteran taught,
To keep his mind upon assailants bent,
And then they him would never circumvent.

Soon as he mark'd the gathering of the foe,
It caus'd a richness through his heart to flow ;
A martial kindling in his bosom came,
And touch'd each word as with a seraph's flame :

“ Behold invasion darkening on the sight !
Say, feel ye not no thrilling of delight ?
My young companions, harness'd new in arms,
Does not the prospect to your souls bring charms ?
Yes, I behold a language in your eye,
That speaks what inward is your ecstasy !

“Let each with holy breath invoke his fair
To nerve his arm for something that is rare ;
By them inspir’d our enemies must die,
And register our names on tablets high !

“What though like swarming they oppress the ground,
And hem our walls with multitudes around,
Raise but the thoughts to admiration’s height,
And, lo ! we ’ll foil and bury them in night,
And clothe our country with a robe of light !”

Warm like the kindling of a meteor spark,
Breaking the solidness of midnight dark,
The flame of Croghan enter’d to the soul,
And prompt they answer’d : “ Onward let them roll—
Yea, let the foe spout cataracts of fire
And flood the fort, with life we ’ll ne’er retire ! ”

What time this pass’d, the legions of the Crown,
Impatient gaz’d to see the Eagle down.
Dixon’s grim host stood sharpening up their knives.
Intent to scalp and massacre their lives.
Saliva druling from their jaws was seen,
While hunger gnaw’d upon their stomachs keen
To eat the heart of Croghan—tear his flesh,
And drink the fountain of his bosom fresh.

Proctor at length with vehemence of look,
To Chambers, Elliot, his impatience spoke :

“ What ! dare they think resistance to our will ?
Forth shall the savage have command to kill !
With truce, proceed—alarm him of his fate—
At setting sun, to yield will be too late !

Worse than at Raisin will I be his death—
By small degrees I 'll fry away his breath !”

They in their silence his instructions heard—
The flag of peace suspended on a sword,
With lofty carriage o'er the heath they strode,
With all the pomp that royalty bestow'd.

Proctor breath'd poison in the Prophet's ear—
He bade him lurk and hover on the rear,
And seize upon the warrior sent from fort,
To break the league and then begin the sport.

Croghan with strict observance soon beheld
The truce approach; ardent to Shipp he wheel'd,—
Who scarce had summers seen, twice five and seven,
But all his youth was to his country given.

“ Brother in arms ! behold, their flag arrives !
Salute it on the field ; they seek our lives.
Let thy bold answer enter to the soul—
When all are slain, we yield to their control !”

Shipp without answer, touch'd with beauty's glow,
Advanc'd to meet the parley of the foe ;
The perfect symmetry of every limb,
Seem'd to impart a buoyancy to swim ;
Quick round his eye an infant lightning ran,
Which show'd the promise of the future man.

Chambers important, met the blushing boy,
And labour'd thus his virtue to decoy :

“ Knowing the rashness of unguarded youth,
Proctor our general, noted for his truth,

Hath sent this flag to warn you of your fate,
Ere that his arms your lives annihilate.

“Look round! behold our threatening standards dread!
Observe the cannibals to strike you dead!
Mark! how they brandish in the air their knives!
Go—and with prayers surrender up your lives.”

* * * * * *

Shipp paus'd—his breast was full: “*He* knows our
youth—

We also know this mighty man of truth—
And render him our thanks to grant us word,
That we with *prayer* surrender up our sword;
But please you whisper in his gracious ear,
No prayers from us repentant will he hear;
We pray to none, save Him who dwells on high,
The centre point of immortality.
Yon Eagle from her height will ne'er retire
Till her defenders in the dust expire!”

He spoke with searching eye, and wheel'd to march—
“Tarry, fair youth”—thus serpent Elliot arch.

“Never my tongue a flattering speech declar'd—
'Tis poison to my soul—with hell compar'd;
But to behold thee in thy peerless bloom,
Devoted to endure a savage doom,
Gives to my heart a sympathy of grief—
Beyond my power to offer you relief.
The rose upon thy cheek will pale like snow—
The fountain of thy heart will cease to flow.
That eye that swims in firmamental blue,
Irons tipt with fire will lingering pierce it through!

These locks that thy fair lineaments adorn,
Will from thy skull by gory hands be torn!

“Come to my bosom! shelter thou with me,
And I to you a guardianship will be.
Come—be ennobled with Britannia’s power!
And royal honours---wealth—”

“Poison, no more!
No more I’ll hear the serpent of thy tongue—
Suppress the note! a croaking, raven song!

“Come to *thy* bosom! *bosom* that retains
The crimes the blackest of infernal stains!
Come to *thy* bosom!--*royal honours*!--what?
A *bosom* nursing vipers---hell begot!

“Never you flatter’d with an oily word!
And is it poison? pestilence abhorr’d?
Do not thy thoughts with guilt of murder start,
When that thou think’st thy treachery to Hart?
Does not his spirit trouble thee at night,
And walking dead men terrify thy sight?

“And canst thou hear without a blush his name?
It proves thy baseness, link’d to damning fame!

“Good heaven! suppress the rising of my soul—
My crowded heart is breaking from control!
His martyr’d blood will nerve our arms with power—
Advance to yonder mound and death shall thee devour!”

Like muster’d thunders when they wrathful break,
Causing the battlements of heaven to shake,
Link’d round with chains of fire:---such was the peal
From Freedom’s youth, which made them shrinking *feel*;

Such was the flash that lighten'd from his eye,
Which burnt upon their hearts like agony.

Shipp purpos'd to return,---but Prophet sly,
Crouch'd from his hiding,---as his blade swung by,
Caught at the scabbard ! Shipp without a word,
Turn'd short, and as he wheel'd, he bar'd his sword—
The savage drew his axe ! burning they stood,
Their threatening arms in act to taste of blood !

But as their weapons felt the grasping hand
To smite the other bleeding on the sand,
Chambers beheld, and rush'd himself between,
And check'd the Indian with reproving mien :

Thus Gabriel, Satan, on the walls of Eden,
Stood fix'd in wrath---their dreadful powers even;
Satan dilated horrid for the fight,
And Gabriel strengthen'd with eternal might ;
But, lo! in heaven the parting scales were seen—
Satan retir'd----a cloud upon his mien.

* * * * *

Shipp smothers up his blade which yet still burns,
And back to Croghan with strong pulse, returns—
Makes known the circumstance of Elliot's art
At first to frighten, then to bribe his heart.

Blank'd gaz'd the heralds with confusion's eye
To be defeated in their embassy.
Their conscience struggled to suppress the truth—
Their deep designs outmaster'd by a youth.

Back to the camp of Proctor they recede,
And state in whispers what the boy had said.

* * * * *

“ Dare they resistance ? send me such report ?
Quick let the brass dash ruin on the fort !
Ply the huge mortars----set fire to the air
With hissing bounds to desolate them there.
Soon mercy will they plead with prayerful cry—
But prayers I answer with mortality !
The threatening of my promise shall be good—
I ’ll make a warm bath of their smoking blood !

“ Away----and burn the element with flame----
An hour hence, not one shall have a name !”

The mortars rend the element,---rebound
The shells----the guns in unison resound ;
But Croghan stands unchang’d----outlooks the blast,
Which rolls above him the sublime and vast :

Thus when a youth, on Avon, Shakspeare stood
To gaze on nature in her wildest mood,
For now the clouds were mustering in the north
To pour a deluge in tornado forth.
Their broken savageness attract his sight,
Rolling in darkness, mixing day with night.
Dread through the firmament glance lightning fires—
New thunders peal ere half the flash expires;
The poet’s mind takes wing upon the storm,
And riots awful in the dark deform:

So Croghan stands and glories in the scene,
His young companions firm in discipline.

At length the veil of night, the foe conceals,
And Proctor to his chiefs his pain reveals:

“ And do they foil us?—never will they yield?
What! without answer, do they dare the field?
Verily they stand—defy our best!
They heed us not, but seem with slumber press’d.
Nothing of brass upon our lines they turn—
No—nor a sparkle has been seen to burn.

“ In different manner we ’ll our strength put forth—
We ’ll bulwarks raise to batter down the earth.
Chambers, the guns upon the river flame,
While embrasures, will Short and Gorden frame;
That when the dawn shall open in the east,
We ’ll break their walls and let the savage feast.”

Chambers and Elliot to the boats repair,
To hurl the bombs like wild things through the air;
Th’ intrenchers follow the command of Short
And Gorden—to annihilate the fort.
The labour smokes by fresh unwearied men,
The spaders rear where mattockers had been.
Through different ports the cannon frown severe,
Early at day to shake the hemisphere.

Meanwhile round Croghan stood his little group
Of officers, determin’d ne’er to stoop
A joint to kneeling, save to smiting death,
While they should draw the breathing of a breath—
Bolling of lofty sentiment, and Brown,
With ardent impulse reaching for renown;
Meaks, Hunter, Johnson, Baylor—firm to die;
Shipp, Dunkin, Anthony—hearts beating high—
Met to consult;—their warriors outwardly

Station'd with promptness to attend their word,
When they in plans defensive should accord.

Hunter to Croghan: "Shall we touch the fire,
And cause these fighting barges to retire?
See—they more daring in their progress grow—
By small degrees upon our flag they row.
Our globes would strike and shiver many a boat,
And cause their ruins with the stream to float."

The youth his judgment show'd: "Thy words are
just,
That we full many in the stream could thrust;
But oft it happens that for transient gain,
We lose the cause our efforts would attain:
Now, should we open with our brass, indeed,
We soon could force their mortars to recede;
But mark, the bombs in wandering circles fly—
They break beyond us—scattering through the sky;
Hence, should we them, more distantly remove,
They might more dangerous to our safety prove.

"Beside, if we no opposition show,
In time, 'twill make more venturesome the foe,
And foil him from his guard—the moment then,
We 'll let him know how soon that boys are men.

"Johnson, your files will occupy the north—
Hunter, the south—to meet their coming forth.
Dunkin, th' east is yours,—Baylor, yours the west.
Meaks, charge th' exploder. Each in turn will rest.
The cannon's voice will rouse us with alarms,
Should they in darkness make th' attempt by arms."

Martial, yet modest he the word proclaim'd,
And each fulfill'd it, with emotions flam'd.
The sentries watch with jealousy of soul,
While o'er their heads the meteorous bomb-shells roll.

At length the waning moon with silver horn
Shines on her hill---precursor of the morn;
Venus her daughter, slow behind her moves
With bashful footsteps o'er the mountain groves;
As nature, beautiful,---as heaven, divine---
Like holy things with loveliness they shine.
They catch the soul's devotion as they rise,
While just below gray twilight streaks the skies.

As darkness vanisheth, the works are seen,
At which th' invaders had at labour been.
Croghan breaks forth: " Behold, they 've chang'd their
site!

The river is at peace---on land they fight!
How violent they dash the fire severe!
And let them dash it---none regards it here!
Void of effect they magnify the flame---
Soon they 'll exhaust like madness when it 's tame.

" See how the balls that strike us on the north,
Lie in their slumber---bedded in the earth!
As yet, the strife would but our arms debase---
But 'twould the nation's character disgrace,
Without a gun, to let them home return---
If nothing more, salute from us shall burn.

“ The stars with brilliance in their orbits shine
Full in the breeze, like jewelry divine.
The Eagle points her arrows---flaps her wing
To hear the roughening voice of war to ring.
I feel strange rapture stirring in my breast,
That never yet by language was express’d.
Stand pillar’d to the earth! The coming even,
My mind forebodes we ’ll send their souls to heaven.
Be nothing daunted,---take substantial life
To give your valour energy in strife;
Man cannot live upon the mind, but food
Must give his body nourishment of blood.”

He touch’d their youthful hearts like touch of fire,
Which gave their souls a newness of desire.
Unmov’d they seated and their hunger stay’d—
And every purpose of his will obey’d,
While bent on death the Albions cannonade.

Proctor discover’d his exertions vain,
And while a madness foam’d within his brain,
Boisterous his tongue: “ Will thunder not remove—
Nothing reduce yon Eagle from above?

“ At angle of the north the cannon, bend—
There breach the wall and cause it to descend.
No more the time with useless toil consume,
But plunge with steel and strike them to the tomb.”

He said. And presently his will was done—
True at the angle bent was every gun.
As hail descending from a spring-time cloud,
Beats on the earth to kill its tender bud,

So, thick the globes from th' assailants burst
Striking the fort to level it to dust,—
To smite the youths that hold it in their trust.

Croghan soon scann'd the motive of the foe—
To storm and enter to his overthrow.

“ Behold, their future purposes are plain!
Strengthen the angle—make their batterings vain!
Baylor, Anthony, with rapid hand,
Defy a breach with canisters of sand.
Shipp, Hunter, Dunkin, the full store bring forth,
And form a double fencement on the north.
They now design with steel our hearts to pierce—
Their former warfare total they reverse.
And let them come like waves of tempest sea,
We 'll meet them here, and meet them smilingly !

“ In northern bastion—Meaks, the common place,
And close conceal it from the spoiling race.
Six practis'd warriors to assist thee take,
And cautious level through the fosse to rake.
Crowd but half weight of death-dust in its womb,
To spread in its eruption general doom ;
But to the full load canister and ball,
That when it opens ranks on ranks may fall.”

Presently the whole commence the toil—
And soon th' effect of showering globes they foil.
Meaks crowds the brass as Croghan gave in charge,
With grape and canister both small and large—
Then scatters leaves as thoughtless, yet with care,
That none might notice what of death was there.

Prepar'd—they silent to their places hie,
To watch the movements of the enemy :

Thus when a fowler having set his snare
To trap a flock of wild doves in the air,
Retires, hope thrilling, to his secret blind,
To ken their motions as they ride the wind,
And restless counts the time to see them come,
To spring the net that folds them in their doom :

With like impatience the young heroes wait,
To mark the foe to rush upon his fate.

While thus the forted ; Proctor with his glass,
Observ'd a breach accomplish'd by his brass—
For, lo ! a blemish on his pupil gray,
Threw a beam broken on the retina,
Which in the brain produc'd a motion there,
As though the angle had been swept in air—
Glad at his heart—stepping with lofty port,
Thus pompous he to Dixon and to Short :

“ Their flag is ours ! They soon shall be in tears—
The whole in ruins to my sight appears !

“ Short, through the breach with thy battalions, on !
Regard you not the bursting of a gun ;
For had they cannonry the globes to throw,
Its jaws had stream'd the battle-fire ere now.
Heed not the flashing of the rifles small—
Strike ere the sparkle scorches to the ball.

“ Round to the south, thy wild men, Dixon, wheel,
And, Gordon, thy command. With bayonet-steel,

Deepening advance till opposite the rear,
 Then raise the death-yell to alarm their fear;
 This will allure them from the breach away,
 Till Short shall enter and decide the day."

His officers comply with hellish zeal,
 And all the savageness of Proctor feel.
 Dixon with scarce an attribute of man,
 Proceeds contriving blood to head his clan.
 The eye of Short burnt with the rage of sin,
 Which show'd the workings of his heart within;
 He join'd the squadrons with a demon's tread—
 Unsparing murder brewing in his head.

* * * * *

Meantime the sovereignty that governs night,
 Prince Lucifer returning from the fight,
 At Valparaiso sought his mountain stand,
 To hold communion with his hellish band.

Beneath a ledge of hanging rocks he sits,
 Showing his feeling by his brow that knits.
 His subjects rise to pay him homage due—
 While in this attitude an agent flew,
 And stood before the throne!—A moment past,
 He walk'd with Proctor as the engines cast
 'The smiting globes to batter down the fort—
 He comes th' impending tidings to report:

"High priest of hell! alas, thy mortal son,
 Proctor, of late, was partially undone;
 In spite of all my art a mad sortie
 Drove him disaster'd o'er the inland sea;

But, lo ! Tecumseh with resistless power,
O'erwhelm'd an army on the adverse shore.

"Now at Sandusky are a chosen host—
Royals and savages—Britannia's boast—
Striving the walls with heavy guns to breach,
That they with steel may its defenders reach.
A beardless boy commands—hence nothing doubt,
But Proctor soon will raise triumphant shout."

* * * * *

During this speech with an unalter'd eye
He weigh'd his thoughts : At length he deign'd reply :

"*Triumphant shout !* No—never will it be,
So fix'd they stand in battle desperately.
Hadst thou seen that which they in harbour fought,
Not thou nor hell would call their valour nought.
Though Albion balances their courage light,
Her ships had sunk, had We withheld our might—
The Essex, made half shipwreck by a blast,
Had conquer'd two of a superior cast !

"Yea, and but recently on Queenstown height,
They 'd won the field—but discord plann'd aright—
Fredonia there———

"But why with words delay?
The time admits not of a moment's stay.
'Twould like a palsy all our hopes destroy,
Should Proctor now be routed by a boy.

"Haste to the infernal caldron—ply the fire,
Fashion a cloud and in its folds retire,
Smother the elements—obscure their sight,
That Proctor may advance and gain the fight—
Render the fort impervious to the light—

But hold—no agency will now suffice—
Too, too momentous is the enterprise ;
Ourself will go—but you the cloud may form
Equal in darkness to a midnight storm.”

The agent heard, and waiting no reply,
To its fulfilment parted instantly.

Beneath a jutting ledge the caldron stands,
Fashion'd in rudeness by gigantic hands,
Fill'd to the brim with burnings of the lake,
Infernal robes with sulphurous fringe to make.
Surcharg'd with ire approach'd the Stygian name,
And gnash'd his teeth from which the seeds of flame,
Leap'd to the lava with attractive power,
Like the quick lightning to the midnight shower—
Or like the dust that kindles mortal strife,
Draws from the flint to strike it into life.
Th' ingredients feel the particles of fire—
A thousand flashes at the touch aspire—
Black as the flames that feed upon a ghost,
Suffering for hell-crimes, once his vulgar boast ;
And such the virtue of the lighted mass,
It burns for ages ever what it was !

A cloud of solid darkness passes forth,
And veils in horror the bleak mountain north.
For murder'd blood the druling panthers prowl—
At passing shadows wolves in caverns howl.
As mad the lava boiling tosses high,
Nests of live lightnings from the caldron fly,

Which winding upward, leap along the cloud,
Whilst muttering thunders groan and earthquakes rum-
ble loud.

As darkening he beside the caldron stands,
A lightning-chain he seizes in his hands—
Slow he ascends upon the coffin blast,
Gripping the serpent fire with sinew fast.
As round his form terrifical it plays,
His gory locks are quicken'd to a blaze,
Which still remain unalter'd, unconsumed,
While death's grim spectre on his breast sits plum'd.

As savage Dixon led his scalpers round,
Unknown,—to gain advantage of the ground ;
To keep the torturous fire conceal'd from view,
He to himself its horrid fashion drew :

He *will'd*—his system non electric came,
And, at the instant, glanc'd the hellish flame
Into his heart—and there in coil it laid,
A fiery globe of links of lightning made.
This done—upon the rampart sinks the cloud,
Which blinds the whole as with a covering shroud,
So deep—that Croghan marks not Dixon's race,
Moving unheard to cause his life to cease ;
Nor can his eye discern the files of Short,
Eager at Dixon's yell to rush the fort.

His purpose thus accomplish'd he descends,
And with the elements of warfare blends.

The time that Dixon led his fiends around
To scale the southern angle of the mound,

Short to his legions thus : " Soon shall we hear
The savage voice to give them to the spear.
This sudden darkness favours our design,
For not an eye can pierce our moving line.
Press to the mark and drive the work of death—
Transfix vitality—plunge souls beneath.

But curb must we till Dixon passes round
South of their flag and screams the deafening sound,
Then it is ours the parapet to leap,
And strike their bosoms with the bayonet deep.

The darkness fades ! hark—slaughter hath begun !
Charge, warriors, charge !—with pointed steel, charge
on !"

His column heard the order. Thirsting for blood,
They rush'd in arms—the noise like torrent flood.

The youths in breathless silence stood prepared
The every bastion of the fort to guard,
Defying all surprise, though compass'd round
With mist impervious—yet they catch the sound
Of every breathing breath with feverish ear—
But scarce a whisper travels through the sphere ;
The foe was cautious that no sound should break,
The least suspicion in their minds to wake.

But what is hearing, feeling, smelling, taste,
To *sight*—which spreads creation like a feast !—
This sense shut out, the others are a dream—
Scarce are they worth a momentary gleam,
Which to the soul quick passes through the eye,
Holding sweet converse with the Deity.

Of sight depriv'd—at length their spirits droop—
The stars look dim—the Eagle seems to stoop ;
Croghan, who never felt a chill before,
Now feels it icy to his inmost core.

He breathes the anguish of his soul to heaven :

“ O Thou from whom the quickening light is given !
Scatter this cloud which blinds the holy sun—
Give us but light and let our life be done ! ”

Rapid it flew upon the wing of thought—
Brief was this answer to the Goddess brought :

“ Accepted is the prayer ! ” From Deity,
A seraph bore it wing'd on ecstasy.

Fredonia drank the music on her car,
And swift descended to the scene of war ;
Th' infernal shroud contracted as she came—
Before her breath it vanished like a flame !

* * * * *

Croghan stood transc'd in admiration strange,
To mark the wonder of the brilliant change :

So thus a stranger with excitement strong,
Explor'd Kentucky's cave, the rocks among,
Where darkness dwells deep as chaotic night,
Ere glanc'd from heaven th' irradiating light—
Where labyrinths and chasms yawn around,
For leagues extending multiform, profound.
Behold, amid these giant dangers vast,
From out a cavern sudden rush'd a blast,
And bore away the brilliance of his lamp,
Add left him blinded in the dungeon, damp !

Pierc'd with despair he sinks upon the earth,
 Smiting his bosom—pouring death-groans forth.—
 Buried alive! yet still he finds his life
 Beats in his veins,—with resolution rife,
 He makes th' attempt, groping on his way,
 Hopeful to find the blessedness of day.
 For many a weary hour the rocks he feels,
 And then devout in holy prayer he kneels.
 Another day he grovels press'd with fears,
 And then resigning, yields himself to tears.
 His tears suppress'd—he makes one effort more,
 Though drops expiring ooze from every pore.
 Yielding at length, he lifts his eye to pray,
 His limbs all icy as the grave-yard clay—
 Behold he gazes on the morning star,
 Bright like an angel on God's throne afar!
 He faints!—the transport rushing on his soul,
 Ravish'd like heaven, though reach'd th' immortal goal!

So Croghan, when the shrouding darkness fled,
 Felt joys unknown—though risen from the dead!

* * * * *

Lo, as the savage crouching were conceal'd—
 In act to spring—their purpose was reveal'd!

Hunter, the moment with a prospect good,
 With many a death-wound drove them to the wood:

As when Virginians travelling to the west
 To till the bosom of Kentucky, blest
 With fattening life—at night beside a spring,
 Pitch their abode till morn's bright star should bring
 The promise of a day. The moon is dark,
 And veil'd in heaven is every jewel spark;

Thus favour'd,—lo, a band of ruffians sly,
Compass the lines with evil in their eye
To seize the booty---their retreat make good
By flying to the wilderness of wood.
While in this hope, their bosoms beating proud,
Behold the moon between a parted cloud,
Shines in broad majesty, their fell disguise
At once exposing to the travellers' eyes,
Who boldly snatch upon their arms at hand,
And drive the felons bleeding from the land.

So Hunter jealous, when celestial breath
Scatter'd the cloud which dropp'd the dew of death,
Blaz'd at the crouching enemy a stream,
Which rous'd them gory from their tranceful dream.
With shrieking many from their posture sprung,
And never more was heard their murderous tongue.

The rushing columns in command of Short,
Dampen and scatter by the same report ;
But to their fears he bends an eye that flames—
And thus upbraiding wrathfully exclaims :

“ What has made dry the fountain of your breast ?
And are ye by our allies' yell distress'd ?
What, never heard a scalping note before,
That now you shrink to leap th' intrenchment o'er ?
Steel shall the coward, pierce ! Each fear begone ;
A solid movement and the strife is done—
A proud attainment of our object won ! ”

As clouds are gather'd at the voice of storm,
So at his threatening the battalions form,

Casting a stern defiance at the walls,
Regardless of the nest of sleeping balls.

“ Let scowling darkness muffle up the brow !
Prepare to strike a massacreing blow !
Riot—consume !—let nothing vital live !
No term of mercy to the kneeling give !”*

At the hell speech his person all grew dark,
Staining his features with infernal mark,
Like to a culprit strangled by the cord,
Bursting his eyeballs with a look abhorr’d.

Foaming a tiger to the fosse he strode,
Muttering the youths to sacrifice their blood.
His squadrons press revengeful on the rear,
Not dreaming death that stares upon them near.

The mean time Croghan waited with desire,
Watching their movements with an eye of fire.
Soon fills the trench with the progressing crowd,
Like the deep swarming of an insect cloud.
To Meaks he gives the token with his sword—
At once the warrior comprehends the word,
And whirls the match its smouldering to excite,
Which as it kindles burns a circle bright ;
When in full glow, to where the priming lies,
He brings it down with circumspective eyes,
His bosom throbbing with anxieties.
The sulphur’d dust impatient shows its strife---
The starting cannon thunders into life !

* * * * *

* “ Damn the Yankees ! give them no quarters.”—*Short.*

The living stand astonish'd----shivering mute----
Smitten----o'erwhelm'd each motive attribute !

As when the ministers of justice trace
A band of coiners to their hiding place;
They enter while the felons are abroad,
Ranging the city, practising their fraud.
Cautious they fix themselves behind a screen,
From whence their darkening movements might be
seen.

Now when the hour of busy life is done,
And nothing more deceptious to be won,
Back to their rendezvous the traitors hie
For new impressions of their forgery.
With jeers they sum their ill-begotten spoil,
And boast their arts with a demoniac smile--
How they the aged matron had deceiv'd,
Or how th' unpractis'd youth had them believ'd--
While boasting thus and planning to repeat
Their treacherous guile the innocent to cheat,
Behold the terror of the law appears !
They pause like dead things, overcome with fears !

So like these felons stand the British host--
Bewilder'd--frenzied--in their terror lost.
They look like ghosts new risen from the dead,
So pale their visages o'ercast with dread.

Recharg'd, the fatal brass explodes again----
Again----again----it magnifies the slain,
While deadly rifles with precision pour,
A fiery stream which bathes their breasts in gore.

The searching balls the flying ranks, pursue,
And many a beating of a heart subdue.
Those that have life limp awkward o'er the plain,
Sprinkling their staggering path with crimson stain.

At length they shelter in their bulwarks strong,
And War in silence muffles up his tongue.
The brave defenders charge the brass the same,
The prime, place ready to receive the flame.
Shipp, Hunter, Anthony and Baylor form
Meaks, Johnson, Dunkin----for a second storm,
Should allies dare to move upon them more,
To cause a tide of blood to wash the shore.

Soon by the art of the beguiling Power,
The Britons rise, regardless of the shower
That hurl'd a fiery bosom at their life,
Which drain'd the hearts of hundreds in the strife.
Gorden by Proctor's mandate rules the whole,
For Short was now resigning up his soul.
Gorden this speech pronounc'd: "With royal port!
Lock'd in solidity, we rush the fort!
What! and shall boys our energies resist?
No—proudly on and make them give like mist.
Reveal the untam'd Lion in his rage,—
Let sword and steel lean forward to engage.
The brow hard wrinkle, and tight cramp the breath—
Slaughter—consume—annihilate in death."

As deep with heavy tread they beat the ground,
Their labouring feet like plunging river sound.

Clouds of black dust in whirling eddies rise,
Eclipse their bayonets and obscure the skies.
Like ocean's heaving waves they roll their force,
Or mad streams bursting from their rocky source.
They crowd the trenchment—press the recent dead,
Mangling the bodies with a slippery tread.

Lo, Croghan waves his falchion as before !
The cannon answers with redoubling roar !
The burning weapons follow swift behind—
A scream of death comes riding on the wind !
The tubes with rapidness repeat the flame—
From quivering hearts, blood gushes in a stream !
A remnant fly delirious with despair,
While numbers fall and breathe their lives out there.

Th' Invisible beheld the moment his,
Or the boy triumphs o'er his enemies.
He calls the globe within him to aspire—
Behold it comes and quickens into fire !
With matchless strength, save that of heavenly might,
He hurls it violent the mound to smite.
He cast no eye behind him as it flew,
For, lo ! Fredonia, suddenly he knew
By glancing spear that burnt upon his view !
Forth when the lightning-ball forsook his hand,
It spread like thousand vipers o'er the sand,
Hissing with tongues of fire ;—these, none were seen,
Save by the Goddess on her car serene—
But she the fiery pestilence beheld,
And interpos'd the virtue of her shield ;

The serpent lightnings wound in torment there,
And then like smoke dissolv'd away in air.

During the slaughter, Proctor on the rear,
Stood in his trembling exercis'd with fear.
Perchance a rifle whizzing by his head,
He fell, and gasp'd, as number'd with the dead.
His quivering flesh with damps of death grew pale—
His pulse faint fluttering show'd his being frail.

Elliot and Dixon saw him in his fall,
And hurrying rais'd and bore him to his yawl,
While the young victors made the cannon roar,
Sweeping at times whole ranks upon the shore.
With wilder'd look glaring from mind to mind,
They, glad with life, forsook their all behind—
Leap'd to their barges—snatch'd the ready oar,
And skimm'd the waters, crimson'd with their gore.

Their fainted general (slaughter'd as was thought,)
Now gasp'd to taste of breath!—convuls'd effort.
Elliot affrighted, with astonish'd air
Startled—a horror lifting every hair;
Each knee relax'd, against the other knock'd,
When Proctor thus his foaming jaws unlock'd:

“What visages are these that stand apart,
Showing their wounds? I never slew thee, Hart!
'Twas *Elliot* promis'd to convey thee o'er,—
Not me—Cawataw from thy bosom tore
Thy rooted heart. What! ghost of Hickman, too!

I sent a guard—what more that I could do?
Mac Cracken, Woolfork! why do you appear?
I not you murder'd—*Elliot*, he was near,
Urging the massacre! What scalps you hold,
Dropping fresh blood? Strange answer—*British gold!*
If gold hath murder done, why visit me?
I never scalp'd the head of enemy.

“ Whence issue forth these flames? And must I go
With these black ministers to endless wo?
Is this the gulf Tartarus? this blast
From out of hell? And here must I be cast?
Alas, my guilt! O that my hands were pure!
This rack—this rack,—my heart can ne'er endure!”

Here broke his dreaming tongue in fearful roar,
So much like hell, each bargeman dropp'd his oar.
The surgeon thinking that his brain was press'd,
Open'd the temporal vein and soon his mind found rest.

When Croghan saw the gloomy host retire,
T' assist the bruise'd absorb'd his whole desire;
That soul that kindled when the tempest grew,
Was soft as woman when the storm withdrew.
The cry for water pierc'd him to the heart:

“ Haste, my young friends, the blessing to impart.
With cooling drops their burning pangs assuage—
Relieve with mercy and forget their rage.”

The youths with pity melting in their eye
With streams of life, the perishing, supply.
They bind their wounds, which keen with anguish burn,
For schemes of murder, blessings they return!

Croghan spied Short upon the verge of-death,
 Panting and struggling for a gasp of breath;
 His heart the moment yearn'd to give him aid—
 Soft he approach'd, and, with his left hand laid
 Beneath his head—supported—wash'd his brow,
 And then the draught, presented to his foe!

* * * * *

Short drank the fountain;—slow he turn'd his eye,
 And saw the youth—his generous enemy!
 His soul quick melted with its passion dumb,—
 The feeble flutter of his heart o'ercome;
 For, lo! the draught his failing nerves, restrung,
 And partial gave the motion of his tongue;
 But Croghan's kindness took his strength away—
 He spoke one tear, but nothing more could say;
 For now remote from Proctor and his clan,
 The dying Briton felt himself a man.

His passions having ebb'd, small power returns—
 Dim with its light, his lamp of being burns.
 At length remorseful: “Let—O let me go
 To find my home—the gulf that yawns below!
 O what a list before my sight will rise
 To fix my soul in penal miseries!

“Canst thou, fair youth! forgive the crimes I have,
 And soothe my spirit hovering o'er the grave?
 Thou canst! I read it in thy brimming eye—
 But wo is me! how miserable I die!
 My heart was bent to mar thy youthful bloom,
 And shroud thine angel virtues in the tomb!

But O, repentance from *that* heart receive—
I can no more—'tis all I have to give.
Grant my request to press thee by the hand,
Ere my soul travels that unheard-of land."

Croghan his hand reach'd forth—which thrice he
press'd
Soft to his lips, then laid it on his breast.

"In peace I now retire. Fare—fare thee well—
I visit regions that no tongue can tell!"

Croghan supports him pillow'd on his heart,
Soothing his spirit, pierc'd with torturing dart,
Till the last tendrils of existence part.

So, bright in heaven the god-like deed appears,
Angels behold it with their eyes in tears.

Fredonia comes,—and, from her rainbow'd car,
Proclaims her son to every listening star:

"Brighten your beams, ye Sun, and Planets seven!
And cast new brilliance through the crystal heaven,
Or Croghan's name your virtues, will excel—
Yea, with its light, your golden orbits, veil!
Th' enfranchis'd spirits rapturous, leave the sky,
To gaze with wonder on mortality!"

CANTO XVII.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

ARGUMENT.

Tecumseh retreats from Fort Meigs. Elliot's night expedition. Perry sails from Black Rock,—having discovered the enemy, he retires to Put-in-bay. The sailing of the British. The battle. The scene—Fort Meigs, Black Rock, and Lake Erie. The book ends three days after Croghan's defence of fort Sandusky.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XVII.

MEANWHILE Tecumseh, Proctor to support,
Tax'd his invention to deceive the fort ;
Battles, contriving with superior skill
To draw the patriot army from the hill—
But well the heroes his intention scann'd,
And render'd vain what he with judgment plann'd.

As slow the sun descends the western deep,
Soft on the mountain tops like love in sleep,
His last rays linger. Soon night's virgin queen,
Touch'd with a bashful modesty, is seen,
Fair brightening in mid heaven. Like a coy maid,
At times she veils her beauty in a shade—
At times from curling mist her cheek she shows,
And on the sun a thrilling love-glance throws,
Which he enraptur'd catches from her eye,
And back returns it burnishing the sky.
His notice fills her bosom with delight---
To grace her form more pleasing to his sight,

She calls the stars : forth at her voice serene,
They come with dancing o'er the nightly scene.
They wreathe her snowy bosom, and bedeck
With starry chain the graces of her neck.

These gems ethereal elevate her charms,
And all her lover into transport warms ;
He sends a kiss, in which his soul is given,
Sweeter than manna from the hand of heaven----
To press her dewy lips and silent tell,
How, with her loveliness his affections thrill.

Smooth it glides forth upon a cloud as bright
As that which wraps a messenger of light,
Sent to attend the sainted of the earth----
To bear to heaven their aspirations forth.

It weds her silvery lips ! A bashful glow
Runs through her heart and blushes on her brow.
She turns with languishment her cheeks aside,
Like the delicious passion of a bride----
But, lo ! the kissing cloud dissolv'd away,
Her smile of love makes earth and heaven look gay.

* * * * *

When Chambers saw the regal effort lost,
He, calm in mind,---the rest a panic host,
Ponder'd the state in which Tecumseh stood----
Void of support and barr'd by Erie's flood.

Scarce the thought reach'd him when he leap'd his
horse,
And as the moon was smiling in her course,
He found Tecumseth in his depth of mind,
Searching for plans his enemy to blind :

"Tecumseh, break thy musing ! Lo, I come,
 Press'd with defeat to speak to thee of home.
 Our promis'd triumph is a field of blood !
 Yea, all our prospects are in widowhood !
 My soul reluctant manifests the truth----
 We 've been disaster'd by a beardless youth !
 Mine eyes saw Proctor like a dead man fall----
 Dixon and Elliot bore him to his yawl.

" There 's nothing royal to sustain you here----
 And all Kentucky is in progress near !
 Johnson, a chief unconquerable as flame,
 Hath pass'd with mounted arms Ohio's stream !
 And Perry now is practising to sail—
 Alas, should Barclay in the action fail !
 But never can I think that grief can be—
 No more----but backward for thy safety flee."

* * * * *

Tecumseh darkening stood. His jutting brow
 Gather'd a frown, while passion's fiery glow
 Flash'd from his eye. He look'd an ancient tower,
 When clouds and moonlight mix the solemn hour----
 Which prov'd the workings of his soul within
 His bosom smothering sighs. At length his words
 begin :

" Defeated !----Proctor dead !----What, can a boy,
 A sapling youth, the forest oak destroy ?

" Our hope, Tekelah, is a cloud of night—
 A bud scarce blossom'd puts us to the flight !
 Proctor----me dig his heart----his blood you drain—
 Why talk of him ?----already is he slain.

We now with Reynolds will new death prepare—
Tecumseh yet feels nothing of despair.”

A smother'd silence through the wild men reigns—
They feel as ice were curdling in their veins.
Still as a moving mist they leave the shore,
And dead with heavy motion labouring swing the oar.

A thrill of gladness the Fredonians felt,
When they beheld the savage darkness melt—
Their joy was like a hunter seeking game
On Deer-Grove Island in Ohio's stream.
Lo, while the trails he eagerly pursu'd,
Rains pouring from the mountains swell'd the flood
And sunk his skiff! Behold he found his bark
Lost in the freshet----all his hopes were dark.
Th' augmenting waves still magnified his dread,
That soon they 'd rise and o'er the island spread!
At length when three long tedious days were past,
While the clear moon her silver image cast
Deep in the flooding mirror,----glad his eye
Perceiv'd the waters were receding by,
Smooth creeping down the beach, sand after sand,
Which made the feelings of his heart expand.
Soon by its halser fast his light skiff show'd,
And through his breast redeeming transport flow'd :

Such was the patriots' joy, when like a stream,
Their foes retir'd beneath the lunar beam.

But Shelby sage with years : “ Wisdom sedate,
Forbids th' affections sudden to elate ;
First learn the cause before our passions rise,
Or it may lure us to a sacrifice.

Perhaps they 've only an excursion made
T' entice and lead us to an ambuscade.
Tecumseh knows the circle of his art—
A thinking head, an executing heart."

His prudent council calm'd their hasty joy—
But who approaches? Shipp, the smooth-cheek'd boy!
Him Croghan sent to manifest the news,
And learn what future were the general's views:

"We 've met the savage and Britannic powers,
And fought the fight, and victory is ours!"

* * * * *

As when a man that never music heard
Of human voice or happy spring-time bird,
His hearing organs clos'd for ever deaf,
Though far he 'd travell'd to obtain relief,
At length a Physic in his art is found,
Who bores the ear-drum and lets in the sound;
The deaf man dances with his soul made young,
To hear the speaking music of the tongue:

So when the youth proclaim'd the triumph o'er,
Lo! each forgot he 'd ever heard before!

They stood in wonder—then their banners round
They wav'd, and fill'd the arch of heaven with sound.
At signal given the boisterous joy was done,
And Shipp proceeding with a blush begun:

"No crimson drop from Freedom's veins was shed—
We stood reserv'd as you instructing said;
But when we open'd, hundreds felt the blow,
And sunk like harvest by the scythe brought low.

They drove a second charge—result the same—
Their lives were gone like feathers in a flame.
Short pour'd his blood—then Gordon press'd the field,
And rumour circulates that Proctor 's kill'd !
Those that had breath disaster'd left the shore,
And for their safety bent upon the oar.

“ As fled th' invaders like a hound-chas'd flock,
Claxton the fortress enter'd from the Rock :
The ships of Perry are in battle trim,
At the first breeze upon the lake to swim :
This he desires—that here wilt thou abide,
Till he shall death or victory decide.

“ I took his message—bade him to return,
To reach the port while heaven with stars should burn.

“ Croghan awaits your orders to remain,
Or hitherward to lead his gallant train.

“ Instruct the youth to wave his standard here—
Whose name endures until the final year
Shall end the sum of things and bring to view
The day that fashions the creation new !

“ Warriors ! I mark impatience in your glance—
But wisdom bends and bends the circumstance.
Johnson approaches with his mounted horse—
Barry and Crittenden to give us force.

“ Now as the conflict on the lake shall bear,
So different motives will command our care,
Offensive or defensive. Mark the word—
Till Perry sinks or swims we sheathe the sword.”

Shipp brief returns. To post the forted hie
To wait whose flag shall wave triumphantly.

When Hull's defeat like pestilence transpir'd,
Perry, t' accomplish what his soul desir'd,
A navy plann'd to navigate the lake,
Th' imperious boastings of the foe to break.

Long had the oaks like ancient patriots bent
Their leafy honours to the element,
To be constructed to elance the flame
Of battle-thunder to the British name.

Rude in their place the future ships commenc'd,
While Perry, equal, every part, dispens'd
To different craftsmen as their knowledge held—
Some in the rough—some finishing excell'd.
He gave a quickening impulse to their toil,
By winning words and approbating smile :

So when in June young bees commence their hive,
With emulative diligence alive,
They press their curious work : Part in the vale
Gather the wax to build the citadel ;
These freight their little thighs and homeward hie
To ease their burdens for a fresh supply ;
Part temper down the unctuous mortar bland,
And form it ready to another's hand,
Who moulds the waxen cells with searchless art,
Smoothing with honied tongue each rugged part ;
Ambitious each the other to excel—
The queen encouraging the doers well :

So like the bees they labour'd on the fleet,
Warm'd with the fire of emulative heat.
Beneath their hands the ships like fiction rose
As if impatient with the foe to close.

Now, as at evening they remit their toil,
They on the lake descry two booming sail,
Which, as the sun withdraws his farewell beam,
Cast with a splash their anchors in the stream.
Beneath the guns of Erie's fort they ride,
Their waving standards imag'd in the tide—
Laden with battle-axes, swords and pikes,
And furs collected from the upper lakes,
And other implements of war from York,
The place of arms—transported for the work.

The larger vessel anchor'd next the shore,
Was nam'd the Adams—Freedom's star she bore,—
But since the period Hull to Brock resign'd,
The Cross has floated o'er her sails of wind.

The second bears the Caledonian name,
That virtue had to wake the Scots to fame,
When Bruce and Wallace on the mountains stood,
And stain'd her rivers with the English blood ;
But now she crouches 'neath the Lion's mane—
Kissing the links of her enslaving chain !

Instant the patriots gazing from the shores,
Beheld the vessels anchor'd with their stores,
A daring impulse burnt in every vein,
To sally forth their royal flags to gain.
The breast of Elliot felt the warmest glow—
Second to Perry to defy the foe :
The state of Mary gave the seaman birth,
Whose yellow wheat is gold upon the earth.
To seek redress for violated laws,
By *slave impressment*, strong his sword he draws.

While each beheld them with desiring eyes,
He thus to Perry touch'd the enterprise :

“ I crave thy counsel whether to proceed—
I feel inclin'd to grapple for the deed.
At the twelfth watch the moon descends the west,
Then will it be to strike them in their rest.”

Thus Perry at a word : “ Yes, well I know
Thy heart is valour's empire—strike the blow !”

Perry consenting—Elliot thus, aloud,
Wak'd the ambition of th' expecting crowd :

“ Ye gazing patriots ! who of you will dare
To venture forth and seize yon vessels there?
Ere harbinger of day in heaven shall shine,
We 'll board and cause their standards to resign.
Who can behold the Cross audacious ride
On yonder Adams and not feel a pride
Burn in his breast to snatch her from the foe,
And place the Eagle on the Lion's brow ?”

Both land and water-men excited rise,
And claim the dangers of the enterprise.
Towson ere long to rank in honour high,
By casting death from his artillery ;
Brooks, young as Croghan, fair as spring-day morn—
But soon his beauty must to heaven return ;
Watts, Turner, Cummings, Baker, Chambers, Roach,
Mullany, Cuyler,—for their fame approach.

Two passions vacillate in Elliot's eye—
Pride, for their daring—but to pass it by
In hearts that beat with longing to receive
E'en but a fraction—makes him partial grieve—

Yet like the spots that on the sun appear,
It shows the brightness of his soul more clear :

“ Your spirit is as fire !—Yet pain and joy,
Mix in my heart,—your pressing for employ
Is gladness to my soul. But all I ask,
Are but twice fifty to perform the task,—
Hence, a denial numbers must receive,
And *this* the cause that makes my heart to grieve :
'Tis fame to *will* the deed. Two barges all
Needful requir'd to make the vessels fall.

By lot must I this nobleness decide—
Equal between the land and fleet divide.”

With ready pen he number'd—cast the lots—
The prize the richest was receiv'd by Watts—
Towson the second number—Roach the next—
Cummings the fourth—and soon the whole was fixed.

Brief the instructions to his potent band :
“ Watts, you 'll conduct the fifty of the land
With Towson, your endeavours, to promote ;
Roach, Cummings, you 'll with me. 'Tis time we float ;
The star of evening has retir'd to rest,
And the bent moon is sinking in the west.”

Scarce died the echo of the welcome sound,
When each divided band with nimble bound
Leap'd in the barges. Baldricks held secure
Pistol and dagger-blade, death's furniture,
The former prim'd t' inflame the sleeping ball,
And cause the life of enemy to fall ;
And bristling pikes cast icy from each yawl
A gleam that struck severe upon the eye,
To fill the mind with mortal tragedy—

For yet a moon-beam wandering o'er the night,
Lit on the steel, thence glanc'd upon the sight.

No whisper heard, with muffled oars they sweep
Like passing shades the bosom of the deep.

Now half the raven wing of night has flown—
The horned moon that hitherto had shone,
Dips her bright edge of silver in the deep,
Whilst busy life is hush'd away in sleep.
A midnight mist ascending dims each star,
As smooth they seek the drowsy ships afar.

By the shrill watch-guard speaking—*all things well*—
Their distance bordering on the foe they tell;
And Elliot whispers Watts: "Slacken the oar!
List! by the echo, we approach the shore.
Behold, them heavy with their slumber press'd—
The Scottish name, your courage will arrest,
While simultaneous on the Adams rear,
We strike—and force submission with the spear.
When barr'd the crew,—divide the cable short,
And urge the sails to bear her from the fort.

"Now let each arm put forth its vigorous might,
And dash the barges!—Valour crowns the night!"

The rowers caught the mandate from his tongue,
And with bold impulse—heart and sinews strong,
Drove the yawls swift, though silently along.

The sentries reckless of the danger nigh,
Retain their post as formal policy;

But, lo, as—*safety*—echo'd from their tongue,
The patriots sudden on the vessels sprung,
And broke their fatal trance !——

Thus on the deep

Two sluggish whales were anchor'd in their sleep,
When sword-fish passing at a distance by,
Beheld, and rous'd their ancient enmity.
In two divisions equal they divide,
And smooth approach them cautious through the tide.
To plan—they rest a moment on the fin,
Then with a dart they thrust their weapons in.
The whales awaken—sea with gore imbu'd—,
They gasp, they groan—their crushing strength subdu'd:

So the first notice to the ships at rest,
That hostile boarders through the waters press'd,
Was their life's crimson mixing in the wave,
Which to their nerves a trembling palsy gave.

But soon the foe recover'd from alarms,
Rush in their might repelling arms with arms.
Through Cummings' better foot a bayonet gleams,
And others pour their willing blood in streams.

At length the foremost of the royals fail—
The few remaining in submission quail.
The brave part cables---sheet the top-sails home---
The waves divided round the vessels foam.

Watts o'er the lake with Caledonia glides,
And all their cannon with proud flag derides ;
For now the fortified enemy alarm'd,
Strove to regain their valu'd ships disarm'd ;

But Adams deeper keel'd, more water drank,
By which she grounded near the hostile bank !----
The victors felt their swelling hearts give back,
To think their prize must crumble to a wreck:

Thus a keen hawk with water-piercing eye,
While sailing on the bosom of the sky,
In the Potomac kens the finny brood,
Reckless of danger sporting in the flood.
A sleeping pike possess'd of equal strength,
Attempts the bird to shoot his wing at length.
He drops with open claws—fastens his prey,
And partial bears it to the shore away;
But at the bank, with alders stooping o'er,
In vain he flaps his sinew'd wings to soar:

So when the keel stood fasten'd in the sand,
Hope vanish'd from the bosom of the band
To keep the prize. And, instant of the broach,
Elliot with hurried speech instructed Roach:

“ Loosen the pinnacle—bear the captives o'er,
And see them landed on the nearest shore;
Dash on return the waters into spray
To float the richest of the spoils away.
The barges from the Rock must give us aid,—
The hour is dark, but scorn to be dismay'd.”

The boat was ready ere the closing word
Rapid was given. The Britons pass on board
The restless yawl,—which forth with spirit flew
And made the cove where Watts his ship hove to—
Hurrying he lands the captives on the shore,
And swift returns with all that bear an oar.

While this was done, the Albions in retort,
Levell'd their massive engines from the fort,
Whose nimble flashes scorch'd the veil of night—
Soon the Fredonians darted back the light:

“Return them blaze for blaze!” Elliot exclaim'd.
“Let every hero show himself inflam'd.
Let cannon burst,—let shells in chorus rise—
Till the last pulse beat, vindicate the prize!”

The ship's explosions to the fort reply,
Which mix and roll terrific through the sky.
Bombs with red circles from the lake are driven,
Like mad stars shooting o'er the face of heaven.
The cannon deafen as the globes rebound,
And many a life falls broken at a sound.

A globe with hissing from the fortress came,
And took from Cuyler all his future fame;
For many a field he proudly would have sought,
And with the bravest of the valiant fought.
Like a young cedar by the lake he grew,
And naught but woodland innocence he knew.

His father told him of the battle day
When royals fled, their ranks in disarray.
Then with a sigh he 'd mention Mercer's name,
And Warren's death---their country to redeem;
But at the time delicious would appear
A smile that seem'd like sporting with his tear.

This warm'd the tender bosom of his son,
Made his cheek kindle and his blood to run;
And when the war-note from the ocean came—
Impressment—bas'd upon a tyrant's claim,

He took the weapon which his father held,
And sought the foremost dangers of the field.
The cruel bolt unsparing broke his side,
Unstrung his heart and hurl'd him in the tide.

Others lie bleeding with unsightly wounds,
While fort and ship repeat incessant rounds.

At length the dust that quickens into life,
Becomes exhausted in the exhausting strife—
But at this juncture, darting from the cove,
The boats arrive, defenders to remove ;
Watts, Towson, Baker, Brooks, had join'd with Roach—
Elliot gives order as their yawls approach :

“ Let every hero presently retire—
Spent is the magazine—no gun can fire !
At your departure I the ship will burn,
Then in the light skiff, hasten my return.”

Thus he. Roach answer'd : “ Never will I go
And leave you single in this night of wo,
While in full volleys blaze th' excited foe !”

“ No time for etiquette. Our means are spent—
Two to assist us will be competent.”

By this, with treasures were the barges stow'd,
And back to harbour by the crew were row'd.

Meantime with toil the unsubmitting four
Apply the mortar, reeking every pore.
As the last shell with double blast expires,
They touch the vessel with consuming fires,
And Elliot last on board the skiff retires.

The flame instinctive streaks the unctuous seams,
Swift as the boreal night-fire when it streams.
Around th' aspiring masts the flashes curl,
And shoot above them with a flickering whirl.
The blazing cinders through the void are driven—
The stars seem darken'd on their thrones in heaven.
The scowling night shrinks backward to the pole,
And leaves a horror that astounds the soul :

As when a murky cloud in midnight drear,
Comes with grim aspect from the northern sphere,
Pregnant to bursting with the embryo storms,
Whilst round its skirts on meteors ride the forms
Of spirits burst their graves ! Its thunders break
In peals that cause the mountain beds to shake,
While lightnings brewing in its dungeon breast,
Fill with strange fire the regions of the west :

So on the eddying winds the flames arise,
And wild with fury kindle to the skies.

The ship consum'd,—they yield themselves to sleep,
Active at day to glide into the deep
Their maiden navy with its sails in trim,
On the clear bosom of the lake to swim.

At dawn's first glimmer streaking o'er the skies,
The nimble mariners from slumberings rise—
'Twas the same morning of the signal day
That Croghan swept his enemies away—
They launch their ships completed at the Rock,
Whose beauteous forms all other vessels mock.

Like young swans buoyant on the waves they swim,
With streamers dress'd, like brides in marriage trim.

Beyond the harbour they at evening move,
And patient rest within a sheltering cove,
Till Perry's voice, like music in the gale,
Shall speak to weigh and spread the willing sail.

Bright in the east where yonder mountains loom,
Morning comes blushing in her virgin bloom,
Veil'd in a cloud of gold :—her eyes divine,
In every pearl-drop with love-glances shine.
The liquid diamonds quivering with delight,
In mimic rainbows melt upon the sight.
The flowers full-bosom'd, bath'd in holy dew,
Breathe a pure incense like creation new.

Perry proclaims the navy to unmoor :
“ Loosen the anchors and forsake the shore !
The morning calls us with a brightening glow
To seek and offer battle to the foe.
Favour'd are we by daring enterprise,
The lake of Erie to immortalise.

But words are vanity—to *act* is brave—
When lock'd in fight, to smile upon the grave !

“ The zephyrs whisper from the gate of heaven !
Let the full canvass to their breaths be given.”

Prompt was obey'd the flowing of his tongue—
Part at the capstans their sea-music sung,
Turning the anchors by exertions strong,

Slow heaving from the beds of shining pearl,
While others high in heaven the sheets unfurl
To taste the kissing breeze. The ships soon feel
Their fastenings loosen'd, and, with narrow keel,
Divide the unstirr'd waters of the cove—
Like beauty sailing on the lake they move!

The Lawrence first walks stately o'er the deep—
Bearing the last that falter'd from his lip,
Dying in glory: "*Don't give up the ship!*"
Perry with honour stamp'd upon his brow,
Directs the compass of its gliding prow.

The loveliest stars of the ethereal train,
Shone in conjunction on the heavenly plain,
And shed their happiest influence on earth,
At the blest hour that gave the hero birth.

In smiling Newport his young life begun—
The Island State delighted in her son.
To sail the mimic ship he oft would stray
Along the pebbled beach a summer's day.
At times he 'd gaze upon the flooding tide,
And ask the deep what cause his waves supplied;
He traced it to the moon, in riper years,
The sun, the earth, revolving round their spheres,
By gravity electrical, repell'd,
Or drawn embracing as their ponderance held—
And then desire would kindle in his soul
To learn the compass pointing at the pole.

His father watch'd the buddings of his mind,
But left it free to ramble unconfin'd.

Soon as he found the ocean was its bent,
With glowing heart he granted his consent;
And open'd all the wonder of the art
To guide the vessel by th' unerring chart;
Or by the image of the changing moon—
Or by the sun when thron'd sublime at noon;
Or by the stars firm centred in the sky,
From time extending to eternity.

By intuition he receiv'd the truth,
Such was the ready genius of his youth;
He took at once the science of the sea—
Strong throbb'd his heart to bound its billows free.

His patriot father sent him to uphold
His country's honour where her sons were sold
By robbers, pirates of Tripolian birth,
A pest that preys upon the civil earth.
From Preble there he learnt the naval fight—
And soon he shone a youthful beam of light.

And now his country in as righteous cause,
Demands his valour to defend her laws
Against *Impressment*—never to be nam'd
With any monster ever yet was tam'd—
The lion frequent at his keeper's tongue,
Has smooth'd his brow—his violence, unstrung:
The leopard—yea, the tiger has been known
To lie all placid by their feeder down;
Serpents have put their venom'd teeth aside,
And lick'd the hand which them with food supplied—
But this fell monster of the British Isle,
Is far more savage—in its nature vile—

Never *Impressment* can be nam'd with these—
It stains with blood the bosom of the seas.

Nor Stuart, Harding, Sully, could impress
The canvass, breathing his exuberant grace;
In vain the pencil could his form impart—
His every feature mocks the hand of art—
His round smooth cheek, luxuriant, blushing fair,
In which the lily and the rose-bud rare,
Mingle with such divinity of glow,
That never pencil could its beauty show;
His forehead high—his arching eyebrows dark—
His eye of jet, pure lighted with a spark
Of fire Promethean—his ample breast,
Binding a heart more rich than all the rest.

The next in grade is Yarnall, Hambleton,
Within whose veins the soul's warm streamlets run,
With whom but few will bear comparison.
Laub, Swartout, Taylor, Claxton---Brooks, so fair,
That graceful he with Perry might compare;
Watts, Cummings, Forrest, generous as brave,
Unite to guide the Lawrence through the wave.

Next sails Niagara of equal power,
By Elliot rul'd, for the decisive hour---
Smith, Edwards, Webster, Brevoort and Megrath,
Attend his voice, pursuing honour's path.
Turner the conquer'd Caledonia guides,
And close upon her wake the Scorpion rides,
Champlin her foremost officer, and Clarke
To give him aidance in the conflict dark.

Parker directs the Ariel's fairy wings,
While a bright shadow in the lake she flings,
Delicate as poet's chaste imaginings.
The next the Sommers, Trippe and Porcupine---
The angry Tygress ends the squadron line:

As clouds new-born in heaven sail Erie's lake,
When dewy sunbeams from the orient break,
And paint their folds exquisite as they move,
Delicious floating on the breath of love;
Gold, azure, carmine, in exuberance glow,
Like the bright tints that mingle in the bow:

Thus glide the ships before the amorous gales,
The infant sunbeams glittering on the sails.

The gladdening winds spring forth---the squadron
flies

To meet with Barclay---grapple for the prize.
Round the green shores of Canada they sweep,
Then through the centre of the lake they keep;
Shifting the helm, from thence the vessels veer,
And round Columbia on the watch they steer,
Burning with valour's flame to fix the fight---
Yet Albion's banner flickers from their sight.

But at the fading of the second sun,
While foaming to the north the squadron run,
The spires of Malden reaching to the sky,
Appear at distance to their watching eye.
Soon in full view the harbour they behold,
And Barclay anchor'd with his canvass roll'd!

Perry sublim'd felt every nerve distend,
That death or conquest would his labours end:

So once a condor from an eagle's nest,
Had seiz'd her young while absent on the quest
Of food to hush their wants. With soul subdu'd,
She comes and mourns the loss of all her brood.
Recover'd from despair, incens'd she flies
To seek the felon with unwinking eyes.
Broad whirling round the heavens she angry sails,
Shifting her pinions to the shifting gales.
As forth she darts she maddens in her rage
To meet the robber and with death engage.
For two long days she labours through the sky—
But all in vain her searching scrutiny.
At length, while hope is sinking in her breast,
She spies the condor snugly in her nest!
She claps her pinions, strengthen'd in her cause,
Sharpens her beak, and grinds her pointed claws:
So like the eagle Perry mark'd the foe,
Which made his bosom's blood with joy o'erflow.
He furl'd his canvass--plac'd his ships in range,
Ready the dubious conflict to exchange.

Barclay of late had travers'd with his fleet
The waters round to give his seamen feet—
To learn the measure of his sailing speed,
And practise on the lake the dreadful deed.

His anchors scarce had grappled to their hold,
When Perry like a miser searching gold,

Beheld the Lion and the Cross of red,
Touch'd with a sunbeam from the mountain's head.

Full with an optic that enlarg'd the sight,
Perry attentive kenn'd the royal might—
And soon discover'd they in strength excell'd
The ships he honour'd for his country held;
And by their movements he was made to know,
'T was not their purpose to exchange the blow,
Till a new sun should in the orient show.

The optic laid aside—his voice was heard,
Sweet in its accent as the evening bird,
Calling with fond anxiety of breast
Her callow young to shelter in the nest:

“ Behold, the setting of the sun denies,
That we should meet and close our enmities—
For after battle blessed is the peace,
To pour the balm of reconciling grace.

“ What though their strength outweighs the strength
of ours,
Yet wish we not accession of our powers:
Should we inferior the ascendance gain
From her the self-styl'd Mistress of the main,
Brighter the brilliance of the deed would blaze—
Our names the poet's theme in future days!
But should disposing heaven the vict'ry, take,
Ample are we to sanctify the lake!
For who would live?—a conquer'd vassal be?—
The thought, begone!—We'll stand till death shall
free

Our spirits from this prison-house of clay,
And seek new being in eternal day!

“Forth to the Sister Isles for harbour steer—
The thunders break when day illumes the sphere!”

Each word was to his mariners as fire,
Which warm’d their bosoms with unquench’d desire.

To Sister Isles they navigate their way;
They reach the same as evening’s mellow ray
Melts in the lake. They anchor,—rest by turns,
While stars pour down their light from golden urns.

Same time the Britons on their couches sleep,
Dreaming of Perry conquer’d on the deep.

Barclay, a gem that deck’d the Albion name,
Had oft beheld the ocean in a flame.

Nelson had school’d him in the naval fight—
He who the Cross exalted to its height.

Barclay like Nelson hath an arm but one
To wield the blade to urge th’ excitement on.
Detroit defended with exploders strong,
Bears his rich flag the floating clouds among.

The Queen Charlotte, Finnis commanding guides,
Within whose bosom gallantry abides.

The Lady Prevost hearkens to Buchan,
And names of honour hail’d the valiant man;
He ’d fought the fight where ships to heaven were
thrown—

The Nile---that cast a brilliance on the crown.

The Hunter, and the Chippewa, and Belt,*
Compose the fleet,---the last---her sister felt
Republic strength, when Rodgers taught the proud
His Freedom's dignity with brass tongues loud.

'The Nelson mariners, as day's first gleam
Shone in the east and flicker'd on the stream,
Stood at their place the anchors to up-weigh,
When their commander should the order say.
Barclay all confident their flame beheld,
And thus the fervour of his soul reveal'd:

"Now let the spirit of Britannia rise!
Behold this day starr'd titles is the prize!
This, this the time your high resolve to show,
And place a royal garland on your brow!
Let lightning streak your veins!--the fire, reveal
Long smother'd in your bosoms!--prove the steel
That never batters edge!--I numbers mark
Who fought with Nelson at Trafalgar dark---
At Egypt's Nile---where colleague'd France and Spain,
Found their mix'd thunders in the strife were vain!
Your scars are like the seals at Judgment Day,
The bless'd to separate from death's array!
Thus stamp'd with an eternity of fame,
Shall we not strike the infant Eagle tame?
Yes, I behold it flashing from your eye!--

"Unlock the anchors!--let the standards fly—
Never to fail till memory shall die!"

He swell'd their souls to shouting! Anchors rise—
And presently they sail where Perry lies,

* Little Belt.

And Barclay thus again: "Mark, mark the foe!
Soon on the Crown another gem will show!

"And when yon Stars their brilliancy shall hide,
Then be your souls with conquest satisfied—
The turmoil violence of battle cease,
And raise the conquer'd with the hand of peace.
Lawrence when he our noble Peacock slew,
Kind like a brother melted for her crew—
And shall they us o'erreach in acts divine?
Blush at the thought!—Let mercy rule the line.
Be fierce like mad things when the fire is cast—
But do as angels when the storm has pass'd.

"No more—for action—let the ships be clear—
The strife 's at hand!—they move upon us near,
A moment,—lo! will shake the hemisphere!"

With hearts high strung th' imperial crews obey—
And stand like instinct ready for the fray.
Fast grip'd in hand the lighted matches smoke.
To touch the quick fire when the word is spoke.

Instant the heroes glanc'd the English fleet,
Their bosoms kindled with electric heat,
Their eyes keen darted an impatient glow
To meet, and mix, and grapple with the foe.

With valour's calmness Perry gives the word:
"Loosen the anchors! Let the sheets afford
A harbour for the wind to bear us forth
To give the proof that freedom is our birth!
Yea, prove the rich inheritance of blood,
That none shall bend our standard on the flood.

“ Why spend my voice on souls to glory given?
No more—Our hope is in the arm of heaven !”

They felt his language at the core of life !
And on their brows was calmness for the strife—
An awful calmness—such as nature feels,
Ere the big thunder o’er the concave peals.

The gales of morning in the canvass play—
It fills---slow winds the squadron from the bay.
The Lawrence-ship, more fair before the wind,
Outsails the others struggling on behind ;
But soon the breezes languishing of life,
Hopeless resign the Lawrence to the strife !
The rest becalm’d, reluctant on the deep,
In which each patriot leans his head to weep !
They feel as though their every pulse must fail ;
They chide the treachery of the wanton gale
To feed their hopes by curling on the lake,
And then in mockery their sheets, forsake.
The time the peals reverberating break !
For even now, Barclay elanc’d the shot---
The first dislosion lumber’d from Charlotte ;
Next the Detroit in full divisions roar’d,
And soon the whole an iron tempest pour’d.

With cannonades, the Lawrence found it vain,
Their far-off distance with effort to gain !
But Perry stood sublime ! “ This, this the hour
To prove th’ unbending of your heart’s rich power,
Though volum’d fires severe against us burn,
And we unable to repel in turn,
Yet fix’d is our resolve to live or die,
And smiling struggle with adversity !

Heaven sends us griefs our souls to purify,
And make them fit for palaces on high !
As is our power to bear, it sends them down---
Hence outlook death nor murmur with a frown !

* * * * *

“ But mark! we gain upon the foe ahead !
’Tis time we strike them with a blow that ’s dead !”

He gave the mandate with serenest look,
Which prov’d his spirit never to be broke.

Scarce had he ended when his shouting crew
Applied the match with pointed vengeance true.
The globes like pestilence through ether fly,
While nitrous smoke makes dark the noon-bright sky.
Circles of fire in nimble flashes gleam,
Which show a direful fracture in the stream,
As if that hell were burning hideous there,
With many a ghastly image in the glare !

The Lawrence thus alone withstands the whole—
The cannon deafening with unceasing roll :

As when fierce thunders darting from a cloud,
Contend in air beneath a lightning shroud ;
Nor think they to retire—but smiting burst
With peals that shake the tenements of dust :

Thus rag’d they meet ! and thus in equal poise
The battle hangs—thus dreadful is the noise.

Yet Perry seems sufficient for the fleet !
And dangers darkening but inflame his heat.
Life fails on every side ! A crimson gush
From either vessel, makes the waters blush.

The sable ships are dy'd with gory red—
The lake becomes a sepulchre of dead.

A shot intended to destroy a mast,
Shatter'd the arm of Barclay as it past;
The sword dropp'd mournful from his only hand—
His right was buried in Trafalgar sand!
Yet scorn'd his soul below to seek relief,
And in his place the surgeons staunch'd in brief
Life's jetting streamlet—wrapp'd the unsightly part,
And soon he rose unalter'd at his heart!

As Laub was aiding gently to sustain
A wounded youth, two fiery balls in chain
From the Detroit with whirling motion came,
And where the neck of female wakens flame
Sacred to love—drove desolating through!
The live blood leaping from the arteries flew.
The body fell with a convulsion dead—
Along the vessel roll'd the gasping head.

During this period so severe the blast,
Brooks' division had expir'd their last;
He comes to Perry for a fresh supply--
A beauteous valour rolling in his eye.
No smile is on his lip, but his fair cheeks
Blush into roses as he kindling speaks:

“Let not my voice, O Perry, damp thy breast—
Ask not the cause my cannon are at rest—
Alas! th' unsparing havoc of the strife
Hath robb'd my every warrior of his life!

I 've come to invite thee to replace their power,
That I may glory in this glorious hour!
Give me their names"——

O wherefore is it thus—

Amidst his soul's expression emulous,
Ceas'd he his voice? His friends—alas, for them!
He fell a lily broken from its stem!
His mother sad will freeze in her distress—
The lov'd one of his bosom, motionless,
Sink to the earth—a coldness seize her heart,
As at the hour when mind and body part!

His brittle thigh was broken on the deck,
The pangs were such, not he his plaints could check—
The war-bolt dash'd him 'gainst the vessel's side,
And thus to Perry, sweating blood he cried:

“Snatch—seize—O snatch the pistol from my belt!
Never such anguish mortal ever felt!
Oh! I beseech you sudden let me die—
In mercy free me from this agony!”

* * * * *

Perry felt that he never felt before—
It seem'd an ice-drop stood on every pore!

“Bear him, O Claxton, Hambleton, from sight,
Or it may cause a palsy in the fight.
I 'd fix'd my soul to look unmov'd at death—
But, Oh! his pleadings take away my breath!”

Like twin-born brothers, tender they comply;
Gently they raise him with a pitying eye—
But, lo! a cruel bolt the instant sung,
And the firm nerves that bind the ancle strong,

Loosen'd of Hambleton!—he falls with Brooks—
Though sharp his pains, unalter'd are his looks!
Or, if his eye the least emotion shows,
'Tis for the youth that feels expiring throes.

Claxton and Swartout carry them below,
Where, faint through streaming wounds, they pale like
snow.

But nature struggling, soon creates a flush,
Hectic in Brooks' cheek—fairer than blush
That ever play'd on beauty's love-dress flower,
Or sweetly brighten'd in the orient hour—
But like all beauty of this mortal earth,
It died the moment that produc'd its birth!

Brooks blush'd like sleeping with a feverish glow,
Then his heart flutter'd and forgot its wo.

His cannon Swartout presently resum'd—
With three explosions he the lake illum'd;
But while in act to sight another aim,
Stooping---on wings of fire a bullet came—
Transpierc'd his shoulder—glanc'd his ribs—his hip—
He rais'd and stood erect upon the ship,
Outbraving of the wound! His lips grew pale,
And soon the slackening nerves began to fail.
Insensible he sunk upon the deck,
Which gave at once his gushing veins a check.
He never waken'd till the strife was o'er—
Weak as an infant in its natal hour.

The Lawrence yet defying holds the blast,
Though sails hang tatter'd from her every mast ;
And swords, and broken cannon, dying men,
Are scatter'd round—a desolating scene !
But, lo ! while heroes with their death-wounds fall,
The shield of heaven guards Perry from the ball !

So great their love, the patriots as they die,
Turn the last motion of their fading eye
To catch his sweet serenity of form,
Like some bright angel mid creation's storm.

At length the Lawrence scarce a gun could man—
To Yarnall, Perry feelingly began :
His cheek was swell'd and black—his arm was broke ;
His thigh was bleeding—still an untam'd look,
Reveal'd to Perry that his soul yet stood
Firm like an oak, the proudest of the wood :

“ Yarnall, defensive with the Lawrence stand—
Thy blood will be an unction to the land !
From this to the Niagara I sail,
And urge her forth—if heaven inspire the gale !

“ The valiant live not long—when dead they bloom,
Yea, wreaths of glory flourish on their tomb !
While ages roll, and millions sleep and rot,
And, as the dust that buries them, forgot,
A hero grows and brightens in his fame,
Like the fix'd star that pours a quenchless flame !”

This said, he forth selected from the crew
Those without wounds and to the barge-boat flew ;

Each to his oar with gallant impulse sprung,
While peals redoubling from the cannon rung.
Perry erect looks calm upon the scene—
And all he feels is safety for his men ;
But they the thought of living would despise,
Should they behold the closing of his eyes.

The barge a thing of wonder darts along—
It seems like gossamer in tempest flung,
For rang'd, the Britons their artilleries hurl'd,
To strike the insect vessel from the world.
On every side incessant war they keep,
Darkening the heavens and breaking up the deep :

Thus from the brooding entrails of a cloud,
A shower of hail descends with rattlings loud ;
The fire-tongu'd lightning furious drives it forth
Against the golden harvest of the earth—
Or hurls it beating at the ocean's breast,
Which seems to wake in torment from its rest :

So fly the ruins o'er the inland sea—
But vain the strivings of the enemy ;
Perry maintains the same unruffled brow,
Wielding his blade as challenging the foe.
He seems like something not of human form,
To breathe with life while buried in the storm :

So at the consummating hour when Time
In heaven shall wed Eternity sublime—
Earth the dread change will through her centre feel—
The strangled sun to stagnant blood congeal—
Comets delirious through the concave driven—
The moon convuls'd, turn back her course in heaven--

The mountains burn—a blast absorb the seas,
And all the planetary world 's in blaze !

Lo ! at this change, a seraph sent to mark
If all be touch'd with the consuming spark,
Will glide uninjur'd by each burning star,
And smile amid the elemental war :

So Perry, as with strength from heaven supplied,
Moves through strange fire and thunder, every side.

The Britons stood admiring at the deed—
And in astonishment, this, Barclay said :

“ In history have I read of actions brave,
Achiev'd by ancient heroes of the wave ;
Yea—seen Trafalgar and the dreadful Nile,
Where names were plac'd upon immortal file,—
But all that ever I have seen or read,
'This act of Perry's, actions past exceed !

“ Mark, what a calmness on his brow is seen,
As though he glided o'er the lake serene,
Bent on his pleasure ! Wonderful it seems,—
That he should live involv'd in fiery streams !
Mine eye intent hath mark'd him from the first,
Thinking to see him shiver into dust ;
Yet still he lives ! yea, passes by our fleet,
Disgorging flame in one impetuous sheet !

“ But will it aught avail? it never will—
He must resign to our superior skill
And ample strength to bend his standards down,
And make him own the prowess of the Crown.
Scarce can the Lawrence answer with a gun,
Which makes our strength as two oppos'd to one.

“ Though numbers lie in gory vestments dead,
And I once more for England's honour bled,
Yet souls of lofty bearing joy to die,
And gain through death a bright eternity !”

As Barclay pour'd the flowings of his mind,
Perry uninjur'd, the Niagara gain'd—
Her flaccid sails forsaken by the wind !

An holy tear delighted Elliot's eye,
When Perry leaping in the boat drew nigh.
His heart beat music, once to see again
Him, whom his mind had number'd with the slain ;
For all his hope surrender'd to despair,
That in the Lawrence one had breathing there :

Thus a fond mother seeks her infant child,
Astray'd from home among the thickets wild—
Pursuing heedlessly the gilded wing
Of sunny butterfly, or flowers of spring—
Or gathering berries with its fingers small,
Till far it wander'd from her anxious call ;
Through the lone search, each step she feels despair—
'Toss'd in the wind dishevell'd flies her hair ;
By meddling thought, half frenzy whirls her head—
Her hopes expire—she deems her infant dead.
But, lo ! bewilder'd and surpris'd with joy,
Plucking the berries, she beholds her boy !
Her eyes stream heaven ! her soul takes wing above,
Clasping his bosom with a parent's love :

Such joy was Elliot's, Perry to behold,
Thinking the beatings of his heart were cold.

Like brothers meeting tender they embrace,
The drops of friendship trickling down their face.

* * * *

“Heaven yet will aid us!” Elliot stammering spoke,
Soon as his passion ceas’d his voice to choke.

“What anguish burnt my brain—dissolv’d the blood—
To see the Lawrence circled on the flood
By all the hostile navy in a flame—
It caus’d the tear-drops of the brave to stream!
Why do I talk? No language can declare
What the soul suffer’d—every heart was bare!
So wilder’d was the mind, that thrice we arm’d,
To ply the match—not thinking we were calm’d!”

Thus he. And Perry thus: “Elliot, I feel,
Thy heart *felt* more than utterance can reveal,
Though that thy voice hath music in its strain,
Binding my soul in fascinating chain.
Yes, heaven will aid us to repel the foe,
If to adversity we scorn to bow!
Our strength united, none divides the band—
Not all the power of Europe’s titled land;
Yea, than to yield, ’tis sweeter far to die—
Sweet as the slumber breath of infancy!

“But mark you not yon rippling o’er the lake?
It comes! it spreads—the winds are there awake!

“O come, ye winds! and nestle in our sail!
I hear your voice more sweet than nightingale!
O come, and elevate the Eagle’s wing—
She droops—made sick at heart with sorrowing!

“ Behold, they come and flicker in the sheets !
Effulgent brilliancy the day completes !
The Eagle throws the sickness from her heart—
She mounts—her eyes the beams of vict’ry dart !
Lawrence has open’d us the way—and soon,
Through pouring fire, we win th’ immortal boon !

“ Forth, Elliot, to the lagging ships proceed,
And bend their sails t’ effect the glorious deed.
Whilst I Niagara to the combat crowd,
And from the Lawrence sweep the funeral shroud.”

Elliot with fibres of his heart new strung,
With chosen bargemen in the pinnace sprung,
To gain the vessels struggling on behind,
And bring them forward with the freshening wind.

As Elliot reach’d the squadron on the rear,
Disguis’d, Fredonia glided through the sphere.
She seem’d an eagle grac’d with gorgeous wings,
Winding between the clouds in floating rings—
Her plumage glittering lovely to behold,
As down she circled in a flood of gold.

Now on the bosom of the air she sails,
Fanning with gentle wing the nestling gales.
Around the fleet admiring to the sight,
She winds like beauty circumfus’d in light.
O’er Perry’s head she paus’d a moment’s time,
And then vanish’d mid the clouds sublime.

* * * * *

The mariners beheld with ravish’d look—
At length their transport into shouting broke :

“ The victory is ours ! Behold the sign !
It floats in heaven like agency divine ! ”

When Barclay heard their voices on the air,
He rang'd his fleet in naval character,
Fix'd for defence. When plac'd in readiness,
He like a victor utter'd this address :

“ Lo, they approach with streamers in the wind !
Soon,—presently they fall to grief resign'd ;
But each must gird his royal armour on—
Their banners wave to dignify the crown !
Yes, each puissant must his strength perform—
See ! they approach like darkness in a storm !
Let life's firm engine maddening pulses beat—
No equal power reduces Albion's fleet !
Yet mark my words—we fight not France or Spain—
Some English blood runs dancing through their vein !
Inflame the brass with fire ! the bolts drive well—
Let war outnoise the direst peal of hell ! ”

With brazen lungs the cannon bellowing roar'd,
And on Niagara their thunders pour'd.

Slow gliding on the gallant ship drew nigh,
Facing the blast in deep solemnity ;
But when in distance, scarce the vessel's length,
Her brass exploded with Vesuvian strength.

Perry breaks forth : “ With crowded canvass move !
This—this the hour your high resolve to prove !
Press—bear the ship within a duel shot
Of proud Detroit, of Prevost and Charlotte ;

On these, close levell'd let the starboard pour,
While larboard cannon in full concert roar,
And strike the fiery Chippewa and Belt,
That not as yet a bleeding round have felt ;
Thus, as with lightnings streaming on each side,
We'll pierce their line,—their battle strength divide,
Their banners, humble—bend their lofty pride.”

His bold design went thrilling to the heart,
And each with calmness answer'd to his part ;
The sails are crowded and a token set
To be supported by the lagging fleet.

When Barclay scann'd the purpose of his foe—
His ships to sunder with a desperate blow,
He by a flag proclaim'd it to his line,
And thus he bade to foil the bold design :

“ Mark ! how their vessel bears upon us proud !
Smother her progress with a fiery shroud !
She presses on the line ! Defend the Crown !
Hurl forth”——

A torn-off splinter smote him down—
Yet seem'd he not to notice that he fell :

“ Level the cannon !—gun for gun repel !”
Full peals unbroken at Niagara roll—
But Perry moves unalter'd in his soul,
Not winking at the blast ! In duel shot,
He rakes, and breaks the vitals of Charlotte ;
Prevost, Detroit, and Chippewa, and Belt,
On either side beneath the lightnings melt.

Niagara seems a dragon wing'd with fire—
Her flames augmenting to the clouds aspire.

Lo now, the rifle volley of marines,
The upper deck of either vessel gleans ;
Those that have life for shelter fly beneath,
To shun the pestilence of leaden death.

Buchan, an ornament of Albion's race,
Craz'd by a shot that broke upon his face,
With vacant eye stood gazing on the wave,
Alone—unarm'd, and reckless of his grave ;
Yet still the rifles flung the hissing lead—
Perry beheld it, and with feeling said :

“ The Briton stands bewilder'd in his gore—
Suppress the flames—elance no death-lead more.
His sword hath fallen !—why expend the shot ?
Let mercy rule us and forget it not !”

The rifles hearken'd and obey'd him soon—
Buchan the moment shiver'd in a swoon ;
The loosen'd fibres of his heart gave way—
He heav'd one gasp and stiffen'd into clay !

The Caledonia by the wayward wind,
Lags from Niagara struggling on behind ;
Turner, with soul impatient for the fight,
Commands that through the sail his gun should light :

“ Cold is that heart, which longer can delay !
What ! without aid shall Perry win the day ?
Shall *we* no honour in the battle seek ?
Loud through the fore-sail let the cannon speak !”

Hardly his tongue the proclamation made,
When the brass quicken'd from its slumber dead,
And rent the canvass that conceal'd the foe,
And caus'd the blood in a new stream to flow.

The Ariel, Scorpion close upon her glide—
Then board to board the Trippe and Tigress ride—
And Sommers next—and next the Porcupine,
Urg'd by one impulse in the fight combine.

Now ship to ship and gun to gun they meet,
Their anger kindling with ambitious heat;
As flames Vesuvian to the clouds are driven—
As thunders meet, and mix, and crash in heaven—
Not with less rage the circling fires flash round—
Not with less rage the brazen engines sound.
Fragments of men----trunks----heads with bleeding hair,
Splash in the deep as things unworthy care!
The crystal lake becomes a sea of gore,
And still the conflict magnifies it more!

Clarke of the Scorpion stands with soul erect,
Though recent wounds, his blood in streams, eject.
Champlin approach'd and urg'd him to forbear:

“Life yet may dwell within the surgeon's care.
Come, let me lead thee----let thy soul be calm,
And try the unction of their healing balm.”

“Ah, never can it be! this crimson stain—
Alas, it oozes from my bosom's vein!
Beyond the reach of medicine it lies—
A patriot glorious for his country dies!

I feel that yet shall I a moment live,
And that brief moment I to her will give—
My *country*---striving in the cause of man,
To give him to behold her freedom's plan,
And rid the earth of the oppressor's ban."

While he to Champlin thus,---he kept his eye
Watching the movements of the enemy.
A smile was seen upon his lips to play,
As dire the Scorpion stung them in the fray.
Oft to the crew would he his hand extend,
Directing where with fatal aim to bend.

A tottering weakness seiz'd him by degrees—
He felt the sinews loosen from his knees—
He reel'd against the mast and there reclin'd,
Marking the battle with unruffled mind.
Pale wax'd his cheek—a sweat was on his brow,
Cold as the melting drops of wintry snow.
His hand relax'd the sword—his speech was past—
He died---his head supported by the mast.

The foremost characters of Britain fail—
Faint beat their hearts—their shrinking features pale.

Finnis, whose breast a noble valour had,
Fills his survivors with affliction sad:
While in the act to animate his crew,
A cutting bullet pierc'd his vitals through:

"Britons! remember what ye are!" he cried,
And roll'd his eyes to heaven and rich in honour died!

Now reel the masts in ruins of Charlotte—
 Her shrouds swing loose dissever'd by the shot ;
 She tangles with Detroit devoid of helm—
 In this sad plight the patriots overwhelm
 The ships with raining fire. A moment brief,
 They seem like Frenzy overcome by Grief.
 At last death's chillness on their hearts they feel—
 They strike their tatter'd flags----to Freedom's banner
 kneel !

* * * * *

As when a scowling tempest wraps the world—
 Explosions deafening from its entrails hurl'd,
 Driving to earth a cataract of rain,
 Shivering the oaks and dashing them amain.
 It passes by---the uproar'd winds are laid ;
 The sun paints rainbows on each dew-drop blade ;
 The poplar stands unmov'd upon the heath—
 Creation slumbers lull'd with heaven's sweet breath :
 Such was the change when England's standard fell,
 The lightnings died—the thunders ceas'd to swell.
 Perry exclaim'd : “ Hail ! Heaven's defending Powers !
We 've met the enemy and they are ours !”

* * * * *

Barclay to Perry in his sorrow came—
 Pale his sunk cheek from many a gory maim !
 He paus'd—and after thus : “ Most sad 'tis mine,
 To thee this tarnish'd honour to resign.

Through sumless ages will abide thy fame,
Whilst thick oblivion will becloud my name."

Perry with sympathy: "That word suppress—
'Twas heaven that crown'd my effort with success.
If arms alone could conquer, thou hadst won—
What *man* could do, that nobly hast thou done.
Oblivion, did you say? That ne'er can be,
While worth o'er baseness holds ascendancy.
Oblivion!—never—wounds will leave a scar,
Which to the world will speak thy character!
For these deep gory stains wilt thou receive
Something more rich than golden mines can give.

"The brave at times must render up the fight,
But fame encircles them with robes of light.
To names nor naval skill the palm is given,
Unless sustain'd by a supporting heaven.

"Your wounds ask medicine—come pass with me—
Lean on my arm, and while on board be free."

The soul of Barclay crowded in his eyes—
Silent he stood—recover'd he replies:

"You 've won my heart—yea, conquer'd me again!
Thy soothing voice hath all my feelings slain;
But this last victory the first excels,
As heaven this earth, where peace eternal dwells.

"Accept my sword—I 'm conquer'd, and resign—
A thousand more to such a heart as thine!"

Perry makes answer: "Never more, I pray,
Urge me that point—sufficient is the day.
Sheath'd be thy blade—convey it to thy land—
'Twould pierce my heart to touch it with my hand."

Barclay surrenders in the strife of soul—
Bending his mind to Perry's kind control.

Tender the surgeons by their sacred art,
Bind his rough wounds and soften every smart.

Perry sets compass for Sandusky Bay,
Where safe he anchors at the close of day.



CANTO XVIII.

INVASION OF CANADA AT MALDEN.

ARGUMENT.

The north-western army under General Harrison being reinforced by Col. Johnson, and receiving positive intelligence of Perry's victory, decamp from Fort Meigs. The embarkation. Proctor retreats to the River Thames. The invasion. A night scene.

The events of this book are laid in Kentucky, at Fort Meigs and at Malden. The time is thirty-six hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XVIII.

MEANTIME Kentucky, warm'd with patriot flame,
Summon'd her warriors to the field of fame;
Though with her blood the earth she 'd sprinkled o'er
At the Miami and at Raisin's shore,
Yet jealous freedom glowing in her breast,
A Star she rises in the dark blue West.

Her offspring listen'd to her martial tongue,
Which to their ears was sweet as music strung
To the Æolian harp :—prompt at the sound,
In deepening ranks they form'd upon the ground.

Where Licking-stream with the Ohio flows,
Sublime in air their spangled banner rose—
Licking in ancient time its springs pour'd forth,
To slake the thirst of nature's giant birth,
The mammoth—once the sovereign of the wood,
Till shafts of thunder the huge race subdu'd;
Scarce could the stream their mighty drought supply—
They drank the river, yet their throats were dry.

Here was the standard of the Free up-rear'd,
Where soon in arms a darkening host appear'd:

As clouds collecting in the western sphere,
Advise the peasant of a tempest near;
Grum^muttering thunders groaning far remote,
Sound th' alarm with heavy rumbling note:
So at the junction of the mammoth's flood
With smooth Ohio—sons of hunters crowd,
Ample,—beyond all measure to proceed,
As they by numbers would the cause impede;
Hence, many a hero with his heart in pain,
Slow—with reluctance measur'd back the plain.

These as the first that marshall'd on the field,
The post of honour for their country held:
Childs, Walker, Henry, Allen, King, Desha,
Caldwell and Trotter, Whitley, Payne,—display;
Then 'Thompson, Simral, form upon the heath,
Intent to gain th' immortalizing wreath,
That binds the honour'd temples of the brave,
To bid defiance to the mouldering grave.

Barry,* whose eloquence delights the mind,
And moulds the heart to tenderness refin'd,
Claims from the Muse a momentary pause,
Partial to give his character applause:

Virginia gave him birth—so rich in names,
That *four* th' illustrious of the land she claims—
Four—who than thrones, had seats more high attain'd,
And then with humble gratitude resign'd,
A noble lesson to instruct mankind.

* Major William T. Barry.

His father poor, conducted him a child,
Beyond the mountains to Kentucky wild—
To the blest spot where Lexington took birth—
A flower the fairest of the western earth,
Scarce yet in bloom—but soon to wide expand,
And pour its od'rous treasures through the land,
Ere long her Transylvania will proclaim
'Through distant realms, the virtue of a name.
Here by a Holley's care the mind receives
A boon more rich than golden mineral gives,
Exalted science—whose enquiring eye
Pierces the gloom of hidden mystery—
Tracing vast nature to its source on high!

Here past his sweet simplicity of youth,
Ever devoted to the shrine of truth.
Though born to indigence—with scarce a friend
To give him counsel, or his views commend,
Yet, by his native energies he rose
In spite of all that envy could oppose—
For envy ever will pursue the good,
As shade, the substance, in similitude.

Kentucky gave him honour with acclaim,
That in the senate he should speak her name—
Yea, and he spoke it with a voice so clear,
That sages listen'd with delighted ear.

Though that his soul was as a summer's day,
As sweet as nature in her love-dress gay,
Yet mention but his country's wrongs, he show'd
That flame indignant in his bosom glow'd.

As he for war had eloquent declar'd,
So now its perils he, like Johnson, dar'd.

The next is Crittenden in war-robcs seen—
Though dark his eye, yet open is his mien.
At times his tongue would elevate the soul,
And bear it forth beyond the *will's* control;
At times by softening to a melting word,
He damp'd with tears the heart's affecting chord.

In hill-surrounded Frankfort, where the wise
Kentucky sages righteous laws devise,
Glided his years: But scarce he'd past the child,
When the rude scenery of nature wild
Gave such a musing habit to his mind,
That oft he 'd listen to the mountain wind,
To hear the spirit of the storm declare
What mighty cause produc'd the river there—
If that a ploughshare at the first of time,
Drawn by an earthquake breathing fire sublime,
Turn'd hills aside with thunders in its sweep,
Scooping the rock a thousand cubits deep!
Or if the mountains, when the streams were dry,
Disparted at the touch of Deity!

Wickliffe and Daniel—none more firm than them
Ever drew blade to win the diadem,
That Fame transported places on the brow
Of those whose deeds a lofty bearing show,
By standing for their country as a shield
Against assailants, with oppression, steel'd.

Grateful the people sent them to sustain
Their rights (blood-purchas'd) in the nation's fane,
Where they against corruption fearless stood,
Till from their presence, shrunk the recreant brood.

These chiefs the solid infantry command,
Whose bosoms yearn against the foe to stand.

Next on the field the mounted troops convene,
Their warm hearts beating for the martial scene:
Johnson* the younger, nurtur'd in the west,
Holds the first rule—who oft the stranger blest.
He in the senate urg'd the means to edge
Th' avenging sword the righteous war to wage,
Though he had lost no kindred on the sea
By Britain's iron hand of cruelty,
Remote from ocean at his happy seat—
Yet his heart jealous for his country beat;
And when the groans of mariners *impress'd*,
With every gale came sighing to the west,
He felt in every groan as though he heard
A brother's voice, him, succour to afford—
This in the nation's councils nerv'd his tongue,
And gave him power to wield the falchion strong.

At the Blue-Fountain he receiv'd his birth—
'The purest spring that gushes from the earth—
Yea, pure as is the bow of summer even—
Clear as the bosom of the cloudless heaven.

* Col. Richard Mentor Johnson.

When thirsty Sirius drinks the western floods,
And sears with parching heat the drooping woods,
This spring upon its borders damps the fire,
And keeps the foliage in its green attire.

Full many a wild flower blooms upon its side,
Leaning its odorous bosom o'er the tide
To gaze its beauty in the wave below—
As Eve delighted saw her breasts of snow,
When o'er the lake she bent her wondering beam
To view her mocking image in the stream.

The hero drank of this inspiring wave,
Which to his mind a clear conception gave.
He show'd his father's daring from his birth,
Who now cold slumbers in his bed of earth,
Where Elkhorn smooth like molten-silver flows,
Perfum'd with sweet-brier and the breathing rose.

The chief exalted on his charger high,
An ardent kindling flashes from his eye.
His light plume nods like dancing in the wind,
And bends elastic o'er his head behind.
Gentle in peace as setting sun of even,
In war--the spirit of the storm in heaven.

Champing the bit, his charger paws the heath,
Rolling a cloud of darkness at a breath—
His breast bears thunder, and his eye, the flame;
Which burns in heaven when tempests shake the frame;
His strength is ocean's wave,—his speed the wind—
His courage fire that scorches on the mind;
He snuffs the passing breeze—exulting bounds,
When for the charge the clanging trumpet sounds.

His heart's choice brother* next commission held,
 Whom none in deeds of chivalry excell'd ;
 In years, his senior—but the palm of birth,
 He yields, which proves sublimity of worth—
 These little etiquettes of little minds,
 He casts indignant to the scattering winds ;
 His country's welfare is the guiding light
 That leads him onward to the field of fight ;
 How, in what station can he serve her best !
 The only trouble that concerns his breast.

Payne, Thompson, Suggett, in due order stand,
 Rank'd with the first that ever drew a brand
 To wield against a foe :—but Suggett he
 Had touch'd the holy things of Deity ;
 But now in panoply severe he shines
 To lead to fame Kentucky's chosen lines.

* * * * *

Ye tongues of discord, mark the brilliant sight,
 And be your eyes made blinded by the light !
 Ye maddened ministers, who preach a God,
 More rank than hell—whose appetite is blood !—
 Look at the contrast !—See him fix'd on heaven,
 In silent prayer that vict'ry might be given,
 Whilst Him, your country, ye implore to sink—
 “God in thy mercy give them blood to drink !”†

* Col. James Johnson.

† “Those western states which have been so violent for this abominable war of murder—those states which have thirsted for blood, God has given them blood to drink !” — *Rev. Elijah Parish, Byfield, Mass.*

* * * * *

Ye hypocrites in holy things ! how dread
Must be the weight suspended o'er your head !
Sackcloth your loins—pour ashes on your brow,
And bare on earth your knees repentant bow ;
Or your rank blasphemy will reach to hell,
And from the Book of Life your names expel !

* * * * *

Stucker and Berry, powder'd with the frost
Of wint'ry years, maintain an honour'd post.
Redding and Warfield, Coleman, Church and Rice,
Feeling the value of valu'd price
Their fathers paid to purchase liberty,
Glimmer in steel—with whom are Mac Afee—
Elliston, Chambers, Davidson the bold—
Nor will the light of heaven again behold
More virtue in the field—their deeds of fame
Will find an immortality of name.

But what fair youths are those on chargers gray,
Whose looks outvie the mantling blush of day ?
The nephews* of the chief. Scarce have they seen
In floral beauty, summers five and ten !

Stay, gentle youths ! O stay !—The Muse feels pain
To mark your daring on the martial plain ;
O think what tortures will your father feel,
Should your fair bosoms warm the death-cold steel !
Return—I fear me 'twill his soul unman,
And check your uncle in the charging van.

* Sons of Col. James Johnson.

Ah! no—'twould mad them to avenge your blood,
The green earth sprinkling with a gory flood!

Press on to glory in your youthful day—
And ye shall live (if heaven inspire my lay)
In future years. When peace shall bless the land,
I'll seek for you the softest, loveliest hand
Of all the maidens round---their cheeks as fair
As angel forms that float on silver air---
Their eyes express divinity of love---
The light of beauty shall around them move!

And now the drums with heavy beat proclaim
The time of movement to the field of fame—
The shrill fifes whistle---bugles twanging sound---
The horse and infantry in rank wheel round,
And all like fiction move upon the ground.
Johnson directs the van with native fire
To seek the foe---to conquer or expire.
Their weapons sparkle with the beams of day,
As on they pass in glittering files away:

So when young zephyrs with gay sportings lave
Their wanton pinions in Ohio's wave,
From heaven's gold orb majestic in its height,
Rains down a lucid shower of spangling light.
The rippling stream, like beauty in a dance,
Makes the live sunbeams from the waters glance.
The flood all brilliant with innumerable rays,
Looks like the firmament in starry blaze,
Flashing and quivering as the zephyrs fling
O'er the pure crystalline their flickering wing.

On silver feet Enchantment moves serene,
And Wonder stands delighted at the scene :

Thus shine their burnish'd arms as on they move,
With light effulgent pouring from above.

By rapid march they gain the distant fort,
Ere the first gun of Perry made report ;
And Croghan from Sandusky join'd the sage---
A name to live till earth's remotest age.

But soon the thunders of the naval war,
Tremendous bellow round the lake afar—
Anxious with throbbing hearts the patriots wait
To hear the battle hush'd and learn their fate.

* * * * *

At length exhausted, silenc'd is the jar—
The insects' feeble wings are heard in air.
At once so calm the unmov'd element
As if the very breath of heaven were spent.
Each bosom throb'd with hope,—and now with fear—
They long'd to know, yet dreaded they to hear
What banner wav'd rejoicing in the sky,
Or which had sunk in darkness mournfully :

So Emmett, when arraign'd at tyrant's bar
For whispering freedom through the land afar,
Stood, while his peers were absent, or to save,
Or shroud his virtues in a murderous grave ;
Hope for a moment brighten'd on his view,
Then fear return'd and dark the picture drew—

Or as a bride scarce wedded for a day,
When, lo ! her lover is compell'd away—
By Albion press'd to battle on the flood,
Leaving her soul all dark in widowhood !
For many a month she pours unceasing wail—
To every stranger tells her piteous tale.
Her eyes grow languid, and a swift decay
Seizes her frame and takes her bloom away.
At length the post—to whom 'tis frequent given
To bring us grief, or tidings sweet as heaven—
Drops her a packet from the ship that bore
Her heart's affection from his native shore !
Convuls'd sensations in her soul she feels—
She longs to hear,—yet dreads to break the seals—
Perhaps by fever of the tropic clime,
Calling her name, he sunk away from time—
Perhaps he lives, chain'd—prison'd by the foe—
Perhaps his heart stopp'd beating at a blow—
Perhaps a brother's hand relax'd the fatal bow :
Though this she fears is written in the leaf,
Yet still sweet hope would mingle with her grief :
Thus hope and fear altern convulse their breast,
Like clouds and sunshine changing in the west.

* * * * *

The sun has set----still nothing is there heard,
If Perry held, or had resign'd his sword—
Darkness has closed upon its farewell light,
Yet in uncertainty remains the fight.
They listen to the rustling leaves----the wind—
To hear of something to relieve the mind.

* * * * *

At length with momentary hope and fear,
They catch the tramping of a horseman near—
Claxton approaches,---which at once declares,
Whose flag the honour of the triumph bears !

* * * * *

“ Victory ! Victory ! ”

He could no more,
So loud the shouting through the concave tore :

As when in storm a wint’ry blast drives forth,
Roars in the mountain---snaps the oak to earth—
Stoops the tall pine submissive to the plain—
Breaks the proud ash and shivers it amain—
Stirs the deep ocean where the rocks are bas’d,
And rolls the billows o’er the foaming waste.

With equal turbulence their shouts roll’d forth,
Which smote the heavens and echo’d back to earth.

Shelby unruffled waves a silent sword—
Th’ excitement ceases at the signal word,
That Claxton might proceed : “ Our vessel lay
With those of Barclay at Sandusky Bay !

“ At dawn am I instructed to declare,
That to Miami will our ships repair,
To sail the troops upon the adverse shore,
To measure arms with Proctor’s barbarous power.”

Shelby exclaim’d : “ For glorious vict’ry given,
Full from the heart we bless a favouring heaven !

“ To Perry, bear our gratitude and praise—
Wreath’d are his temples with the deathless bays ;

Yes, for this deed his name will ever live,
 And immortality the lake receive ;
 The Sister Isles in history renown'd,
 Will be remember'd as celestial ground—
 Yea, such will be their reverence in years,
 The very sight will bring the soul to tears !

* * * * *

“ This, to the hero of the lake convey,
 That glad we 'll meet him on the coming day—
 Embark the impatient army in his fleet,
 The ruffian allies fearlessly to meet,
 Rending their crimson standards at our feet !”

Claxton treasures his sentiments---retires
 Back to Sandusky by the starry fires.

The meantime Perry melting at his heart,
 By soothing voice, made blunt the pointed dart,
 That pierc'd the captive breast:—his tongue's soft
 sound

Was healing balsam for each burning wound.

And now the dust of fallen heroes dead—
 (To heaven Elijah-like their spirits fled,)
 In holy earth is laid---while many a sigh
 Heaves from the brave---tears starting from their eye.

Bosom to bosom Laub and Brooks are plac'd,
 Like brothers met and in their love embrac'd.
 Clarke in the banner of his ship is laid,
 A shroud of honour for the patriot made.
 On either hand, Buchan and Finnis soft
 Slumber in rest---their spirits launch'd aloft—

Rich from their graves an equal fame ascends,
For Death impartial makes the valiant friends.

Morning at length with coral blush comes forth—
The dancing dew-drops glitter on the earth.
Soft as the light illuminates the east,
The world is spread like a delicious feast
Before th' enraptur'd eye, which, more it feeds
On nature's banquet, more it hungering needs.

At Claxton's swift return, he Perry seeks—
The veteran's answer to his ear he speaks :
“ The heart of Shelby flows to you in praise—
And Harrison who stood in raptur'd gaze—
That round thy temples thou hast twin'd the bays.
Lo, as the aged utter'd his reply,
A grateful tear was glistening in his eye.
“ They at Miami will the navy meet,
To bring the strength of Proctor to their feet.”
Perry the sailing order'd : “ Anchors, weigh !
Direct the compass for Miami's bay.”
The fleets are loosen'd at the word----combin'd,
They cleave the waters with a favouring wind.

When day in heaven reveal'd its earliest sign,
The army form'd in solid discipline ;
To whom thus Harrison. “ Behold, the morn
Shines with new light to cause the heart to burn.
With soul unbending, long have ye withstood
The sacrilegious foe,----frequent his blood

Sprinkled the field ! Oft from your presence fled
His boasted veterans----leaving you his dead.
Methinks in every eye proud freedom shows,
And that will conquer when in fight we close.

“ Croghan, our youngest son with infant band,
Buried their ranks and drove them from the land ;
As long as courage warms a hero's breast,
So long will fame delight to make him blest.

“ Perry hath met them on their own domain,
And there in squadron their high boastings slain :
When lakes shall fail and rivers cease to flow,
And ocean hide itself in realms below,
Then may his name be never heard of more—
Lost and forgot when waters cease to roar.

“ Time fails t' enlarge upon his merits due,
Or speak the burning valour of his crew—
The hours are on the wing ! we forth must hie
To seek the field----the mind to satisfy—
To do as patriots or as patriots die !

“ Divide in marching files ! Drums, music, beat !
Forward !”——

They move impassion'd with his heat.

Th' enlivening echo of the drum and fife,
Makes the blood nimble for the promis'd strife.
Shrill through the air the brazen trumps rebound,
The answering bugles twang with clangorous sound.
The sportive sunbeams on the armour light,
From thence return in beauty to the sight.
The newborn zephyrs in the streamers play,
Kiss the soft silk and wave them into day.

Slow as the army winds the distant hill,
The notes of music change from hoarse to shrill,
Sweet'ning the gale----th' advancement turns the brow,
The thickening notes with heavy lumbering flow.
Now the fil'd warriors as they climb the height,
Crowd into view----then vanish from the sight;
The plumes like live things in their dancing seem,
They flickering vanish----and the bayonets gleam;
A moment yet the banners waving fly,
But soon they sinking flutter from the eye.
Still at far distance we the bugles hear,
And the drums' rumble drumbling on the ear;
At times the notes are heard—but now the gale
Bears them away and they for ever fail.

When Barclay sail'd, the Britons gave to joy
Their hearts—late broken by the dauntless boy.
They heard the battle,—no distrust had they,
But Perry had resign'd th' unequal fray.
In various pleasures they consum'd the night—
But, lo! too soon they learnt their conquer'd plight!

Thus when great Cyrus, on his martial throne,
Beset the gates of haughty Babylon,
Her sons with luxury drunk, laugh'd him to scorn,
Reckless their city would be rent ere morn—
With wines and feastings they their joys excite,
Music and dancing yielding them delight—
Amid their revellings, bursted in the foe,
Which reel'd their brains—they sunk without a blow!

Like this atMalden were th' imperial band,
 When Perry's name, like Cyrus, fill'd the land.
 A wild delirium fasten'd on their brain—
 The thought of Shelby shrivell'd every vein—
 And Harrison—the Johnsons—names that bear
 Such inward dread, they felt themselves despair.

* * * * *

When Proctor's icy veins began to thaw,
 His steed he mounted, urgent to withdraw:
 "Retreat—fly Malden!—scatter to the Thames!
 Yet stay—the public wealth consume with flames.
 We creep—we crawl!--the kindled torches, ply—
 Methinks I see them on the waters nigh!
 Remote can I discern a press of sail!
 And feel you not a freshness in the gale?
 Mark, how they crowd successive o'er the lake!
 Death glimmers on their flag——!"

"Not possible, mistake?"

Loose clouds of morning mock'd me with the show—
 They may be sails—perhaps it is the foe!
 Inflame the magazines without delay,
 And then for safety to the Thames away!"

Ere he had clos'd forth rush'd the spoiling bands,
 And touch'd and kindled with the lighted brands.
 Ignited all,—disorder'd they retire,
 While blazing wings upon the winds aspire.
 The females shriek—th' affrighted children cry
 To see the sparkles flash along the sky.

Air, smoke and flame a dire confliction make—
The same reflected, glitters in the lake.
Wide through the element the fires are driven—
The whirling cinders wage rude war with heaven.

The time the sun stood centred in mid-day,
The patriot army reach'd the destin'd bay.
The navy soon the eastern point wore round—
Three greeting shouts from infantry rebound!
The victors of the lake the joy repeat,
And high in heaven their welcome voices meet.

“To Perry's standard let the guns salute!”
Shelby commanded—every tongue was mute.

Thirteen brass thunders speak to Perry's name—
His brilliant exploit o'er the lake proclaim.
Amid th' inspiring sound the vessels moor—
Quick skims the yawl with Perry to the shore.
The veteran hurries to the beach, and stands
Dismounted—as the youthful hero lands.
As eager they approach their hearts beat high—
A crystal tear-drop glistens in their eye.
With motion tremulous their hands they join,
Lock'd in embrace—impassion'd like divine:

Thus to transmit his character to time
A youth forsakes his home and native clime—
By shivering marches in the frigid zone,
Fording mad rivers—fainting in the sun,
Sleeping untented in the pitiless night,
His features shrunk with starving appetite—

Pouring his blood while entering through the breach,
He gains the summit of a warrior's reach;
His country hails him with the shout of praise,
And the strong poet pours to him his lays;
When thus encircled with his fame, as light,
Home he returns to glad his father's sight.
Silent they meet—breast riveted to breast,
Feeling a thrill not audible express'd:

So stood the veteran and the seaman young,
Lock'd in embrace, while passion chain'd their tongue.

At length the aged thus: "Thy deeds surpass
Language inscrib'd on monumental brass.
High at the summit mark begins thy praise—
On thy great name futurity will gaze.
It gives me joy, ere I the grave-path tread,
To see young valour blooming o'er my head."

"I 've but the service of my country done,"
Thus Perry modest in his turn begun.

"I to my crew your praises must transfer—
'Twas they that prov'd the nation's character.

"We 'll let the subject for the present pass—
High heaven bestow'd the victory as it was.
To Elliot's sympathy I gave command
To bear the crowded Britons to the land;
Their numbers even now surpass our own,
Exclusive those that with their anguish groan;
These in pavilions ample, will receive
Attentions from those hands that blessings give."

Scarce had he finish'd, when the barges bore
The maim'd and numerous captives to the shore,
To be to Frankfort, Chilicothe sent,
To wait the orders of the president.

“ Your kind solitudes of heart proclaim
Your bosom worthy to receive its fame.
It proves a nobleness of soul to feel
For those who suffer from the wounding steel.”

While they this converse held, the barges gain'd
The shore—some lost to sense and some with fevers
pain'd.

To Croghan, Harrison: “ With generous care
To roomy tents the fainting sufferers bear.
Miller, to Chilicothe you'll convey
Those that escap'd the desolating fray,
There to remain till the redeeming day.”

This with a ready promptness is obey'd—
The maim'd in tents on pallets soft are laid;
The others, Miller marshals in a file—
Soon their sad brows he lightens with a smile.
By soft-ton'd music and by soothing arts,
He draws the festering anguish from their hearts.
A grateful tear is seen in many an eye,
For each expected hard severity.

The mean time Shelby had his post resum'd,
And thus with glowing sentiments illum'd
The bosoms of the brave: “ Warriors! at length,
The hour approaches to attest your strength.

Brief is the passage to the hostile shore,
 And, lo ! a conquering fleet conveys us o'er !
 A *conquering fleet* ! how ominous the word !
 A conquering *army* will unsheathe its sword !
 How vain is language to excite your souls—
 Warm through each breast a tide of valour rolls.

“ What though my cheeks the spoils of time declare,
 My strength returns like youth the sword to bare.
 Avenging justice approbates the cause,
 Wag'd to maintain our liberty and laws.

“ O kneel your souls to heaven and make the vow,
 Never a joint on battle-field to bow !
 Never this lake shall float my body o'er,
 Till proud we die or overcome their power !”

* * * * *

Profound the pause. At length this shout arose :
 “ Loud plead our hearts with savage ranks to close !
 By the best drops that swell our veins, we swear
 To win the fight or leave our bodies there !”

* * * * *

“ I glory to behold the native fire
 Burn in your bosoms, prompting your desire.

“ But mark the keels are waiting ! Haste, repair—
 And crowd the decks and prove the souls ye are !”

With pulse strong beating they receiv'd the word—
 Sunder'd their ranks to pass the fleet, on board :
 First Perry, Shelby, Harrison, lead forth—
 The barge that bears them, weighted with their worth
 Scarce swims the flood. The Johnsons leave the shore
 With sounding bugles confident of power.

Wood with artillery---Campbell and Desha—
Then Simral's squadrons launch into the bay.
Childs, Barry, Crittenden, Payne, Trotter, King—
Croghan the youth, the rear barge honouring.

Now Perry's standard from Niagara flies
That the bent fastenings from the sand should rise ;
The seaboys hail the token—anchors, weigh—
Slow winds the freighted navy from the bay.
The sheets like clouds expand before the breeze—
Smooth glide the vessels o'er the silvery seas.
The waters seem with pride to bear the line,
Such bright reflections in the mirror shine
Of starry banners waving---helmets—plumes,
And burnish'd armour which the sun illumines.

The sportive fishes in the wave below,
With wondering eyes behold the beauteous show ;
Eager they dart to catch the shades that move,
Mocking the fleet that glides serene above ;
They leap to taste the air in antic play,
Wild like the sportings of a holiday.

The sea-lads station'd in the tops on high,
Distant, a promise of the land descry—
Like a faint cloud where earth and heaven unite,
Hard to discern by those of practis'd sight ;
By small degrees it grows upon the view,
The colour changing from a gray to blue.
As glad the squadron gains upon it near,
Unequal ridges more distinct appear.
The ruins, soon they mark, from whence arise
The sluggish smoke that rolls along the skies.

At length the navy enters in the bay—
The biting anchors grapple to the clay.

A signal cannon from Niagara comes,
Which with loud peal is answer'd by the drums—
Notice to land : The summons is obey'd—
And prompt the whole are on the beach array'd.

“ Behold, we 've landed !” Harrison exclaims.
“ But not like Hull to infamy our names.
This, *this* the crisis that demands the soul
To stand sublime and reach the immortal goal.
Should *this* our effort fail---our cause is done—
The sands of freedom are for ever run.
The bow is bent, and should the arrow fly
Without effect—farewell to Liberty !”

When Malden's timid fair beheld the fleet,
Their hearts sunk in them with a trembling beat ;
The sad forsaken matrons wrung their hands,
Fearing disaster from Kentuckian bands ;
Proctor had told them, riot was their aim,
And reckless murder did their hearts inflame.

Lo, when the columns form'd upon the shore,
Their shrieks ascended freezing every pore.
With shoeless feet--heads naked to the wind,
In groups they huddl'd with disorder'd mind.
Death's pale presentment glar'd from every face—
Their bosom child they gave their last embrace !

When Shelby heard their mercy-pleading cries,
To learn the cause, he stood in his surprise—

They come---they close him round---in dust they fall,
And loud for succour in their tears they call :

“Protect---O save---defend us in our life !
Spare us in mercy---save us from the knife !
If thou art callous to our weeping eyes,
O melt thy bosom to our infants’ cries !
Never our hands were rais’d against thy power—
Redeem !—and blessings on thy head will shower !

“If nothing—nothing will suffice save blood—
O if our flesh must be to thee as food !
We yield ourselves to death—but save---O save
Our tender offspring from a butchering grave !
O let our babes in innocence remain—
Defend our virgins from pollution’s stain !”

* * * * *

While thus with bitterness they pled their suit,
The veteran’s tongue was chain’d in wonder mute.
A tear involuntary bath’d his eye—
His every word is burden’d with a sigh :

“Whence did this frenzy in your brain arise ?
These are mad fictions—not realities.
We know no other than to guard the fair—
Hence dry your tears and calm this wild despair.”

They think him false : “O wherefore do you strive
With proffer’d hopes, a keener pang, to give ?
The cold-ice grave makes every vein grow chill—
You speak of peace more sharp our life to kill !
Why do you mock us with delusive dreams ?
You plunge the knife to gush the vital streams !

“ And did not Proctor in his grief express,
That stern ye murder with a greediness !
That you Kentuckians from the parents’ knees
The smiling infant like the savage seize,
And dash its throbbing brains upon the hearth—
The spotless virgin of her beauty scath,
Then search her breast with fire”——

“ Good heaven ! refrain—
Suppress this hot delirium of the brain !
“ O Slander ! what art thou ? a blighting death !
Thy look is hell !---corruption is thy breath !
The tiger kills to fatten on his prey,
His hunger pleads to suck its blood away ;
The dark assassin at the midnight hour,
Stabs to the heart to gain a rival’s power ;
The highway robber with a felon’s stealth,
With reeking steel demands the traveller’s wealth—
But Slander,—venom’d Slander !—when that we
Compare a tiger to a form like thee—
Or the assassin at the midnight bed—
Or robber plundering of the gray-hair’d dead,
Bright is their aspect—yea as heaven above
Outmeasures earth where these fell monsters rove !
“ Our spotless name is all—the rest may fly
As gossamer that floats on vacancy.
Come, starving Poverty ! come, cruel Death !
We ’ll smile upon you in your grinning teeth !
But, *Slander* !—thou dost eat upon our heart
With viper’s tooth that poisons every part !

“Proctor, O why——

* * * *

“My thoughts, of him no more,
Or for these scalding tears will fall big drops of gore!—

* * * *

“Deluded matrons!—to your homes return—
Nor for yourselves or tender offspring mourn.
You’ve been deceiv’d by Slander’s scorpion tongue—
Kentuckians seek no foe but tyrant wrong.
They to the weak are a protecting shield,
For which their bosoms, holy luxuries, yield.”

The veteran spoke. A something from his eye,
Darted conviction with solemnity;
It cast away their fear, which like a cloud,
Had dark’d their peace and rais’d their anguish loud.
Tears gush in floods—but not the tears of wo—
A tide of joy streams down their cheeks of snow!

Thus Clarke, the western Hannibal, alone
Had left his wife—upon the Wabash gone
To beat the hostiles back to Erie’s shore,
Who late had steep’d their cruel hands in gore:
While widow’d thus—lo! Rumour fills her ear,
That, in death’s ambush, all her soul held dear
Was mix’d with earth! her cries of grief ascend,
Mourning her children’s father and her friend.
Raising to pitying heaven her weeping eye,
Whom does it gaze upon?—her husband nigh!
Louder she screams!—in giddy transport blest,
She leaps convulsive on his throbbing breast:

So when the matrons were to hope restor'd,
Thus swell'd their voices—thus their tear-drops pour'd.

They ravish'd, kisses to their offspring give,
As though they late had died, but *now* they live !
They turn reluctant with a side-long gaze,
And as they turn they utter Shelby's praise :

“ May righteous heaven pour gladness on his soul,
Till the last pulse of ebbing life shall roll.”

Thus as they pass'd they hail'd him on the way,
And gave a kneeling blessing to the day.

Meantime the troops had their pavilions spread,
And each had wrapp'd him in his fleecy bed ;
Spent with their toils,—embarking on the flood,—
Serene they slumber in a weary mood.

No busy voices round the camp are heard---
No sound---save footsteps of the passing guard.
The stars are lovely on their thrones of gold,
While the new moon, attractive to behold,
Reveals her crescent where the shades of night
And day's last glimmerings placidly unite.
Her silver horns appear like angel's wings,
That poise his feet, when through the air he flings
His flight precipitate. Descending slow,
Her downward horn is seen no longer now---
'Tis hid behind a rock---the other bright,
Lingers above and shows upon the sight
Like something that is heaven ! Fast it recedes---
It fades---'tis gone !---but yet an holy beam
Reveals the spot where it hath kiss'd the stream.

But not to sleep the veteran is inclin'd---
Anxious command drives slumber from his mind.
He with Adair, whose locks were touch'd with snow,
Mounts and proceeds along th' alignment slow,
To teach his office to the soldier young,
And probe his heart if beats its impulse strong.

They hear the voice of sentinel---and light---
(The horses with Adair.) "Who comes in night?"
"Friend!" Shelby answers: "Give the countersign!"
"Tecumseh."---"Pass in silence on the line."
"Pray have you nothing to remove this damp?
Keen cuts the air and makes my sinews cramp."
"Yes, well am I supplied. My weapon, hold,
And soon I'll animate your bosom cold.
This Proctor left behind. My wish is all,
That I could meet him single with a ball.
"You pause!--None richer e'er was broach'd---you
start---
Freely I give. 'Twill cheer and warm your heart."

"Too *free*, indeed. Unarm'd, your strength have I!
Were all like thee how soon our name would die!
Were I in character some artful foe,
I'd every purpose of the army know!"
Thus Shelby. Thus the guard: "Stranger, I fear,
That thou art something more than you appear!
But from my heart far distant the design
To lay expos'd a section of the line.

I hope the circumstance you 'll not declare,
To Johnson, Shelby, Harrison, Adair."

The chief in answer with reproof began :
" Nothing I doubt your motives as a man ;
But what is courage or a well-meant heart,
If we at option from the rules depart ?
Defeat will follow and a death surprise---
The best intentions never will suffice.
The mind must not be dreaming. Take your arms,
And be all watchful of the night alarms.
'Twould the best feelings of the General wound
To hear a sentry was from duty found.
To him, or them, I nothing shall recite,
For well I know you 'll prove yourself in fight."

Back he withdrew to where the steeds were tied---
They mount and onward on their purpose ride.

Soon they approach where aged Whitley stands,
His locks made gray by fighting savage bands.
With ear awake---eyes lifted to the brow,
Along the line he paces to and fro.

Hearing---but indistinct the horses tread,
He harks attentive---turns his hoary head---
And at the instant, sudden to his ear,
He lifts his hand to catch the sound more clear---
His foremost finger bent to wed the thumb,
The others spread and rais'd,---in this position, dumb,
Listening he stands. He hails them : " Who comes
there ?

What noise of tramping hoofs, disturbs the air ?"

"Friend!" was the answer. "Shelby's friend or foe,
Dismount, that I the circumstance may know!"

"Equal to Shelby's character is mine,
Hence mounted I'll advance and give the sign."

Whitley rejoins: "I'm reckless of your grade---
Down without pausing or your life shall fade!"

The general then: "I'm chief upon the land—
The field obedient moves at my command—
Yea, *Shelby*, I am he. No more enquire—
The right is mine to do as I desire."

"Stand! I command! I listen not to man!"
As Whitley spoke, he op'd the snapping pan:

"For you I pause not—general or a saint—
Down without lingering, or your life shall faint!
I'm *general* here! nor dare insult my post,
Or to yon cloud in heaven shall fly your ghost!"

Shelby believing 'twas the lock he sprung,
His steed dismounted ere he'd still'd his tongue,
And gave the watchword————

"Whitley! is it you?"

My old companion in the service true!
It wakes the richest feelings of my breast
To meet an ancient warrior of the West!
It brings to memory those days—no more,
When drove the savage past Ohio's shore;
And when we join'd our labours in the fight,
Till dying Ferguson renounc'd the Height.

"My friend, farewell! And should we meet no more,
But mix our blood with that of hostile gore,

We 'll join our hands in friendship's holy press—
Our snowy locks proclaim our failing race.”

Thus he. And Whitley thus: “I 'm free to die!
But all I ask—I wish—is victory.
I came prepar'd to find a warrior's bed,
To sleep eternal with the valiant dead.
Though my spent life I to my country yield,
Yet first their veins shall flow upon the field!
“ My aged wife I leave upon thy care,
For death is mine if there be death in war!”

“ My friend, fear not protection of thy wife,
Shouldst thou illustrious yield thy potent life,
And I exempted from a soldier's tomb,
On which immortal plants celestial bloom.
I 'll never urge thee from the field of arms,
For well I know the battle has it charms,
To rouse the soul when tyrants aim the blow
To crush our liberties in dust below.

“ But look—the evening star hath sunk in heaven—
Once more farewell!—to fame shalt thou be given.”

With melting hearts their trembling hands they join—
Tears moist their cheeks, in which the star-beams shine.

Adair beheld their meeting and partook
Of every sentiment the veterans spoke.
Bidding adieu to Whitley on the plain,
Speechless they mount their stations to regain,
Where soon they lose life's pleasure and its pain.

CANTO XIX.

BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

ARGUMENT.

The army march in pursuit of the enemy. Proctor and Tecumseh.

The battle. Death of Tecumseh. An episode. The interment at River Raisin.

The scene is laid at Malden,—on the Thames, and at the River Raisin. The time is eleven days.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XIX.

THE stars in beauty travelling to the west,
Soon wear away the dewy hours of rest;
The lids of morning waken and behold
The jewell'd earth,—the curtains fring'd with gold.

The early drummers as the day appears,
Join'd with the fife, give music to the spheres—
The warriors hear the animating beat,
And rous'd from slumber bound upon their feet;
Shoulder to shoulder solid they unite
T' attend the words their leaders would recite.
Soon Harrison approach'd with Shelby near,
And these instructions with an accent clear,
He to the army with emotion gave:

“Fredonians! chivalrous, unyielding,—brave!
To strike—to conquer have we pass'd the flood—
Now testify the richness of your blood.
They fled at rumour whispering your advance,---
Yea, ere they caught the anger of your glance;
But we must press them with unwearied might,
Or they 'll outstrip us and avoid the fight.

To climb the craggy steep of fame is hard,
But what can equal the sublime reward?
Their fears will be as wings to their retreat,
Hence, we as eagles must pursue with heat.
Privation, labour must our souls despise,
Or never we our names eternalize.

“Johnson, lead forth your iron-bosom’d men,
The horse count off and march in files of ten.
Wood, in the centre thy artillery form,
Whose organ notes will tune the thunder storm;
Crittenden, Trotter, Barry, King, Desha,
The thick-set infantry in line display.”

The drums strike life with spirit-giving sound—
With nerves in thrill the troops forsake the ground,
Beating with rapid feet the dusty road,
Moving like darkness borne upon a cloud.

The time the royals with the savage fled,
The guilt of Proctor bath’d him cold with dread;
Oft as he deign’d to cast a look behind,
The starry flag was imag’d in his mind:

Thus a fell outlaw on a wizard plain,
With hand made crimson in a victim slain,
Flies with distraction to escape the cord,
While stern-pursuing Justice writes the word
Deep on his heart! He stops and lifts his hands,
Dropping with murder!—dumb he hearkening stands
To catch the passing sound;—the waving wood
Dampens his soul and curdles up his blood.

A remnant oak, scath'd by the whirlwind's breath,
He apprehends a minister of death,
Ready to seize and stifle in his life,
Or search his being with the lifted knife;
He wheels—but objects fright his eyes—
From his own shadow he despairing flies :

So Proctor's scarlet crimes distract his brain—
His whirling mind reels dizzy on the plain.

Barclay's surrender round the land had rung,
Which rous'd king-idols with ambition stung ;
Crimson battalions like red moving flames,
By Evans rul'd, advanc'd upon the 'Thames ;
Baubee, an equal host—and Warburton,
Who oft in Europe had proud standards won.

These in conjunction at Moravia meet,
Proctor to rescue from a swift defeat.

Them at a distance, Proctor through the wood
Beheld—which suddenly his mind subdu'd—
He spurr'd to push his flight----so false his eyes,
His friends deceiv'd him for his enemies !

Tecumseh mark'd him in a scowling mood,
And flew, and met, and check'd him on the road,
And question'd thus : “ Why backward on the flight?
And will you dare with single arm the fight?
This path Kentucky holds ! Brother, you look,
As though by all your relatives forsook?
See what a crimson cloud comes moving nigh !
These be our friends ! Kentucky's name shall die !”

* * * * *

Proctor in gaze stood fix'd—and wildly then :
“Not possible deceiv'd? Not royal men?
Surrounded!—from the lake, advance our host?
Fredonians here? I 'm sacrific'd! I 'm lost!
Our strength is weakness!—bid the whole retire—
They 'll seize, they 'll bind, they 'll torture me with
fire!”

He scarce had finish'd when he wheel'd to fly—
But, lo! Tecumseh check'd him with an eye
Frowning, a meteor gleaming o'er the land,
Prophetic of a pestilence at hand.

“You snake of poison tooth! but dare depart,
And me with rifle will explode your heart!
Tecumseh long has kept his soul in chain—
But now his vengeance, tempt it not again!
You plunder, talk and fire, and scalps and blood,
But when big danger come you never stood!
I joy'd when Croghan smote you down to death--
What evil spirit brought to you your breath?
You man of wind—of noisy tongue in talk,
Indian speak less but straight in duty walk.
You captives murder for the pleasure's sake—
By you Cawataw burnt them at the stake!

“In war Tecumseh is the sign of death!
But smother'd never he an infant's breath;
But you rejoice to take the suckling's life—
You spare no stooping mother nor the wife!
Tecumseh prides to meet with warriors strong,
But not the aged with the whistling tongue.

You bad at heart—now bad man fears to die—
That pales your cheek at sight of enemy;
A good man heeds not death—he stand—he fight—
Big sound of thunder-war his mind delight;
The Spirit Great his soul with lightning warms,
And should he fail, he mounts above the storms!”

He ceas'd. But still the threatening of his look
Aw'd Proctor's soul more than deep words he spoke;
His colour went and came—now white, now red—
And now he chok'd and stammer'd with his dread.
If on the chief he deign'd to cast an eye,
Cowering it fell—his virtues tower'd so high:
So have I seen a guilty slave appear,
When stern his master search'd his faults severe;
Sweating cold dew, he 'd raise and fall his sight,
Sinking, joints trembling—hating of the light.

* * * * *

Oft he assay'd to answer, but in vain,
His tongue was cramp'd as fasten'd with a chain.
At length the thought quick flash'd upon his mind,
To give the boon the king had him design'd,
At Malden by a messenger express'd—
The tumult there alarm'd it from his breast.
He hands the sash with cunning work inwrought,
And thus proceeded to make calm his thought:

“Tecumseh, mighty chief! griev'd I confess,
That lost in many cares—my wrong no less,
Than to withhold this princely gift from you,
Receiv'd at Malden at the time we flew.

This will create thee second of the field,
For thou hast prov'd incapable to yield.
Accept the boon---'tis special from the king,
A lofty honour on thy name to bring."

Thus he. Tecumseh then: "White man be so---
He hides his darkness with deceiving show;
Not Indian thus; when crossing stars turn back,
We show our feelings by the sorrowing black;
But when they pour success upon our head,
We paint the pleasure by the white and red.

"Now as respect design'd me by the king,
I give him thanks, but not accept the thing;
To me no use---in nature's wildness born---
My father taught to treat such gifts with scorn,
And thus to me he talk:

‘Tecumseh, son,
Behold our tribe in white-man folly run.
I feel the weight of years---and soon my tongue
Will teach no more to guide your footsteps young.
Open your ears---and what my words declare,
Do thou my son in deep remembrance bear:

“ ‘Beware the white-man---oily in his talk---
'Tis sweeten'd poison---never straight his walk.
Beware you shun religion that he teach,
One way he act, another way he preach;
To-day he tell, intemperance burn within,
And on the morrow urge you to the sin!
Beware your dealings with the white-man blood,
He give you trinkets for substantial good.

Great Spirit gave to Indian, buffalo, bear---
The deer and elk---so bounteous was His care ;
Because we treated these his gifts with scorn,
His anger grew, and we are left to mourn.
Use no deceit, except to snare thy foe :
But when he yields, him sparing mercy show.
Despise a *coward* as no soul of man,
Despatch him with the axe---he 'll shame thy clan.

“ ‘ Thy mother cherish with attentions kind---
To you her feeble years are now resign'd.
Think of her labour in the sun for thee,
And how she lap'd you on her tender knee ;
Do thou her love with equal care repay---
Be thou her staff in her declining day.

“ ‘ Tecumseh, son, thy father's words regard,
And thou wilt meet in happy fields reward.

“ ‘ Wish not for age---'tis fill'd with grief and pain---
Be wisdom thine while thou shalt here remain,
Let that be short or long---then fear thou not
Thy name will be in future years forgot.
The mind still flourishes when all is lost,
The rest soon melts away like autumn's early frost.'

“ ‘ This was my father's teaching. Shall I now
Forget his voice?---to silken net-work bow?
No: deep within my heart his words shall rest---
Lock'd in the centre of Tecumseh's breast.

“ ‘ Never you 'll gain my friendship with your gauze,---
To wield the battle-axe---sublime the cause,---
Is feasting to my soul! Come---fear no more!
Display thy warriors---wake the music roar

Of earthquake turbulence. From Thames' steep bank,
Marshal your lines;—the stream will guard their flank;
The Prophet and Tekelah shall combine,
And, from yon marsh, will I extend the line.
The Thames will fence your left,—the swamp, my right;
Thus will we stand and swallow up the fight!"

Proctor beheld th' advantage of the ground,
And, on his stirrups rising, look'd profound
With aspect grave, which fools for wisdom take—
At length he thus, as if from dreaming, spake:

"Tecumseh! heaven hath kept thee for this hour,
To crown with triumph my defeated power!
The past appears a momentary dream,
Or the faint glimmer of a wat'ry beam,
That looks through murky clouds, when the moon pale,
Wades in thick mist and all the star-lights fail;
But now my mental energies are clear
As noon-day light—no spot upon the sphere---
To thee the praise I give---'tis only thou
That with new vigour could my soul endow.
Marshal the tribes according to thy plan;
Here will we plant ourselves---fight man to man.
Thy scarlet brothers on the left will stand,
And guard with death the passage of the land!

"Distrust me not. I feel sensations new,
Thrilling my nerves their standards to subdue.
In Croghan's strife, my bosom fail'd of breath,
But now I feel to fight the fight of death!
We shall---we *will* prevail! My nerves are strong
To roll in thunder with the strife along!"

Vaunting he spoke. Tecumseh bent his head
In moody silence, doubting what he said;
But yet he felt a soothing in his breast,
That openly had he his thoughts express'd.

Brac'd with the strength which in his bosom stirr'd,
He join'd his warriors---rous'd them at a word:

"Now face we death! Each choose his sheltering oak,
Give ground no more. Let every heart be rock!"

As when the herald of infernal name,
Calls forth hell-labourers to the work of flame;
They hear the roughness of the clarion sound,
And rise in darkening multitudes around:

So when Tecumseh gave the embattling word,
His clans arose with features stain'd abhorr'd.

With veteran judgment he displays the line
To bleed the ranks where horse and foot combine;
A morass deep gives safety to his right---
Himself in centre stands, a bulwark in the fight.

Proctor had join'd his regal forces now---
To whom like eloquence his accents flow:

"Chambers, Warburton, Evans, Reynolds, all
Who war for princely titles---hear the call!
Prepare for combat! On the left extreme,
Level the cannon to elance the flame!
Than *this*, no farther shall their flag advance---
We meet them here with death's inheritance!
In coward flight no longer will we fly---
Our strength augmented they must yield or die!

Here will we stand and drive Kentucky hence---
Won is the field when Albion makes defence!
Pale fear cast backward to the waning moon---
This day we shine in glory with the sun!
Conquer but now, Columbia is our own---
Behold, we win an empire for the Crown!
Let every Briton flame with fire his breast---
We fight, we conquer, and we rule the West!"

His squadrons heard and wonder'd at the sound,
And thought his soul was touch'd with the profound;
They felt a gladness in their bosoms new,
For now they judg'd their leader would be true:

Thus near the Falls that break Ohio's flood,
Thick stagnant waters had for ages stood,
Breeding all monstrous animals of earth,
Toads, scorpions, lizards---millions at a birth.
Green Putrefaction with pestiferous breath,
Exhal'd from rotten lungs cadaverous death.
Behold, Industry comes with nervous hand
And drains the marshes from th' infected land:
The toads, the scorpions and the lizards die,
And Putrefaction gasps in agony;
Exuberant Health comes blushing in the breeze---
The grape, the lily, and the loveliest trees
Leap into life. The city* smiles serene
To mark the prospect of the living scene.
New life, new joy, her every fibre thrills---
A laughing happiness her bosom, fills:

* Louisville.

So, Proctor's voice reanimates to life
His downcast legions to maintain the strife.
The columns presently in line display,
And scowl defiance at the gathering fray.

Mean while full breasted the Fredonians drive
To crush the swarming of the savage hive.
Swift as their enemies before them fly,
They leave behind their every luxury,
On which they feast in bountiful supply.

Thus for three days ambitious they pursue
The enemy---to have with arms an interview;
But on the fourth, as from meridian height,
The sun his gold diffus'd---the Johnsons light
On the same ground where Albion spent the night.
The half extinguish'd watch-fires smouldering by,
Give truthful notice of their standards nigh.

Shelby, the Johnsons, Harrison, Adair,
Croghan the youth---Whitley with hoary hair,
Barry, Crittenden---ornaments of earth---
Simral and Thompson, gems of brilliant worth,---
Stand in a group with feelings emulous---
And Harrison elate to Johnson thus:

“ Behold arriv'd the harvest-day of fame!
Thrust in thy sickle---reap a glorious name!

“ Ply the quick spur---dash bounding up the stream;
Search you the foe, ere farther we advance---
Trace his position with a wary glance.
Notice if still receding in his flight,
Or marshall'd on the plain to brave the fight.”

Fleet at the summons Johnson plied the goad---
Dash'd along rapid and devour'd the road;
As burns an arrow from an archer strong,
So eager flew the chief and shot along.
His plume, white tipt with red, stream'd far behind,
And danc'd redundant in the liquid wind.

He curb'd his charger on commanding ground,
And jealous mark'd the gather'd host around.
Flam'd at the sight his ardent soul took fire---
His every heart-string shiver'd with desire:

Thus had a mariner for three long years,
Travers'd the eastern and the western spheres.
At length home bound he makes the headland near---
But, lo! a mist beclouds the objects dear.
At noon---before the gale it scattering flies,
And Charleston opens sweet as Paradise !
His soul is floating in a tide of bliss,
Transported, tearful with his happiness :

So Johnson felt the passion of delight
T' observe the allies ready for the fight.

His bosom calm'd—he kenn'd with warrior skill
Their manner of defence---wheel'd,---made the hill
Where stood the chiefs. They listen to his voice :

“The hour hath come that bids us to rejoice !
Our anxious thoughts and weary toils are o'er—
They stand implanted on yon heath before !
The posture of defence is artful chose—
Their left extreme is where the river flows.
A park of cannonry their ranks support,
With levell'd flame our energies to thwart.

Tecumseh's strength is partially conceal'd
By the thick growth that overshades the field—
He holds the right. A morass deep, at hand,
Will make it vain to flank upon his band.
Hence, we must meet them open in the field,
And arm to arm our ready falchions wield.

“ I to thy judgment would with deference plead,
The charging onset of the war to lead.”

Him Shelby answers : “ To approach with horse
Against train'd infantry a novel course ;
Yet will the charge succeed—'twill awe impress
By its bold daring—leave them weaponless.”

To Johnson, Harrison : “ Brave man, move forth—
Known in thy valour and thy patriot worth,
Proud in the senate hath thy tongue proclaim'd
The nation's honour, which the vile defam'd.
Thine every thought is to thy country given—
Now lift thy glory to the light of heaven.
We shall be near thee to sustain thy path,
And glean the field with desolating wrath.

“ Thy brother, rich in fame, will lead the right
Against the imperials in the shock of fight,
Whilst thou wilt thunder on Tecumseh's line,
And prove the virtue of thy origin.
The infantry will charge with steel in hand,
When once with blood we mark thy lifted brand.

“ Divide thy warriors for the bold assay—
The aged chief will nerve them for the fray.”

* * * * *

The horse stand column'd. Shelby's accents flow
Warm from the heart and kindle on his brow :

“ Let one deep feeling animate the whole—
Hot chafe the bosom---rouse the smother'd soul.
Long have you toil'd the enemy to meet—
Endur'd the winter's cold---the summer's heat ;
These toils are now no more—we charge them home—
A day to live in future years hath come !

“ Do not strange passions in your bosoms beat,
Kindling your souls with an immortal heat ?
Yea, I behold in every eye the fire,
Glancing the language of the heart's desire !
Joy thrills the chords of life to mark the blaze !
Strong in the strength of liberty up-raise
The Eagle high in air—her wing to heaven
Expand ! fame----fame eternal to your deeds be given !

“ Let him who dreads the shock with timid heart,
Back from the honour of the day depart.
Never I 'll stand beside a coward slave--
None shall advance who fear to find a grave !

* * * *

“ None----none retire ! Each heart is ribb'd with
steel--

Unconquerable band ! What bliss I feel !
I seem in bloom of life !---my years made young--
A flood of transport drowns my ravish'd tongue !
Let your advance be death---a chain of fire--
In wrath let murderous enemies expire !

“ But when they kneel, then soften'd be as down--
Let mercy raise the subjects of the Crown.

'Tis heaven's first virtue ever to forgive,
Hence let the vanquish'd gentleness receive.

"And should the fight give Proctor to your hand,
Let not his blood be seen upon the land.
Death is a boon too rich for him to have—
The field of battle is the warrior's grave;
By such an exit, half his crimes would fade—
To fall with heroes, would exalt his shade.

"Silent move forth till they elance the blaze,
Then---*then* the passions to a frenzy raise;
And while the Eagle screams along the sky,
Charge on with death---charge on with chivalry!"

His language gave a quickening to each part,
And seem'd to wind like lightning round the heart!

The columns silent their positions take,
And list to hear the sounding bugles break
The summons to advance. Still as the breath,
That faintly languishes at sleep of death,
The elements remain as though they felt
The time at hand when sun and stars would melt;
No leaf, the forest stirs————

Harrison, his sword,
Waves!---deep the sign---more forcible than word.

* * * * *

At once the bugles answer with a sound,
That seems to shake the bosom of the ground;
It strikes the breathless army on the rear,
Like judgment trumpet when the dead appear!

The mounted cohorts at the signal note
Move forth like clouds when on slow air they float—

Each heart strong-beating with the pulse of life
To reach the field and mingle in the strife.
With dauntless eye they mark upon the heath
The ranks display'd to melt them down to death,
Fix'd in their purpose ere they force the charge,
The planted foe should stream his fire at large.

Proctor, crime-smitten, at the bugles' sound,
And Elliot trembling, vanish'd from the ground,
But Reynolds potent thus: "Fear not, nor move!
Now the firmheartedness of England prove!
And let them come! With pointed weapons strong
We'll strike them prostrate in the dust along.
Think of our Alfred's, Henry's, Marlborough's blood,
Who thrice their strength victoriously withstood!
And shall *we* give and falsify their name?
Never!---we'll die and hide us from the shame!

"Mark! they approach!---Waken---kindle your ire---
Mix steel with steel---and melting fire with fire!"

Through every breast his words electric run---
A hurrying death elanc'd from every gun,
Solid at once! the motion was so fleet,
The blaze scorch'd heaven unbroken in a sheet!
Again they peal;---the *third*---not time have they---
The Johnsons charge and fierce begin the fray:

Loud as the crash of tempest-shiver'd oaks---
As dashing waters boil o'er pointed rocks---
As foaming billows breaking on the shore---
As pealing thunders round the welkin roar,

Such the vast tumult,---such the deafening jar,
As dash the columns in the charging war.
The horses' feet deep echo to the skies---
Thick clouds of dust in volumes vast arise.
Dubious, half hid, the maddening ranks appear---
Now their plumes show like live things in the sphere,
The rest is all obscure—save now and then
The heads reveal themselves of tallest men—
Like the moon wading through a depth of clouds,
She shines a moment, then her glimmering shrouds---
On—on they bound as lightnings' fiery sweep,
In blood the bosom of the earth to steep :

As when black whirlwinds from th' equator driven,
Split the dark clouds and dash them loose through
heaven—

Bend the weak birches—rend the knotted oak,
O'erwhelm the wilderness with besom stroke ;
Sheets of black dust eclipse the solar ray—
The mountains groan---earth reels beneath their sway ;
Ruin flies wasting on red wings of fire---
The cavern monsters howlingly retire :

The mounted thus like whirlwinds thunder on---
The elder Johnson tramps the Britons down.
Deep from their front he having strew'd the dead :

“ Battalions !---wheel and rush the rear !” he said---
The patriots turn---but ere they ply the heel,
Th' imperials crouch beneath the weight of steel !

But, lo ! Tecumseh resolute withstands
The furious onset of the charging bands.

Rice, Coleman, Thompson, Whitley, Church,---unite,
The centre squadrons of the foe to smite.

Tekelah, Prophet---with their strength oppose,---
Foaming delirious---blows resound on blows.

Tecumseh's voice the wrath of battle pours,
Maddening the fight which sounds to Erie's shores:

“Warriors! draw blood till every heart be dry!
Like rocks which break the thunderbolts on high,
Stand in the strife! As lightning blasts the heath,
So strike and blast the enemy with death!”

His clan shrill answer'd with infernal scream—
Sharp glancing fires from flint-struck rifles stream:

Supported thus, Tecumseh awful moves,
Like some dark ghost in lightning-kindled groves.

As grass before the blade in summer dies,
So on the field sink friends and enemies.

In different parts are different actions seen,
Equal the bravest of the brave of men;

Whitley, Tekelah, swollen with their rage,
With reeking axe in combat dire engage:

As when two panthers meet upon the heath,
And grapple desperate with their claws and teeth;
Nor this nor that gives ground—in fearful mood,
They gash, and gash—their bodies smear'd with blood:

Thus Whitley and the brawny savage close—
And thus from sunder'd veins the crimson flows.

At length the hoary veteran smites his brow!

Tekelah whirling sinks beneath the blow,
Blood from his nostrils in a foaming flow.

Now Whitley, glancing at Tecumseh's form,
Dark with the horrors of the rising storm,
Rushes to quench the brand that flam'd the war,
His white locks waving in the troubled air,
He stands—he draws the weapon to his eye—
The sparkles catch the dust—the ruins fly
To search him through the heart !—but by quick
wheel,

At the brief instant that the hammer'd steel
Fretted with fire, his death, Tecumseh shunn'd—
Yet purple drops fast trickle on the ground—
Deep through his shoulder is the gory wound.
Fierce he recoils upon his aged foe—
Rapid he hurls the never-failing blow ;
The coated axe, thick matted o'er with hairs,
Wide through his convoluted bowels tears !
As sinks an aged elm before the blast,
So fell the veteran and expir'd his last.

Tecumseh, forth, when he the sage had kill'd,
Dash'd like a tempest o'er the burning field,
Kindling the strife !—A butchering host rush on
To scalp his hoary locks to please the Throne !
A Throne hypocrisy declares to be
The last—last bulwark of Christianity !
Prophet insatiate—storming in his might,
Leads on the wild-men to the murderous rite.
Thompson dismounts his charger at a bound,
And fronts the howling savage on the ground;
His bold battalion render him support
To guard the body with a proud effort :

As two dark rolling streams from adverse hills,
Supplied with water from a thousand rills,
Mingle with madness in the vale below—
So Thompson's warriors mingle with the foe.

As round they wield the axe, gore stains its edge—
Man crowds on man in battle's dreadful wedge.
At times the slaughter thins the stiffling press,
But that augments, not makes the carnage less—
By giving freedom to their arms and breath,
The axes drive more sure the stroke of death.

At length the Prophet on the soil is laid,
Biting the dust 'neath Thompson's glittering blade—
The cannibals give way—the patriots seize
Whitley the prize,—and from the slaughter, raise
And bear him forth to those upon the rear,
Who place the veteran on his martial bier—
A bier more honour'd than the bed of state,
Where kings are laid to make their burial great,
But soon Corruption's breath consigns them to their
fate.

As Thompson's band with Whitley's corse withdrew,
Johnson the younger flam'd the conflict new :

“Kentuckians ! elevate the soul on high,
As in the days of ancient chivalry !
Rise—fight,—spare not—fight on with courage bold,
Like Clarke and Estill in the times of old
With Logan by their side ! Smite down the foe—
Let savage monsters fall at every blow !”

He put his valour forth,—and, like a star
Blazing th' elements, shone in thickest war.

His banded strength pursu'd!—The battle roars,
Like outrag'd ocean breaking on the shores.
Like showering hail sharp whistling whiz the lead,
And every volley magnifies the dead.
The heavy noise reverberates around—
The gushing blood makes drunk the thirsty ground :
As when from mountain tops small streams descend.
Swelling and maddening as their channels bend ;
The brooks augment to rivers as they flow,
Which roar and foam, and flood the vales below :
Like this the turbulence. The Thames turn red—
The field around with darkness overspread.

Lo, Johnson glancing at Tecumseh nigh—
They stand and roll at each a lowering eye.
As two dark clouds frown opposite in ire,
Muttering deep thunder with their brows on fire—
So frown they dismal with a tightening breath,
Each threatening each with violence of death.

The pausing o'er,—Tecumseh, to his face,
His rifle bears to end the Johnson race—
Slaughter the foremost of Kentucky's sons,
Within whose veins a tide of honour runs ;
He blinds the vision of his left—his right
Burns like the polar star in wintry night,
And fastens on the bead---the ruins fly
And tear his hip and lacerate his thigh---
One breaks his hand that holds the guiding rein,
But saves the patriot falling with the slain,

For, lo ! unerring it had reach'd his breast,
But the wrist bones obliqu'd it to the west ;
Yet unappall'd the hero in his right
Retain'd with iron grasp his weapon tight ;
His mind so riveted he felt no pain,
Though fast his trickling drops bedew'd the plain.

Tecumseh rushing, rais'd his axe to throw
The whirling hatchet with unfailing blow---
Johnson presents the hidden death !---he aims---
Touching the spring---searching of life it flames !
Beneath his lifted arm swift flies the shot,
And opes the fountain of his bosom hot---
The sixth rib fractures---heart through centre rent---
The passion'd blood spouts hissing from the vent.
With feeble force Tecumseh throws the axe---
His arm gives way---his strength dissolves like wax.
He reels---he sinks to earth---he gasps---he dies---
His soul ascends its native paradise :

So once in years gone by the mammoth trod
Kentucky's wilds as some superior god ;
A bolt of thunder from a cloud in heaven,
Against the iron of his skull was driven---
He shook it off ! another leap'd amain---
Like to the first he glanc'd it on the plain ;
Another soon from out the magazine
Came lightning drove to search his heart within ;
Between his ribs of brass it rent its way,
And through his shoulder forc'd itself to day---
Staggering he fell ! Earth groan'd beneath the blow,
As if a mountain had its overthrow :

Thus fell the great Tecumseh in his might,
And with him fell the spirit of the fight.

Now Johnson's charger wounded through his life
By balls that shower'd like April rain, in strife,
Sinks fainting to the earth, deform'd with gore,
And all the glory of his strength is o'er.
He paws the sanguine heath with dying throes,
Eying his master whom he yet still knows ;
And for a time forgets his sweating pains
To see him pale and weltering on the plains.
No more within his eye the fire abides—
Each expiration bathes his milk-white sides
In scarlet foam—but when his breath inspires,
The vital fountain in his chest retires.
Faint and more faint his mouth is on the plain—
At times he lifts it up—but now, alas, in vain !
He turns upon his side—he gasps for breath—
He chills, he shivers in the pangs of death.

* * * * *

Harrison, Shelby, lead the army forth—
The wild men scatter broken to the north ;
The elder Johnson thunders on their rear,
And hurls them slaughter in their path severe.

While this transpir'd, the younger Johnson lay
Bleeding by slow degrees his life away ;
His eye mov'd languid and his lips grew pale,
While in his ear death sung his doleful tale.

Thompson and Barry, Crittenden and Payne,
Haste to remove him, weltering on the plain.
On a soft litter with an easy tread,
They bear him backward from the scene of dead.
On downy pallet in pavilion large,
To anxious surgeons they resign their charge—
Who forth with skilful hands the veins suppress,
And sprinkle water in his marble face—
But all of no avail—his eyelids close
Half down—and half the fading eye expose.

The soldiers sighing past the tent would stray,
And cast a look—and wish themselves away ;
Yet would they stand and linger round the brave,
Whispering to heaven his valued life to save.
Fast by his couch his weeping nephews stood,
And press'd his cheek and wip'd the oozing blood.

Meantime the sadness through the army spread,
Their favourite chief was number'd with the dead !

His conquering brother having sheath'd his blade,
Crimson'd with slaughter in the battle made,
Now catches the report that loads the gale—
Various but icy the pathetic tale.

He seeks the tent with heart in solitude—
Enters—he stands—his eyes with tears bedew'd,
Pressing his hand ! Pent sighs his soul betray,
To see his brother languishing away.

At length the utterance of his tongue returns,
Whilst with affection all his bosom yearns :

“ Wake, O my brother ! listen to my voice !
One breathing whisper will my heart rejoice !

O but one farewell from thy lips be given,
And I 'll resign thee, if I *must*—to heaven."

The hero waken'd at the well-known tongue,
And with soft press his hand with trembling wrung—
Lifted the curtains of his eyes serene,
And cheer'd his brother with a smiling mien !
A bless'd sensation shot along his soul,
As boreal light that quickens round the pole :

Thus a fond mother sunk with grieving wo,
Marks in her infant each convulsive throe,
Sickening to death. Deep, solemn, silent, pale,
She counts the pulses as they ebbing fail.
Lo, while she stands thus rack'd with her despair,
Her dying infant smiles a healthful air !
Her heart is ravish'd at the joyous sight—
Her every fibre shivers with delight :

So when the wounded from his faintness smil'd,
Each anxious bosom with its transport thrill'd.
They lean to listen—yet they inward fear
That they intrusive will disturb him near.

" Thy voice my brother hath new wak'd my life,
And call'd it back from death's conflicting strife ;
But O how rich the luxury to die,
When circled in the arms of victory !
I scarce can thank thee—yet thou know'st my heart—
I meant not so—till death shall hurl his dart,
Cheerful will I with resignation live,
And all my powers I 'll to my country give—
For her I bleed—to her devote each day,
Till heaven shall lap this mortal dust in clay."

Here he half fainted on his brother's breast,
But found a pillow there as soft as angel's rest.

The meantime Sugget with a chosen band,
Seeking for Proctor, bounded o'er the land—
With stimulating spur they urg'd their way,
Swift as strong falcons searching for their prey.

The sire of Proctor mark'd the perilous state
Of his begotten, hopeless, desperate,
And snatch'd him from pursuit. Lost from his view,
Sugget gave o'er the felon to pursue,
And backward wheeling to the field withdrew.

Till setting sun the dead the patriots urn,
Ready at day triumphant to return.
They dream of home and all its sweets, at night,
And wake solicitous at early light.
The numerous captives in the centre stand—
A measured league they stretch along the land.
The ancient guns that Hull to Brock resign'd,
Are with due honours to the front assign'd.
Arms, martial instruments, luxurious spoils,
Fall to the brave to recompense their toils.

And now their march for Sandwich they pursue—
On the sixth day the lake expands in view.
The fleet a passage to Detroit afford,
Where to their place the cannon are restor'd.
This done, for Raisin they advance their way—
They reach the fatal ground at eve of second day.

* * * * *

Alas, the scene that opens on the sight !
The fields around with untomb'd bones are white !
From every eye the drops of grief descend :
Some mourn a brother—some, a bosom friend—
The son, his hoary sire—the sire, his son,
Adown whose cheeks the trickling sorrows run.
Murderers, their captives now ! but yet no look—
No vengeance threatening of their lives is spoke !
But to their cruel enemy they show
A kind indulgence—every grace, bestow ;
Yea, were they brothers, friends—instead of men
Who late had acted such a death-cold scene,
They could no more, than bounteous they receiv'd
From hands whose souls unrighteous they had griev'd.

At length, Fredonians form'd upon his right,
And those that murder'd opposite in sight,
Shelby begins : “ The brave are ever great,
Through every scene, in high, or low estate ;
I've seen you suffer by a merc'less foe,
Without a wrinkle knitted on your brow ;
I've seen you rush to war sublime in soul,
And fire and carnage through the battle roll ;
I've seen you bind their wounds—their anguish heal,
When they have knelt beneath your threatening steel—
My heart was gladden'd to behold these scenes,
In future bards to wake immortal strains—
Though these achievements bright as heaven appear,
Yet not they ever can with *this* compare.

“ Here on my right I see my children slain,
Whose bones are whiten'd by the sun and rain ;

Here on my left, the murderers captive stand,
Presented generous with kind Friendship's hand!

"Historic Muse! thy lengthen'd scroll display,
Bring the past acts of nations into day!

Ken every syllable—line, word and page,
From Time's first dawning to the present age—
Where can you point the page, the line, the word,
That will with this exalted deed accord?

None—none appears! A virtue *new* must rise—
Pen it, O Muse! and waft it to the skies!

* * * * * *

"My heart is full. Sad office now remains:
The martyr'd relics, scatter'd o'er the plains,
Collect and shroud in dust—then, with a tear,
Pay the last tribute to the warrior's bier."

Slow move the patriots with a weeping eye,
Anxious their brothers, fathers to descry.
But O how vain! Distinctive marks are lost—
Save the bleak frame, all moulder'd into dust!

How must this scene subdue the heart of pride!
Let not the young the aged nerve deride.
Here lies, O thoughtless youth! a form once fair,
A glowing heart that never felt despair;
His lambent eye did once on beauty rove—
Pierc'd her soft bosom with the looks of love;
These charms are fled—sad change! now all remains
Are whiten'd bones stretch'd naked on the plains!

The grief-pale mourners place them in the earth,
While the soul's fountain from their eyes streams forth.

With clay-cold dust they shroud them from the view,
And sigh with aching hearts their long, and last adieu !

Slow as they homeward move, lo ! from a cloud,
Fredonia's voice is heard more sweet than loud :

“ Mourn not nor weep—their spirits rest on high—
Mourn not nor weep—the martyr'd never die !”



CANTO XX.

VICTORY AT QUEENSTOWN.

ARGUMENT.

About the same period that Proctor invested Fort Meigs, Generals Brown, Dearborn and others convene at Sackett's Harbour. Van Rensselear is detached to Lewistown, who, on his arrival, prepares for a descent upon Queenstown. A traitor. The storming of the Heights.

The scene, Sackett's Harbour, Lewistown, Fort George and Queens-town. The time is ten days.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XX.

WHILE Shelby rais'd his standard in the West,
And Harrison—to tame the savage breast,
Around the borders of Ontario far,
The deafening turbulence of clamorous war,
Rag'd like the breaking of the clouds of heaven,
When the pent thunders to the earth are driven.

Now as the Muse the plans of warfare sung
In Freedom's capital—her theme but young,
Brown was selected by the President
To place his name with those of proud event—
Names high emblazon'd on immortal scroll—
Who wrench'd from kings the sceptre of control.

The State of Penn was honour'd with his birth—
Born near the spot of Trenton's hallow'd earth.
Frequent he trac'd where Washington had trod,
Which caus'd a sacred thrilling of his blood.

In his first years a humble-school he taught,—
Nor higher dignity his virtue sought

Than aid the budding of the mind to bloom,
Yielding bright fruitage of divine perfume.
No sound of mustering war disturb'd his ear,
Though even then the Albion character
Was stain'd to crimson with the damning crime—
Impressment—never to be lost in time;
But yet the nation thought to check the sin
Without the rage of battle to begin,—
Hence to expand the soul he bent his views,
And strove the light of science to infuse
In the warm bosom of his country's youth,
To make them feel the dignity of truth—
Knowing, what heaven eternally design'd,
That Freedom ever should exist with mind.

Thus did his years glide on, till rumour'd war
Spread with hoarse accent through the land afar—
He snatch'd his sword—unsheath'd it to the light,
Determin'd never, till his country's right
Should be establish'd, its keen edge to blind,
Unless in arms he honour'd death should find.

The fashion of his limbs bespeaks the man,
Solid in strength—exact to nature's plan.
His ample bosom holds a heart that bounds,
When shrill the bugle the mad charge resounds;
Yet when the flag of peace is seen to float,
Its pulses calm—it loves the gentle note
That vibrates round the mellow scenes at home,
Where songs of sweetness echo to the loom.

His voice is gifted with expression strong,
And when he speaks, deep judgment clothes his tongue.

His look is somewhat stern—his eye is hid,
Partial, by the contraction of the lid;
But view it well, and obvious you 'll remark
Beneath the frown an unextinguish'd spark
Of vital burning. Thus the orb of gold,
When overspread by intervening fold,
Is not discern'd, beheld with careless eye,
Though proud it holds its station in the sky;
But with attention, lo! we ken its form
Majestic, grand, though struggling with the storm.

When Brown by Madison was cloth'd with power
To guide the conflict in the fearful hour,—
And aged Dearborn, who experience had
In ancient days, when rush'd the bayonets mad.
They to the harbour at Ontario's wave,
Advanc'd—where chiefs of native ardour brave,
Before them had assembled: Scott, a name
Never to perish, from Virginia came;
Gaines was his brother by paternal State,
And each in daring had a soul innate.
Boyd, slayer of savages,—Ripley of Maine,
Who midst commotion kept his mind in chain.
Fenwick, and Gibson, and Mullany born
With that that never will to dust return.
Wool, Morris, Christie, Forsythe, Wadsworth, Pike,
Scarce the whole earth can now produce their like;
Swift, Rensselaar, made venerable with age,
Dearborn was fam'd by Washington the sage,
At Monmouth's plain,—engrav'd on history's page.

The name, the first pronounc'd upon the ear
On Hudson's woody banks, was Rensselear:

Two centuries remote, his ancestor
Cross'd the wide sea a pilgrim worshipper,
In the new world a hallow'd spot to find
T' enjoy the noble privilege of mind,—
From Europe driven by persecution's spear,
Bleeding th' affections of the heart severe—
Where jealous priests with pious knavery curst
His German soil with slavery the worst,
Treading the beauty of the soul in dust.

Where now proud Albany is flourishing
Like a broad elm with leaflets in the spring,
He built his humble cabin in the wood,
While all around was trackless solitude.
By kind benevolence he reconcil'd
The frowning jealousies of nature's child.
When the gaunt natives to his dwelling came,
He gave their hunger—they rever'd his name;
For there they ever found their wants redress'd,
And all their gifts he paid with interest.

Still on his heritage the chief resides,
Near where majestic the deep Hudson glides.
Prompt when the war-note echo'd through the land,
He from its scabbard bar'd his father's brand,
Which in large streams had drawn Iberian gore,
When their dark armies swarm'd upon the shore.
T' inthral his patient ancestors, who stood
At Leyden—perish'd to the bone for food—
At length a pitying heaven pour'd down the rains,
Which swell'd the failing rivers in the plains,

On which the Orange standard gleam'd afar,
Propitious,—brilliant as the Bethlehem star,
Its animating radiance glorious spread,
Till the besiegers from its splendour fled—
And they like Israel eat of heavenly bread!

The Muse her page with numbers might enlarge,
To whom the bugle—giving out the charge,
Was music to their ears—but these above
In the first hemisphere of honour move:

So thus in autumn, when serene the sky,
The stars show splendid in the galaxy;
Some more magnificent with light appear,
But all with glory decorate the sphere:
Not otherwise these names conspicuous stand
Amid th' illustrious worthies of the land;
And each will shine an unextinguish'd star,
Till years are lost in rolling ages far.

Now as the mountains cloth'd with foliage green,
Are lin'd with golden light, the chiefs convene
At Brown's pavilion—his commands to hear—
And while he speaks, each holds attentive ear:

“Warriors! 'tis ours the nation's strength to wield,
And bow ambition humble on the field.

On us our country bends an anxious eye
To stand the bulwark of her liberty.

“While Shelby, Harrison, defend the west,
Presenting to the foe a plated breast,
Down from Niagara to smooth Champlain,
No foot, invading, must our birth-soil stain—

Yes, we must guard it from a hostile tread—
Walling the land with ridge of bayonets dread.

“ This purpose to accomplish, Rensselaar,
Proceed to Lewistown;—with fire you ’ll sear
The centre of their hearts in battle shock,
If they from you withhold the Queenstown rock.

“ A line of infantry awaits you there,
Anxious to bring their energies to bear
Against the Heights. They from New-Albion late,
Advanc’d to aid us to defend the state
From myrmidons. They bend to Mosley’s rule,
Known to the teacher of the discord school,
Who strives with *bulwark faith*, the heart to cool.
At times I doubt they ’ll move like patriots on,
Such sore divisions pull their standards down;
But thou wilt judge—determine, when you find
The strength or weakness that pervades their mind.

“ Now while Macdonough shall defend Champlain,
The different passes, Macomb will maintain;
Pike in the centre will abide with me
T’ invade or guard against the enemy.
The fleet of Chauncey with his seamen hale,
Will soon be ready on the lake to sail.

“ Let every eye be open on the foe
That when we strike, we strike their overthrow;
This to effect, forth to your place repair,
And prove by action what of souls ye are.”

The chieftains promptly with their orders wheel’d,
And rank’d their willing squadrons on the field—

Van Rensselaer wheels, faces to the west,
Though small his number, iron is their breast.
Eighteen times fifty constitute his line
To pass the flood and do the bold design ;
With Mosley's columns nothing more he 'll need,
Should those reserv'd not falter in the deed.

Scott, Christie, Gansevoort, Randolph, Morris, Lent;
Mullany, Vallance, Wadsworth,—eminent ;
Bloom, Armstrong, Kearney, Malcolm, Fenwick, Carr,
Ogilvie, Sampsons—characters of war ;
Clarke, Nelson, Sweeny, Wendall, Turner, Blain ;
Lawson---to heal the wounded on the plain ;
Boyd, Rensselaer*---whose throbbing heart beats full---
Mac Chesney, Gibson, Stranahan and Wool ;
And Meade, and Baker, Towson, Lawrence, brave,
To lead to battle o'er Niagara's wave.

On the tenth day, the sun descending clear,
They enter'd Lewistown with Rensselaer
Whiten'd with age---their banners floating proud,
The drums shrill beating their advancement loud.

One lunar period---to assail the Height,
Full six battalions, in their armour bright,
Had gain'd the village, waiting Rensselaer
To pass Niagara mocking at the fear.
(Mosley reported of his strength to Brown
By Smith, aspiring to a fair renown.)

When the shrill echo of the drums was done,
To Rensselaer he anxiously begun :

* Col. Van Rensselaer.

“Though *late*, you give us joy. Since *here*, one
moon

Has wax'd and wan'd in heaven, expecting soon
To hear of thy approach. Impatiently,
We 've gaz'd, and gaz'd to see thy banners fly
Gladdening the breeze. My cohorts long to press,
And crush the foe for Raisin's savageness.
By patient words, in part, I 've cool'd their flame---
But, lo ! the instant thy battalions came,
They seem'd like wolves when greedy in their ire
To fasten on their prey---eyes glancing fire.
They long to pass the wave and climb the height
Of yonder battlements in shock of fight.
Oft as they mark the crosslet o'er the stream,
The burning of their eye is meteorous gleam.
Not soothing words will smother their desire---
Their hearts---each vein---their very blood is fire
To leap upon the ruffians---bayonet---sword---
Make but the sign death melts them at the word.”

While this description of his troops he gave,
The General listen'd with an aspect grave :

“ Soon shall their murmurings cease for lack of toil,
At morrow's dawn we tread the hostile soil !
Without delay them prompt will I inform
My swift intention to begin the storm.”

This answer said,—they pass'd along the field,
While with each other they a converse held,

Marshall'd in columns both divisions stood—
'These in their arms, and those who 'd trac'd the flood

Of the Ontario lake. The volunteers,
When they beheld the chief of former years,
Brandish'd their weapons in the glancing light,
And boisterous shouted : " Lead us to the Height!
Our souls are on the wing to stem the flood,
And climb yon battlements and spill our blood !"

When had the echo ceas'd—the veteran then :
" Deliberate valour marks the deeds of men—
Mistake me not to smother aught of fire,
Or curb a warrior of his bold desire ;
But then the lion never chafes with heat—
Conscious he feels the battle-day to meet.
Frequent it happens, words reduce the mind—
They waste the substance—shadows stay behind:

" So as the wine in the alembic boils,
Or the sweet spices rich with odorous oils ;
The more it foams the weaker is its strength—
The dregs are all remaining there at length,
While the choice incense and the spirits rare,
Are spent and scatter'd in the vacant air :

" Thus when our words without reflection rise,
They waste the power to quail our enemies.

" But far from me to dampen, or deride
A heart that beats to live ! Let each confide
Firm in his native strength when the dark hour
Of fiery tumult shall around him lower.

" On Time's swift pinions, moments rapid move
To test your virtue—patriotism, prove ;
At noon of night in pointed steel arise
To pass the rock-ribb'd stream, and by surprise

Ascend yon eagle Heights, and strike a blow,
That bends the standard of Britannia low."

Th' impatient ranks rejoin'd with voices shrill :
" Yon Heights are ours or our deep veins shall spill !"

But those who late from Brown's position came,
Stood silent in their strength:—a smother'd flame
Was pent within their heart,—an untam'd look
From lowering eyes more loud than shoutings spoke.

The storm proclaim'd, each to his station hies,
To be prepar'd to wrestle for the prize.

Arnold the infamous for treason done,
In Mosley's columns had a graceless son,
But not by marriage did the lineage run.
He bore the nation's banner for his rank—
Tainted his soul, as if he 'd copious drank
At the chok'd fountain of corruption's stream—
Oft 'Treason's spectre visited his dream.

To riot in loose pleasure was his zeal,
Reckless of virtue or the public weal.
With mind bestain'd with vice, he apprehends
The action just that compasses his ends,—
His soul the sentiment can ne'er retain,
To practise virtue was the noblest gain.

From his first years he lov'd the spendthrift's part,
Which like an adder coil'd about his heart,
Pouring its deadly poison through his frame,
Till blackening cancer fester'd in his name.

Beneath the rocks he sought wild solitude,
And thus the workings of his brain pursu'd :

“ And is it not past sufferance that I
Should longer struggle with this poverty ?
Scarce does my grade a beggar’s part afford—
An insult to my character and sword.
And always must I bear this loathsome thrall ?
The very thought, my bosom turns to gall !
Who that has worth indignant would not feel
To be compell’d like slave in chains to kneel
To every boor whom fickle chance has made,
Whilst I a weed am cast into the shade ?
My blood is perished by this homely food,—
None can supply it, but choice luxuries good.
Who that have educated thoughts can live
On means that we from government receive ?
Never above the multitude can I
Erect my brow ! maintain my dignity !

“ *My dignity !* this flows from *royal* name,
But *equal* freedom sinks the soul to shame.
Away the thought ! One life have I to spend,
And that in pleasure to the last shall end.

“ Now who would be so abject in his plan,
As with the vulgar, to be *honest* man ?
None but a mind that wallows in the mire—
Grovvelling with swine, and knows of nothing higher.

“ I on the honey of the bee will live,
If earth have means the luscious sweet to give.

“ But *here* I ’m cramp’d and mock’d with a support—
Nothing that will with *dignity* consort ;
I must improve it---this degrading post
Will hardly satisfy one pleasure’s cost.

The most inferior of the imperial lines,
 More in the character of honour shines,
 Acquires me wealth---yea, more resplendent lives,
 Than Dearborn, Brown, or Rensselaer receives—
 So vile a pittance the Republic gives!

* * * * *

“Why do I pause my welfare to pursue?
 Treasures, inviting, open on my view!
 I’ll pass the stream---the enemy, inform—
 The swift design of Rensselaer to storm.

* * * * *

“’Twill never do---I must renounce the plan—
 The world cries : *Villain!* to a treacherous man.

“I must these views restrain---live mean---obscure—
 Loathsome the thought! I’ll never it endure.
 Peace, Conscience! peace! thy meditations, hold!
 Think of the pleasures purchas’d with the gold!

“Why stand I pausing in my purpose slow?
 Wealth shall be mine---I seek it of the foe!”

This said---with silent feet he made the shore,
 And skimm’d Niagara in a light skiff o’er.
 Th’ Invisible was near to aid him pass,
 Smoothing the waters to a stream of glass.

“Who interrupts the night?” the out-post cried.
 “Friend!” soft the traitor in his turn replied.
 “A friend who comes to warn you to beware
 Against attempts to climb yon summits there.
 To him, conduct me, who commands the hold,
 That I the brewing danger may unfold.”

His charge the sentry with due caution led
To Vincent, late retiring to his bed—
His troops for many hours had lost the world,
Its cares perplexing to oblivion hurl'd,
Save Myers, his second officer to lead,
And Manners, fearless in the day of need.

Vincent abrupt: "Your character and name?"
"My name is Arnold; from thy foe I came.
I am of Arnold, noted for the bold—
But not to thee his courage need be told.
The rank was mine their standard to display—
But hear what secret they design at day!"

He broach'd his hell. Vincent in haste rejoins:
"I'm fix'd attention---open their designs!
Yes, in your lineaments I well descry
Your father's features and his very eye;
His heart contain'd the principle of steel—
I'm proud you visit us. The tidings tell."

His answer brief was said: "The plan is laid,
At star of morn this fortress to invade."

"I comprehend you not! said you at light
That those of Lewistown would storm the Height?
The truth you utter not?---possible indeed,
They'll boat the flood and on these rocks proceed!

"I pray you speak what numbers they can form,
That I may guard against the coming storm."

"The doubtful combatants are thousands, two,
Yet still they seem possess'd of courage true;

With Rensselaer twelve hundred warriors came,
But death alone can overwhelm their name."

"They 'll never dare the deed ! They 'll see their
fault—

They 'll never dare to venture the assault.
They 'll fall---they 'll perish ! yea, a sudden death
Will seize, and cramp, and strangle them beneath !
Ere that a barge will touch upon the land,
Their bodies will be wash'd upon the strand,
Or feed the spawning millions of the wave--
The man that dares attempt will find a grave !

"My strength is equal to defend me now
Against the proudest efforts they can show ;
But when with wisdom we the future guard,
Then lasting honours yield us a reward :

"Manners, bound forth---let lightning be thy speed--
A moment now no value can exceed ;
Fly to the Chippewa---bid Norton there,
With all his fighting-men to *this* repair.
And Myers, an arrow on your courser fly
Down to Fort George---the same your embassy--
There you 'll salute the royal-knighted Brock,
And make it known they war upon the Rock.
Impress---solicit him without delay
T' advance, if possible, ere twilight day."

The chiefs unanswering his commands obey.

He to the felon hastily began :

"As recompense that you reveal'd the plan,

An ample treasure will the king bestow—
Thou art the shield that warded off the blow.
Secure, I thought no danger from assault,
But thou hast taught me to correct my fault.”

The traitor's bosom beat with prospects high,
But Vincent wheeling barr'd him from reply—
From couch to couch with spirit in his breast,
He call'd his slumberers to forget their rest :

“ Britons ! awake ! or never think to rise !
Freedom is bent to rush us in surprise !
Shake off this mocking death ! Each part secure—
Stand to your bayonets—make defensives sure.
The brass that mock the thunder, charge with balls !
Arise !—awake !—imperious duty calls !
Each bosom be a rock nor danger fear,
We 'll send destruction for a messenger !”

They heard: confus'd they from their couches woke—
A wild emotion glaring every look :

In Boston thus at solemn time of night,
No object stirring save the meteor's flight,
Lo, through her proud Exchange—a gorgeous pile
Of splendid halls, where numbers dream'd the while
Of ships return'd with India's merchandize ;
Of wealth abundant from the lottery prize,
Or rapture glancing from the eye of love—
A cry of fire came shrieking from above !
Tumult abounding—dreamers dash from bed,
Awak'd with horror and convuls'd with dread :

So sprang the Albions from their slumberings forth,
To hear a tempest gathering into birth.

They drive with hurrying pulse and labouring breath,
In the brass mouths the canisters of death.
Soon yawn the engines with a threatening frown,
Th' invading barges in the surf to drown,
Should any float the stream—whilst every soul
Waits daringly to hear the signal roll.

Till this the waxing moon with beauty bent
Her silver horns above the element ;
But now she sinks beyond the mountain's height,
And leaves the world deep shadow'd o'er with night.

Inconstant moon ! farewell ! O why so coy—
To shine so sweet in heaven and swell with joy
My gazing soul, and then withdraw thy beam,
And mock my hope with a delusive dream !
Farewell ! I cast thee from my bosom far,
And place my heart on some unchanging star.
At times I thought thee wedded to my breast,
When, lo ! thou hid'st thy beauty in the west !
Sad with a tear I bid thy charms adieu,
To seek some lov'd one with affection true.
Come to my heart, thou star, whose hallow'd ray
Hath never dwindled since creation's day !
Maid of the north ! How sweet the lovely Seven
In mystic dance swim round thy beams in heaven !
My love is rapture. Thou hast mark'd mine eye
Pour on thy beauty centred in the sky !
Oft hath my soul gaz'd—worshipp'd thee alone,
Till my lips seem'd to kiss thee on thy throne !

The moon—I name her not—for thou art mine,
To make my tongue speak wondrous things divine!

* * * * *

Where have I loos'd my thoughts? O tell me, where?
In heaven? on earth?—I 'm lost in transport rare!

Descend, O Muse! nor think that thou canst live
With deities that light eternal give!

Descend to earth and leave this wildness high—
Man is thy theme—flesh—ashes—dust—mortality.

* * * * *

At hour of midnight, strengthen'd in their mind,
Fredonians rise to do the work design'd.
The chief impatient for the bold assay,
Passes the lines that nothing might delay
To navigate the stream. With souls awake,
To brace their nerves of viands they partake;
'Their keen-edg'd appetite makes sweet the taste,
And not with idle forms the moments waste.

These brief instructions from the veteran come:
"In column form without the tell-tale drum,
Whose babbling echo would the foe alarm,
And place him ready with defensive arm."
They in obedience with unsounding feet,
Move on the ground with animation fleet.
In close-wedg'd squadron on the field they stand,
With panting bosoms, waiting the command
To stem Niagara's torrent. Rensselaer
Approaches and gives music to their ear:

Patriots ! behold the shades of waning night
Fly off apace to bring the welcome light
T' illumine the path, your names to signalize,
When steel in hand ye grapple for the prize !

“Son of my brother,* thou wilt lead the van,
Tiger in battle, but in heart a man—
Float thy battalions in advancement o'er,
Six hundred strong and land upon the shore ;
Christie, the same, display of equal worth,
And in the charge their gallantry put forth.
Ascend the heights with bayonets, lead—a shower,
Beat down the Cross and let the Eagle tower.

“Scott, play the batteries ; Baker, Towson brave,
Give him your aidance to defend the wave,
Should they have heard or notic'd our design,
And strive with brass to sweep away the line.

“Ever a soldier for the worst should guard—
For every evil be his mind prepar'd,
And then no circumstance will cause surprise,
Should fires made hot with sudden whirlwinds rise.”

Scarce this had echo'd from his aged tongue,
When Smith forth hurried with an impulse strong,
And thus with rapid accent : “ Rensselaer !—
Lo, our intentions to the foe, I fear,
Are openly reveal'd ! Of our brigade,
Arnold the younger to his ear has laid
The manner of attack. Void is his post—
Sad I forebode his character is lost !

* Col. Van Rensselaer.

Oft have I heard him at his means deride—
His whole campaign a day scarce satisfied.”

And Mosley’s words were proof: “No doubt remains,
But he hath left us for corrupting gains,
To slippery pleasures was the traitor given,
Whose votaries oft to desperate acts are driven.”

While this was utter’d every heart was dumb—
Th’ intelligence made every nerve feel numb :
’Twas like a blast, which rising from the sand
Of burning desert passes o’er the land,
Scorching the future harvest in its bloom,
Fill’d with contagion to supply the tomb ;
The peasant mourns his hopes and labours lost,
And through his blood perceives a creeping frost.

* * * * *

The younger Rensselaer at length express’d
The native passion stirring in his breast :

“ My father’s brother—chief of ancient fame,
Never this treachery my heart shall tame.
And let the traitor our intentions show—
In open day I ’ll strike upon the foe !
Yea, should their thunders jar the wall’d-up shore,
And death flash round me in a blazing shower,
I ’ll move upon the Rock !—With freemen born,
I ’ll pass the stream and lead the *hope forlorn* !”

His voice breath’d valour—Christie breath’d the
same,
Should all the elements be wrapp’d in flame.

The general, after pausing : “ Grief and joy
Mix in my breast and make a strange alloy ;

My heart beats languid with a sinking pain,
That lurking treason should the army stain ;
But like divinity my feelings rise,
To see your souls the open war despise.

“Soldiers ! to arms !—Behold the morning star
Burns in the east prelusive of the war !
Move to the purpose !—without sound embark,
While yet the night maintains its empire dark ;
Soon mantling twilight with her sober gray
Will line the hills and drive the shades away.”

Down the rough steep the columns silent turn,
While sparks of glory in their bosoms burn,
Warm'd by that fire with confidence they move
To pass Niagara—their bayonets, prove.
Christie leads next to Rensselaer the way—
The boats are laden as the stars decay.
Scott mans with thunder-men the battery strong,
Sublime to speak with war's rebellowing tongue.

Meantime th' imperials, planted on the Height,
Waited attentive to attest their might;
And, as day glimmer'd in the orient sky,
They mark'd the heroes on the waters nigh!

“Level the cannonry!—their bayonets show!
Outnoise Niagara and bring them low!
Let one deep blast appal them in their pride—
Let volum'd flames consume them on the tide!”

Vincent impetuous the commandment spoke—
The cannon answer'd,—heavy clouds of smoke

Mix'd with blue fire roll forth. The deafening roar
Cradles the Height!—while flames in whirlwinds pour
Sweeping the craggy cliffs. The potent Scott,
From book of life the names of numbers blot,
Hurling the globes with riving lightnings hot:

Thus, when two mountains in the northern sea,
As if excited with an enmity,
Explode volcanic,—from their wombs beneath,
Each in th' eruptive violence of death;
The burning lava—rocks made red with heat,
Seem as they mix, though heaven they 'd desolate.
Contending thunders mingle in the fray,
Like wreck of nature at her funeral day:
Something like this rebounds from either shore—
The dread convulsion stills Niagara's roar.

Behold, in mist, from his obscure abode—
The Form unseen emerges from the flood—
Sunk in the centre of his forehead high,
With sickly glare, looks out his ghostly eye,
Round as the moon and broad, as when through blood,
She travels from the east with murder'd brood
Of spectres in her train—riding on fire,
And as they wheel, flash—darken—and retire.
In dubious shape invisible he rose,
Intent the pass, with tumult to oppose.

But, lo! Fredonia's ever-watchful eye,
Beheld his movements, centred in the sky—
Swift she descended from the diamond sphere,
And touch'd his boiling breast with temper'd spear,

Then rose upon the wing!——

At once he shrinks—

With earthquake groan beneath the wave he sinks;
A dread commotion to the stream conferr'd
As though the bed of the Niagara stirr'd,
Whirlpools and eddies in contention meet,
And clothe the tortur'd river with a sheet
Of battling foam,—the billows chafe and swell,
Presenting dire the imagery of hell.

Meanwhile the barges laden with the brave,
Are borne like leaves of autumn on the wave;
Now to the summit of the Height they reach,
Then down they dash upon the rocky beach;
In drunken eddies whirlingly they rise,
Full in the flame of all their enemies!

Christie endeavour'd to inspire his men;
Alas, despair in every face is seen.
Lo! in the act to animate his band,
Dissever'd sinks his soul-exciting hand!
And soon a cutting lead from rifle sent,
Burnt in the bosom of the youthful Lent!
Shivering he falls a fading lily pale,
Yet smiles his lip as his last pulses fail.

In giddy whirlpools, back without an oar,
Christie is dash'd and broken on the shore.

But Rensselaer—Ogilvie's barge beside—
Wool, Fenwick, Morris—on the waters ride.
Their leader prov'd his virtue: "Bend the oars,
And overcome the rage and make the shores!

Let fire unquenchable in bosoms blaze—
 Your hearts, your souls, your every fibre raise
 To cast defiance back upon the flood—
 Dash to the beach and drench the Heights in blood!"

Thus Rensselaer. Behold, an envious ball,
 Glancing his bosom,—drove the mental wall
 Of Vallance—mingled with the pulsing brain,
 And seiz'd his life unconscious of a pain.

Recent the youth had left his mother's arms
 Blooming in loveliness with nature's charms.
 Alas, fond parent!—mark thy bleeding son!
 Cold sweats his marble brow! his sands are run—
 His cheek has faded ere his prime begun!

Widow'd and comfortless, O weep thy boy—
 He was thy morning song—thy evening joy.
 Indulge thy soul's devotion on his bier,
 And if thou canst, O shed the softening tear—
 Grief dries the fountain up. But raise thine eye—
 Behold, he lives in immortality!

* * * * *

As on from wave to wave the barges leap,
 He falls with splashing in the foaming deep.

Reckless of death—unmindful of the roar,
 The heroes dash upon the rocky shore—
 And Rensselaer wielding his brand exclaims:

"On! climb the Heights and smother out the flames!
 Do, while there 's life——!"

He fell upon the beach
 With sudden wounds that check'd him in his speech,
 By four keen bullets driven from on high---

Two pass'd the muscles of his dexter thigh,
One pierc'd his hip,---another cleft his heel---
Yet his proud soul indignant scorn'd to kneel !
He raises on his sword and thus proceeds:

“ Mount---climb---rush forward---do immortal deeds!”
He sunk and fainted with the loss of blood---
But, lo! his voice was to the mind as food
To hungry tigers. Shouting high they climb
The rocky steep with spirits touch'd sublime.
Vincent observes and rushes from his hold,
And fills the defile with his veterans bold.

Fenwick, while mounting with his heart on flame,
Was check'd his course;---a lead with fatal aim,
Cut the left eyebrow to the bone in twain,
Yet just in safety pass'd the vital brain---
But through the centre of his eye it went,
And down his cheek produc'd unseamly rent,
Fracturing the edge of the protruding chin,
Causing the blood from three bright veins to spin---
The one that nourishes the forehead high,
The other throbbing just beneath the eye,
While from the third, the lips their blush receive,
When mutual loves pure angel kisses give---
To these the skilful Lawson soon applied
A silken thread and stay'd the jetting tide.

In vain the patriots strive with steel to pass---
They fall before the flames like summer grass
Before the mowers sweeping down the field---
Yet they a time the desperation held !

At length they slow behind the rocks retire,
And shun the burning pestilence of fire.

Wool from the defile leads a wounded youth—
Morris, renown'd for literature and truth,
And all the virtues that adorn the heart—
But, ah! the roses from his cheeks depart.
Above the collar bone the rent is made,
The ball glanc'd outward through his shoulder blade.

He pours his dying voice: "Mourn not my fall—
Who would desire more glorious funeral?
This bed of battle-earth yields softer rest,
Than down that ever warm'd a cygnet's breast.
But, O my friends, make vict'ry of my death,
And I shall sleep with pleasure on the heath.
My hovering spirit with a brightning smile,
Will mark your banner waving on the hill!

* * * * *

"Alas! what brings this dew upon mine eye?
What cause subdues my bosom with a sigh?

"O thou!—'tis thou! the worship of my soul,
That wrings my heart and makes these sorrows roll!
Ah! yes—death-pains I feel! Our parting vow—
Methinks I hear it whispering to me now,
What thou with weeping said:——

"O Edward, cold—
Cold as the rock—cold as the dark brown mould
On which this brow will rest, wilt thou become,
And all for which I live will slumber in the tomb!
In dream of night—alas, I soon shall hear
Thy spirit whisper in my slumbering ear,

And tell me how you died !'——

“Thy quivering tongue
No more could speak thy soul—but O thine eye
Shot through my heart the glance of agony !

“Fly—O my spirit ! to her bosom fly—
Visit her dream and tell her how I die.
Speak of my fame in death—of heaven above,
And whisper sweet that my last word was—*love* !
O that will chase delirium from her brain,
Whilst cold I slumber with the honour'd slain.”

This having utter'd as to heaven in prayer,
Her sacred image as an angel fair,
He drew from out his bosom : “O that eye
Contains the living beauty of the sky !
That forehead crown'd with love—that neck of snow,
Round which like golden mist thy ringlets flow !
That cheek to which the morning blush is given,
Expressing rich the workmanship of heaven !
These dewy lips—like rose buds born in May,
Round which the graces in sweet dimples play.
The breath that issues from that hallow'd mouth,
Is far more spicy than th' Arabian south.
A seraph would delight to own these charms—
How sweet to die within an angel's arms !

* * * * *

“My bosom fails of life. Cold on my brow,
I feel death's dampness—cold as drops of snow !
Thy loveliness hath stay'd—withheld his dart—
But now my soul is fluttering at my heart !

Yet, O this luxury of a parting kiss,
To death administers an holy bliss !

* * * * *

“ Sweet—sweet in death !—faint—fluttering—dizzy
—dark—

Love”———

Stammer'd on his tongue ;—th' ethereal spark
Forsook its gory tenement of clay,
And flew exulting to the realms of day :

Not otherwise the beams of heaven had shone
Warm on a rose till half its sweets were known ;
A passing virgin caught it in her eye,
Impearl'd with dew that glisten'd to the sky ;
She rudely seiz'd it for a nosegay rare—
Its beauties fell—it wither'd—perish'd there :

So Morris fled the region of the sun—
Cut down and wither'd ere the hour of noon.

When the Fredonians saw the youth expire,
It touch'd their bosoms with a quenchless fire
To brave the worst of death ! Ogilvie said—
(Who now commanded,) “ Morris, hath he bled
Vain in the cause? His last--his dying breath
Was---‘ O my friends, make vict'ry of my death !’
And is there none to quicken into flame
And mount the heights and grasp the prize of fame?”

“ Yes !” (Gansevoort answer'd,) “ Cautious on the
right,
I 'll scale these rocks—ascend the dizzy height,

And storm the fort! Their sword shall be defied—
I 'll do the deed with Randolph by my side.
Rush—when from yonder precipice we shout,
While with the bayonet will we strike them out.”

“Spoke like thyself! I 'll watch th' important time—
The daring action will your names sublime!
Prompt when we hear your shouting on the height,
We 'll clear the pass or perish in the fight.”

Brief was Ogilvie's voice. The chosen few
Slow winding up the cliffs their art pursue.
Like mountain goats they climb the beetling rocks,
With bayonets keen for blood! From springing locks
The flints are loos'd, that, on the steel alone,
They fix their faith to strike their foemen down.

* * * * *

Behold they scale the summit's dangerous track,
And shouting high the signal of attack,
Down, down they rush like meteors from above,
When brewing tempests round the mountains move!

The Britons stand like poplars on the heath,
Shivering in storm, to hear the shout of death—
Ere scatter'd thought returns, icy they feel
Full to the hilt, the cold, the pointed steel!

Upward Ogilvie rushes at the call,
In proud defiance of the showering ball
From those who fill the defile!—On they hie,
Like whirlwinds gathering from their infancy.
Th' imperials break—then rally to the fray,
Like druling tigers darting on their prey.

Ogilvie wounded falls upon his knee—
Yet still his voice alarms the enemy!
Gansevoort applies to conquer'd brass the fires—
Soon Vincent reeling with his strength retires.
Down from the skies the Cross is backward driven—
The Stars are floating on the breeze in heaven!

END OF VOL. II.







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